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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

A comparison between the World and the Stage.

THE world hath often been compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

THIS thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic performances; and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

IT may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristole calls it, an imi-

tation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who, by their writings or actions, have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakespear;

——Life's a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion: a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad.

*From Thee * all human actions take their springs,*
The rise of empires and the fall of kings!
See the vast Theatre of Time *display'd,*
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:

* The Deity.

A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays—THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!

In all theſe, however, and in every other ſimilitude of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

BUT as nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe; ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critic; here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the Theatre-royal.

LET us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which Nature was pleaſed to exhibit in chap. 12. of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500l. from his friend and benefactor.

THOSE who ſat in the world's upper gallery treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented on that occaſion.

IF we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, tho' leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

THE pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroic virtue and the perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villainy, without puniſhing them very ſeverely, for the ſake of example. Some of the author's friends cry'd—— 'Look'e, gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is 'nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion, 'till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great theatre of Nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling-books who hath not this privilege), can cenſure the action, without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon, whom perhaps Nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas: for in this inſtance, life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the fool; ſo did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace, many years ago: nay, Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childiſh.'——Theſe, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſt only; but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt, ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt, whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred of mankind.

Those perſons, indeed, who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtic and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to reaſon, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf), may moſt probably have learned to underſtand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, to ſtare at nothing.

A single bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in

life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a playhouſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgment, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as awkwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true underſtanding is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words rogue and villain moſt in their mouths, as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out low in the pit.

CHAP. II.

Containing a converſation which Mr Jones *had with himſelf.*

Jones received his effects from Mr Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter.

'Sir,

'I am commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, 'that as he did not proceed to thoſe meaſures 'he had taken with you, without the greateſt deli'beration, and after the fulleſt evidence of your 'unworthineſs, ſo will it be always out of your 'power to cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſolution. 'He expreſſes great ſurpriſe at your preſumption 'in ſaying, you have reſigned all pretenſions to a 'young lady, to whom it is impoſſible you ſhould 'ever have had any, her birth and fortune having 'made her ſo infinitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, I 'am commanded to tell you, that the only inſtance 'of your compliance with my uncle's inclinations, 'which he requires, is, your immediately quitting

'this country. I cannot conclude this without of-
'fering you my advice, as a Christian, that you
'would seriously think of amending your life: that
'you may be assisted with grace so to do, will be al-
'ways the prayer of

'Your humble servant,

'W. BLIFIL.'

MANY contending passions were raised in our he-ro's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at last over the indignant and irascible, and a flood of tears came seasonably to his assistance, and possibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or bursting his heart.

HE grew, however, soon ashamed of indulging this remedy; and starting up, he cried, 'Well then, 'I will give Mr Allworthy the only instance he re-'quires of my obedience. I will go this moment— 'but whither?—why let fortune direct; since there 'is no other who thinks it of any consequence what 'becomes of this wretched person, it shall be a mat-'ter of equal indifference to myself. Shall I alone 'regard what no other——Ha! have I not reason 'to think there is another?—One whose value is 'above that of the whole world!—I may, I must 'imagine, my Sophia is not indifferent to what be-'comes of me. Shall I then leave this only friend? '—And such a friend? Shall I not stay with her? '—Where? how can I stay with her? Have I any 'hopes of ever seeing her, though she was as desirous 'as myself, without exposing her to the wrath of 'her father? and to what purpose? Can I think of 'soliciting such a creature to consent to her own 'ruin? Shall I indulge any passion of mine at such 'a price?—Shall I lurk about this country like a 'thief, with such intentions?—No, I disdain, I de-'test the thought. Farewell, my Sophia; farewell, 'most lovely, most beloved.'—Here passion stopt his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

AND now, having taken a resolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. The world, as Milton phrases it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had

any man to whom he might resort for comfort or assistance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr Allworthy; and he had no reason to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters should indeed be very cautious how they discard their dependents; for the consequence to the unhappy sufferer is, being discarded by all others.

What course of life to pursue, or to what business to apply himself, was a second consideration: and here the prospect was all a melancholy void. Every profession, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worse, money; for matters are so constituted, that 'Nothing out of nothing' is not a truer maxim in physics than in politics; and every man who is greatly destitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At last the ocean, that hospitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to sea.

This thought indeed no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired horses, he set out for Bristol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we shall resort a while to Mr Western's, and see what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAP. III.

Containing several dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr Jones departed, Mrs Western summoned Sophia into her apartment; and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her liberty of her father, she proceeded to read her a long lecture on the subject of matrimony; which she treated not as a romantic scheme of happiness arising from love, as it hath been described by the poets; nor did she mention any of those pur-

poſes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as inſtituted by ſacred authority; ſhe conſidered it rather as a fund in which prudent women depoſit their fortunes to the beſt advantage, in order to receive a larger intereſt for them than they could have elſewhere.

When Mrs Weſtern had finiſhed, Sophia anſwered, That ſhe was very incapable of arguing with a lady of her aunt's ſuperior knowledge and experience, eſpecially on a ſubject which ſhe had ſo very little conſidered, as this of matrimony.

'Argue with me, child!' replied the other, 'I 'do not indeed expect it. I ſhould have ſeen the 'world to very little purpoſe truly, if I am to argue 'with one of your years. I have taken this trouble, 'in order to inſtruct you. The ancient philoſo-'phers, ſuch as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did 'not uſe to argue with their ſcholars. You are to 'conſider me, child, as Socrates, not aſking your 'opinion, but only informing you of mine.' From which laſt words the reader may poſſibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philoſophy of Socrates, than ſhe had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot reſolve his curioſity as to this point.

'Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I have never preſumed 'to controvert any opinion of yours; and this ſub-'ject, as I ſaid, I have never yet thought of, and 'perhaps never may.'

'Indeed, Sophy,' replied the aunt, 'this diſſimu-'lation with me is very fooliſh. The French ſhall 'as ſoon perſuade me, that they take foreign towns 'in defence only of their own country, as you can 'impoſe on me to believe you have never yet thought 'ſeriouſly of matrimony. How can you, child, af-'fect to deny that you have conſidered of contract-'ing an alliance, when you ſo well know I am ac-'quainted with the party with whom you deſire to 'contract it? an alliance as unnatural and contrary 'to your intereſt, as a ſeparate league with the 'French would be to the intereſt of the Dutch! But, 'however, if you have not hitherto conſidered of 'this matter, I promiſe you it is now high time; 'for my brother is reſolved immediately to con-

'clude the treaty with Mr Blifil; and indeed I am 'a ſort of guarantee in the affair, and have pro-'miſed your concurrence.'

'INDEED, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'this is the only 'inſtance in which I muſt diſobey both yourſelf and 'my father. For this is a match which requires 'very little conſideration in me to refuſe.'

'IF I was not as great a philoſopher as Socrates 'himſelf,' returned Mrs Weſtern, 'you would over-'come my patience. What objection can you have 'to the young gentleman?'

'A VERY ſolid objection in my opinion,' ſays So-phia.—'I hate him.'

'WILL you never learn the proper uſe of words?' anſwered the aunt. 'Indeed, child, you ſhould 'conſult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impoſſible you 'ſhould hate a man from whom you have received 'no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no 'more than diſlike, which is no ſufficient objection 'againſt your marrying of him. I have known 'many couples, who have entirely diſliked each 'other, lead very comfortable, genteel lives. Believe 'me, child, I know theſe things better than you. 'You will allow me, I think, to have ſeen the world; 'in which I have not an acquaintance who would 'not rather be thought to diſlike her huſband, than 'to like him. The contrary is ſuch out of faſhion 'romantic nonſenſe, that the very imagination of 'it is ſhocking.'

'INDEED, Madam,' replied Sophia, 'I ſhall never 'marry a man I diſlike. If I promiſe my father ne-'ver to conſent to any marriage contrary to his in-'clinations, I think I may hope he will never force 'me into that ſtate contrary to my own.'

'INCLINATIONS!' cries the aunt, with ſome warmth, 'Inclinations! I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance. A 'young woman of your age, and unmarried, to talk 'of inclinations? But whatever your inclinations 'may be, my brother is reſolved; nay, ſince you 'talk of inclinations, I ſhall adviſe him to haſten 'the treaty. Inclinations!'

SOPHIA then flung herſelf upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her ſhining eyes. She

entreated her aunt 'to have mercy upon her, and 'not to resent so cruelly her unwillingness to make 'herself miserable; often urging, that she alone 'was concerned, and that her happiness only was 'at stake.'

As a bailiff, when well authorised by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern; in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the tender wife, bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble Bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of distress, greatly soars above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey:

Not less blind to the tears, or less deaf to every entreaty of Sophia, was the politic aunt, nor less determined was she to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She answered with great impetuosity, 'So far, Madam, from your 'being concerned alone, your concern is the least, 'or surely the least important. It is the honour of 'your family which is concerned in this alliance; 'you are only the instrument. Do you conceive, 'mistress, that an intermarriage between kingdoms, 'as when a daughter of France is married into 'Spain, the princess herself is alone considerd in the 'match? No; it is a match between two kingdoms, 'rather than between two persons. The same hap-'pens in great families, such as ours. The alliance 'between the families is the principal matter. You 'ought to have a greater regard for the honour of 'your family than for your own person; and if the 'example of a princess cannot inspire you with these 'noble thoughts, you cannot surely complain at 'being used no worse than all princesses are used.'

'I hope, Madam,' cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, 'I shall never do any thing to dis-'honour my family; but as for Mr Blifil, whatever 'may be the consequence, I am resolved against 'him, and no force shall prevail in his favour.'

Western, who had been within hearing during

the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhauſted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent paſſion, crying, 'D—n me then 'if ſhatunt ha'n, d—n me if ſhatunt, that's all— 'that's all—— d—n me if ſhatunt.'

Mrs Weſtern had collected a ſufficient quantity of wrath for the uſe of Sophia; but ſhe now transferred it all to the Squire. 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is 'aſtoniſhing that you will interfere in a matter 'which you had totally left to my negotiation. 'Regard to my family hath made me take upon 'myſelf to be the mediating power, in order to rectify thoſe miſtakes in policy which you have committed in your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you; it is your prepoſterous conduct 'which hath eradicated all the ſeeds that I had formerly ſown in her tender mind.—It is you yourſelf 'who have taught her diſobedience.'——'Blood!' cries the Squire, foaming at the mouth, 'you are 'enough to conquer the patience of the devil! Have 'I ever taught my daughter diſobedience?—Here 'ſhe ſtands; ſpeak honeſtly, girl, did ever I bid you 'be diſobedient to me? Have not I done every thing 'to humour and to gratify you, and to make you 'obedient to me? And very obedient to me ſhe was 'when a little child, before you took her in hand, 'and ſpoiled her, by filling her head with a pack of 'court notions.——Why—why—why,—did I not 'overhear you telling her, ſhe muſt behave like a 'princeſs? You have made a Whig of the girl; and 'how ſhould her father, or any body elſe, expect 'any obedience from her?' 'Brother,' anſwered Mrs Weſtern, with an air of great diſdain, 'I cannot expreſs the contempt I have for your politics 'of all kinds; but I will appeal likewiſe to the young 'lady herſelf, whether I have ever taught her any 'principles of diſobedience. On the contrary, niece, 'have I not endeavoured to inſpire you with a true 'idea of the ſeveral relations in which a human 'creature ſtands in ſociety? Have I not taken infinite pains to ſhew you, that the law of Nature hath 'enjoined a duty on children to their parents? Have 'I not told you what Plato ſays on that ſubject?— 'a ſubject on which you was ſo notoriouſly igno-

'rant when you came first under my care, that I 'verily believe you did not know the relation be-'tween a daughter and a father.' 'Tis a lie,' an-'swered Western. 'The girl is no such a fool as to 'live to eleven years old without knowing she was 'her father's relation. 'O more than Gothic igno-'rance!' answered the lady.——'And as for your 'manners, brother, I must tell you, they deserve a 'cane.' 'Why then you may gi'it me, if you think 'you are able,' cries the Squire: 'nay, I suppose 'your niece there will be ready enough to help you.' 'Brother,' said Mrs Western, 'though I despise you 'beyond expression, yet I shall endure your insolence 'no longer; so I desire my coach may be got ready 'immediately, for I am resolved to leave your house 'this very morning.' 'And a good riddance too,' answered he; 'I can bear your insolence no longer, 'an you come to that. Blood! it is almost enough 'of itself to make my daughter undervalue my 'sense, when she hears you tell me every minute 'you despise me.' 'It is impossible, it is impossible,' cries the aunt; 'no one can undervalue such a boor.' 'Boar!' answered the Squire, 'I am no boar; no, 'nor ass; no, nor rat neither, Madam. Remember 'that—I am no rat. I am a true Englishman, and 'not of your Hannover breed, that have ate up the 'nation.' 'Thou art one of those wise men,' cries she, 'whose nonsensical principles have undone the 'nation; by weakening the hands of our govern-'ment at home, and by discouraging our friends, 'and by encouraging our enemies abroad.' 'Ho, 'are you come back to your politics?' cries the Squire, 'as for those, I despise them as much as I do a f—t.' Which last word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the most proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expres'd for her politics, which most af-fected Mrs Western, I will not determine, but she flew into the most violent rage, uttered phrases improper to be here related, and instantly burst out of the house. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to stop or to follow her: for the one was so much possessed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almost motionless.

THE Squire, however, ſent after his ſiſter the ſame holla which attends the departure of a hare, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted before the hounds. He was indeed a great maſter of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for moſt occaſions in life.

WOMEN who, like Mrs Weſtern, know the world, and have applied themſelves to philoſophy and politics, would have immediately availed themſelves of the preſent diſpoſition of Mr Weſtern's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his underſtanding, at the expence of his abſent adverſary; but poor Sophia was all ſimplicity: by which word we do not intend to inſinuate to the reader that ſhe was ſilly, which is generally underſtood as a ſynonymous term with ſimple; for ſhe was indeed a moſt ſenſible girl, and her underſtanding was of the firſt rate: but ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the ſilliеſt of women.

CHAP. IV.

A picture of a country gentleman, taken from the life.

MR Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, 'who 'are,' ſays he, 'always whipt in by the humours of 'ſome d—n'd b— or other. I think I was hard run 'enough by your mother for one man; but (after 'giving her a dodge) here's another b— follows me 'upon the foil; but curſe my jacket if I will be run 'down in this manner by any o'um.'

SOPHIA never had a ſingle diſpute with her father till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The Squire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her, (perhaps not above once a week), and never beat her: ſhe had not the

leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle-companions. She ſcarce, indeed, ever ſaw him but at meals, where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended in the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtayed to drink the king over the water. Such were, it ſeems, Mr Weſtern's orders; for it was a maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk; for the converſation (if it may be ſo called) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted chiefly of hallooing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventures, b—d—y, and abuſe of women, and of the government.

THESE, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr Weſtern ſaw his wife; for when he repaired to her bed he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee, and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always roſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time, and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; tho' unhappily, indeed, the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe; for none who had ſet much value on their necks would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now, to deal honeſtly with the reader, ſhe did not make all the return expected to ſo much indulgence: for ſhe had been married againſt her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her ſide; for the Squire's eſtate was upwards of 3000 l. a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000 l. Hence, perhaps, ſhe had contracted a little gloomineſs of temper; for ſhe was rather a good ſervant than a good wife; nor had ſhe always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth with which the Squire received her, even with a good-humoured ſmile. She would, moreover, ſometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking

of her husband, which, in the gentlest terms, she would take some of the few opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the request ever after, being well assured that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased, saying,—'If my wife 'was alive now, she would be glad of this.'

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia: for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions; for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother, but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuse; with which desire he never could prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the Squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAP. V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia *towards her aunt.*

Sophia kept silence during the foregoing speech of her father, nor did she once answer otherwise

than with a ſigh; but as he underſtood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, ſo he was not ſatisfied without ſome further approbation of his ſentiments, which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the uſual way, He expected ſhe was ready to take the part of every body againſt him, as ſhe had always done that of the b—— her mother. Sophia remaining ſtill ſilent, he cried out, 'What, art dumb? why doſt unt ſpeak? 'Was not thy mother a d——d b—— to me? anſwer me that. What! I ſuppoſe you deſpiſe your 'father too, and don't think him good enough to 'ſpeak to?'

'For Heaven's ſake, Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'do 'not give ſo cruel a turn to my ſilence. I am ſure 'I would ſooner die than be guilty of any diſre'ſpect towards you; but how can I venture to ſpeak, 'when every word muſt either offend my dear papa, 'or convict me of the blackeſt ingratitude as well 'as impiety to the memory of the beſt of mothers; 'for ſuch, I am certain, my mamma was always to 'me?'

'And your aunt, I ſuppoſe, is the beſt of ſiſters 'too!' replied the Squire. 'Will you be ſo kind as 'to allow that ſhe is a b——? I may fairly inſiſt 'upon that, I think.'

'Indeed, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'I have great obliga'tions to my aunt. She hath been a ſecond mother 'to me.'

'And a ſecond wife to me too,' returned Weſtern; 'ſo you will take her part too! You won't 'confeſs that ſhe hath acted the part of the vileſt 'ſiſter in the world?'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt belie 'my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and 'you differ very much in your way of thinking; 'but I have heard her a thouſand times expreſs the 'greateſt affection for you; and, I am convinced, 'ſo far from her being the worſt ſiſter in the world, 'there are very few who love a brother better.'

'The Engliſh of all which is,' anſwered the Squire, 'that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly; 'ay, to be ſure, the woman is in the right, and the 'man in the wrong always.'

'PARDON me, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I do not say so.'

'WHAT don't you say?' answered the father; 'you have the impudence to say she's in the right; 'doth it not follow then, of course, that I am in the 'wrong? and, perhaps, I am in the wrong to suffer 'such a Presbyterian Hannoverian b— to come into my house. She may 'dite me of a plot for any 'thing I know, and give my estate to the government.'

'So far, Sir, from injuring you or your estate,' says Sophia, 'if my aunt had died yesterday, I am 'convinced she would have left you her whole fortune.'

WHETHER Sophia intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but, certain it is, these last words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more sensible effect than all she had said before. He received the sound with much the same action as a man receives a bullet in his head. He started, staggered, and grew pale. After which he remained silent above a minute, and then began in the following hesitating manner: 'Yesterday! she would have left me her estate ye'sterday! would she? Why yesterday, of all the 'days in the year? I suppose if she dies to-morrow 'she will leave it to somebody else, and, perhaps, 'out of the family.' 'My aunt, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'hath very violent passions, and I can't answer what 'she may do under their influence.'

'You can't!' returned the father; 'and pray who 'hath been the occasion of putting her into those 'violent passions? nay, who hath actually put her 'into them? was not you and she hard at it before 'I came into the room? besides, was not all our 'quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with 'sister this many years but upon your account; and 'now you would throw the whole blame upon me, 'as tho' I should be the occasion of her leaving the 'estate out o' the family. I could have expected 'no better indeed; this is like the return you make 'to all the rest of my fondness.'

'I BESEECH you then,' cries Sophia, 'upon my 'knees I beseech you, if I have been the unhappy

'occaſion of this difference, that you will endeavour 'to make it up with my aunt, and not ſuffer her to 'leave your houſe in this violent rage of anger: 'ſhe is a very good-natured woman, and a few civil 'words will ſatisfy her.—Let me intreat you, Sir.'

'So I muſt go and aſk pardon for your fault, muſt 'I?' anſwered Weſtern. 'You have loſt the hare, 'and I muſt draw every way to find her again? In-'deed, if I was certain'—Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throwing in more intreaties, at length prevailed upon him; ſo that after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical expreſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could, to recover his ſiſter before her equipage could be gotten ready.

SOPHIA then returned to her chamber of mourning, where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be allowed me), in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which ſhe had received from Jones; her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation, the friendly Mrs Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities to comfort her afflicted miſtreſs: ſhe ran over the names of many young gentlemen; and, having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs Honour would never have ventured to apply them: nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the female diſpenſary. But whether it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed inwardly from thoſe caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs, (which was no eaſy matter), that, with an angry voice, ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

CHAP. VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

THE Squire overtook his ſiſter juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into the coach, and, partly by force, and partly by ſolicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horſes back into their quarters. He ſucceeded in this attempt without much difficulty; for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a moſt placable diſpoſition, and greatly loved her brother, tho' ſhe deſpiſed his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

POOR Sophia, who had firſt ſet on foot this reconciliation, was now made the ſacrifice to it. They both concurred in their cenſures on her conduct, jointly declared war againſt her, and directly proceeded to counſel, how to carry it on in the moſt vigorous manner. For this purpoſe, Mrs Weſtern propoſed not only an immediate concluſion of the treaty with Allworthy, but as immediately to carry it into execution; ſaying, That there was no other way to ſucceed with her niece but by violent methods, which ſhe was convinced Sophia had not ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt. 'By violent,' ſays ſhe, 'I mean rather haſty meaſures: for as to confine-'ment or abſolute force, no ſuch things muſt or can 'be attempted. Our plan muſt be concerted for a 'ſurpriſe, and not for a ſtorm.'

THESE matters were reſolved on, when Mr Blifil came to pay a viſit to his miſtreſs. The Squire no ſooner heard of his arrival, than he ſtept aſide, by his ſiſter's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the moſt bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refuſal.

THE impetuoſity of the Squire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wiſely foreſaw, was not able to reſiſt him. She agreed, therefore, to ſee Blifil, though ſhe had ſcarce ſpirits or ſtrength ſufficient to utter her aſſent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved, was no eaſy taſk. Had this circum-

ſtance been out of the caſe, much leſs reſolution than what ſhe was really miſtreſs of, would, perhaps, have ſerved her; but it is no unuſual thing to aſcribe thoſe actions entirely to fear, which are in a great meaſure produced by love.

In purſuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr Blifil's viſit. Scenes like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have obſerved, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we ſhall ſtrictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to paſs over all thoſe matters which they deſpair of placing in a ſhining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent uſe as well to the hiſtorian as to the poet; and which, if followed, muſt, at leaſt, have this good effect, that many a great evil (for ſo all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a ſmall one.

It is poſſible the great art uſed by Blifil at this interview, would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumſtances her confident, and to have revealed the whole ſecret of her heart to him; but ſhe had contracted ſo ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that ſhe was reſolved to place no confidence in him: for ſimplicity, when ſet on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed ſuch as is generally preſcribed to virgins upon the ſecond formal viſit from one who is appointed for their huſband.

But though Blifil declared himſelf to the Squire perfectly ſatisfied with his reception; yet that gentleman, who in company with his ſiſter had overheard all, was not ſo well pleaſed. He reſolved, in purſuance of the advice of the ſage lady, to puſh matters as forward as poſſible; and addreſſing himſelf to his intended ſon-in-law in the hunting phraſe, he cried, after a loud holla, 'Follow her, boy, follow 'her; run in, run in, that's it, honeys. Dead, 'dead, dead.—Never be baſhful, nor ſtand ſhall I, 'ſhall I?—Allworthy and I can finiſh all matters 'between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wed-'ding to-morrow.'

Blifil having conveyed the utmoſt ſatisfaction

into his countenance, anſwered, 'As there is nothing, 'Sir, in this world, which I ſo eagerly deſire as an 'alliance with your family, except my union with 'the moſt amiable and deſerving Sophia, you may 'eaſily imagine how impatient I muſt be to ſee my-'ſelf in poſſeſſion of my two higheſt wiſhes. If I 'have not therefore importuned you on this head, 'you will impute it only to my fear of offending 'the lady by endeavouring to hurry on ſo bleſſed 'an event, faſter than a ſtrict compliance with all 'the rules of decency and decorum will permit. 'But if by your intereſt, Sir, ſhe might be induced 'to diſpenſe with any formalities'—

'FORMALITIES! with a pox!' anſwered the Squire, 'Pooh, all ſtuff and nonſenſe. I tell thee, ſhe ſhall 'ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world bet-'ter hereafter, when you come to my age. Women 'never gi' their conſent, man, if they can help it; 'tis not the faſhion. If I had ſtaid for her mo-'ther's conſent, I might have been a batchelor to 'this day.——To her, to her, co to her, that's it, 'you jolly dog. I tell thee ſhat ha' her to-morrow 'morning.'

BLIFIL ſuffered himſelf to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the Squire; and it being agreed that Weſtern ſhould cloſe with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having firſt earneſtly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haſte, in the ſame manner as a Popiſh inquiſitor begs the lay-power to do no violence to the heretic delivered over to it, and againſt whom the church hath paſſed ſentence.

AND to ſay the truth, Blifil had paſſed ſentence againſt Sophia: for however pleaſed he had declared himſelf to Weſtern with his reception, he was by no means ſatisfied, unleſs it was that he was convinced of the hatred and ſcorn of his miſtreſs; and this had produced no leſs reciprocal hatred and ſcorn in him. It may, perhaps, be aſked, Why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtſhip? I anſwer, for that very reaſon, as well as for ſeveral others equally good, which we ſhall now proceed to open to the reader.

THOUGH Mr Blifil was not of the complection of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he ſaw; yet he was far from being deſtitute of that appetite which is ſaid to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewiſe that diſtinguiſhing taſte which ſerves to direct men in their choice of the object, or food of their ſeveral appetites; and this taught him to conſider Sophia as a moſt delicious morſel, indeed to regard her with the ſame deſires which an ortolan inſpires into the ſoul of an Epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightneſs to her eyes, and her breaſts roſe higher with her ſighs. Indeed no one hath ſeen beauty in its higheſt luſtre, who hath never ſeen it in diſtreſs. Blifil, therefore, looked on this human ortolan with greater deſire than when he viewed her laſt; nor was his deſire at all leſſened by the averſion which he diſcovered in her to himſelf. On the contrary, this ſerved rather to heighten the pleaſure he propoſed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to luſt; nay, he had ſome further views, from obtaining the abſolute poſſeſſion of her perſon, which we deteſt too much even to mention; and revenge itſelf was not without its ſhare in the gratifications which he promiſed himſelf. The rivalling poor Jones, and ſupplanting him in her affections, added another ſpur to his purſuit, and promiſed another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

BESIDES all theſe views, which to ſome ſcrupulous perſons may ſeem to ſavour too much of malevolence, he had one proſpect which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was the eſtate of Mr Weſtern, which was all to be ſettled on his daughter and her iſſue; for ſo extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but conſent to be miſerable with the huſband he choſe, he cared not at what price he purchaſed him.

FOR theſe reaſons Mr Blifil was ſo deſirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her.

in doing this, he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed was religious (as surely matrimony is), it mattered not how wicked were the means; as, to other occasions he used to apply the philosophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr Western, who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence as Blifil himself conceived them to be; but as the sentiments of Mr Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty: for as Mr Allworthy had been assured by her father that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience, and had the satisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia by Allworthy, who said, He would, on no account, be accessary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will, he answered, That the real sentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it; and that if he could believe her father, she had all the affection for him which any lover could desire. 'As for Jones,' said he, 'whom I am 'loath to call villain, though his behaviour to you, 'Sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his own 'vanity, or perhaps some wicked views, might 'make him boast of a falsehood; for if there had 'been any reality in Miss Western's love to him, 'the greatness of her fortune would never have suf-'fered him to desert her, as you are well informed 'he hath. Lastly, Sir, I promise you I would not

'myself, for any conſideration, no, not for the whole 'world, conſent to marry this young lady, if I was 'not perſuaded ſhe had all the paſſion for me which 'I deſire ſhe ſhould have.'

THIS excellent method of conveying a falſehood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and impoſture, hath quieted the conſcience of many a notable deceiver: and yet when we conſider that it is Omniſcience on which theſe endeavour to impoſe, it may poſſibly ſeem capable of affording only a very ſuperficial comfort; and that this artful and refined diſtinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it coſts them.

ALLWORTHY was pretty well ſatisfied with what Mr Weſtern and Mr Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the prieſt, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up ſo much time, that Weſtern offered to bind himſelf by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happineſs of the young couple. Indeed he was ſo very earneſt and preſſing, that an indifferent perſon might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerneſs was natural to him on all occaſions; and he conducted every ſcheme he undertook in ſuch a manner, as if the ſucceſs of that alone was ſufficient to conſtitute the whole happineſs of his life.

THE joint importunities of both father and ſon-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happineſs to others, had not Sophia herſelf prevented it, and taken meaſures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of thoſe taxes which theſe wiſe bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human ſpecies in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

A ſtrange reſolution of Sophia, *and a more ſtrange ſtratagem of Mrs* Honour.

THOUGH Mrs Honour was principally attached to her own intereſt, ſhe was not without ſome little attachment to Sophia. To ſay truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no ſooner, therefore, heard a piece of news which ſhe imagined to be of great importance to her miſtreſs, than, quite forgetting the anger which ſhe had conceived two days before, at her unpleaſant diſmiſſion from Sophia's preſence, ſhe ran haſtily to inform her of the news.

THE beginning of her diſcourſe was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. 'O dear Ma'am,' ſays ſhe, 'what doth your La'ſhip think? To be ſure I 'am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought 'it my duty to tell your La'ſhip, though perhaps it 'may make you angry, for we ſervants don't al-'ways know what will make our ladies angry; for 'to be ſure every thing is always laid to the charge 'of a ſervant. When our ladies are out of humour, 'to be ſure we muſt be ſcolded; and to be ſure I 'ſhould not wonder if your La'ſhip ſhould be out of 'humour; nay, it muſt ſurpriſe you certainly, ay, 'and ſhock you too,'—'Good Honour! let me know 'it without any longer preface,' ſays Sophia; 'there 'are few things, I promiſe you, which will ſurpriſe, 'and fewer which will ſhock me.' 'Dear Madam,' anſwered Honour, 'to be ſure, I overheard my ma-'ſter talking to Parſon Supple about getting a li-'cence this very afternoon; and to be ſure I heard 'him ſay your La'ſhip ſhould be married to-morrow 'morning.' Sophia turned pale at theſe words, and repeated eagerly, 'To-morrow morning!——' Yes, 'Ma'am,' replied the truſty waiting woman, 'I will 'take my oath I heard my maſter ſay ſo.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'you have both ſurpriſed and ſhocked 'me to ſuch a degree, that I have ſcarce any breath 'or ſpirits left. What is to be done in my dread-'ful ſituation?' 'I wiſh I was able to adviſe your

'La'ſhip,' ſays ſhe. 'Do adviſe me,' cries Sophia; 'pray, dear Honour, adviſe me. Think what you 'would attempt if it was your own caſe.' 'Indeed, 'Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'I wiſh your La'ſhip and I 'could change ſituations: that is, I mean, without 'hurting your La'ſhip; for to be ſure I don't wiſh 'you ſo bad as to be a ſervant; but becauſe that if 'ſo be it was my caſe, I ſhould find no manner of 'difficulty in it; for in my poor opinion, young 'Squire Blifil is a charming, ſweet, handſome man.' '—'Don't mention ſuch ſtuff,' cries Sophia.—'Such 'ſtuff,' repeated Honour, 'why there.—Well, to 'be ſure what's one man's meat is another man's 'poiſon, and the ſame is altogether as true of wo-'men.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'rather than ſub-'mit to be the wife of that contemptible wretch, I 'would plunge a dagger into my heart.' 'O lud, 'Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'I am ſure you fright-'ten me out of my wits now. Let me beſeech your 'La'ſhip not to ſuffer ſuch wicked thoughts to come 'into your head. O lud, to be ſure I tremble every 'inch of me. Dear Ma'am, conſider,—that to be de-'nied Chriſtian burial, and to have your corpſe bu-'ried in the highway, and a ſtake drove thro' you, 'as Farmer Halfpenny was ſerved at Ox-croſs; and, 'to be ſure, his ghoſt has walked there ever ſince; 'for ſeveral people have ſeen him. To be ſure, it 'can be nothing but the devil which can put ſuch 'wicked thoughts into the head of any body; for 'certainly it is leſs wicked to hurt all the world than 'one's own dear ſelf, and ſo I have heard ſaid by 'more perſons than one. If your La'ſhip hath ſuch 'a violent averſion, and hates the young gentleman 'ſo very bad, that you can't bear to think of going 'into bed to him; for to be ſure there may be ſuch 'antiphathies in nature, and one had lieverer touch 'a toad than the fleſh of ſome people,'——

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contempla-tion to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent diſcourſe of her maid; interrupting her, therefore, without making any anſwer to it, ſhe ſaid, 'Honour, I am come to a reſolution. I am determi-'ned to leave my father's houſe this very night; and

'if you have the friendſhip for me which you have 'often profeſſed, you will keep me company.' 'That 'I will, Ma'am, to the world's end,' anſwered Honour; 'but I beg your La'ſhip to conſider the con-'ſequence, before you undertake any raſh action. 'Where can your La'ſhip poſſibly go?' 'There is,' replied Sophia, 'a lady of quality in London, a re-'lation of mine, who ſpent ſeveral months with my 'aunt in the country; during all which time ſhe 'treated me with great kindneſs, and expreſſed ſo 'much pleaſure in my company, that ſhe earneſtly 'deſired my aunt to ſuffer me to go with her to 'London. As ſhe is a woman of very great note, I 'ſhall eaſily find her out, and I make no doubt of 'being very well and kindly received by her.' 'I 'would not have your La'ſhip too confident of that,' cries Honour; 'for the firſt lady I lived with uſed 'to invite people very earneſtly to her houſe; but if 'ſhe heard afterwards they were coming, ſhe uſed 'to get out of the way. Beſides, though this lady 'would be very glad to ſee your La'ſhip, as to be 'ſure any body would be glad to ſee your La'ſhip; 'yet when ſhe hears your La'ſhip is run away from 'my maſter'——'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'ſhe looks upon the authority of a father 'in a much lower light than I do; for ſhe preſſed 'me violently to go to London with her, and when 'I refuſed to go without my father's conſent, ſhe 'laughed me to ſcorn, called me ſilly country girl, 'and ſaid I ſhould make a pure loving wife, ſince 'I could be ſo dutiful a daughter. So I have no 'doubt but ſhe will both receive me, and protect me 'too, till my father, finding me out of his power, 'can be brought to ſome reaſon.'

'Well, but Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'how 'doth your La'ſhip think of making your eſcape? 'Where will you get any horſes or conveyance? For 'as for your own horſe, as all the ſervants know a 'little how matters ſtand between my maſter and 'your La'ſhip, Robin will be hanged before he will 'ſuffer it to go out of the ſtable without my maſter's 'expreſs orders.' 'I intend to eſcape,' ſaid Sophia, 'by walking out of the doors when they are open.

'I thank Heaven my legs are very able to carry me. 'They have ſupported me many a long evening, 'after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner; 'and ſurely they will aſſiſt me in running from ſo 'deteſtable a partner for life.' 'O Heaven, Ma'am, 'doth your Ladyſhip know what you are ſaying?' cries Honour, 'would you think of walking about 'the country by night and alone?' 'Not alone,' anſwered the lady, 'you have promiſed to bear me 'company.' 'Yes to be ſure,' cries Honour, 'I will 'follow your La'ſhip through the world; but your 'La'ſhip had almoſt as good be alone; for I ſhall 'not be able to defend you, if any robbers, or other 'villains, ſhould meet with you. Nay, I ſhould 'be in as horrible a fright as your La'ſhip; for to 'be certain, they would raviſh us both. Beſides, 'Ma'am, conſider how cold the nights are now; we 'ſhall be frozen to death.' 'A good briſk pace,' anſwered Sophia, 'will preſerve us from the cold; 'and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Ho-'nour, I will defend you; for I will take a piſtol 'with me. There are two always charged in the 'hall.' 'Dear Ma'am, you frighten me more and 'more,' cries Honour; 'ſure your La'ſhip would 'not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any 'chance, than your La'ſhip ſhould do that.' 'Why 'ſo?' ſays Sophia, ſmiling; 'would not you, Honour, 'fire a piſtol at any one who ſhould attack your 'virtue?' 'To be ſure, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'one's 'virtue is a dear thing, eſpecially to us poor ſer-'vants; for it is our livelihood, as a body may ſay; 'yet I mortally hate fire arms; for ſo many acci-'dents happen by them.' Well, well,' ſays Sophia, 'I believe I may enſure your virtue at a very cheap 'rate, without carrying any arms with us; for 'I intend to take horſes at the very firſt town 'we come to, and we ſhall hardly be attacked in 'our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am reſol-'ved to go, and if you will attend me, I promiſe 'you I will reward you to the very utmoſt of my 'power.'

THIS laſt argument had a ſtronger effect on Ho-nour than all the preceding. And ſince ſhe ſaw her miſtreſs ſo determined, ſhe deſiſted from any further

diſſuaſions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very ſtubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more eaſily got over by the miſtreſs than by the maid: for when a lady hath once taken a reſolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obſtacles are conſidered as trifles. But Honour was inſpired by no ſuch motive; ſhe had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to ſhun; and beſides the real value of her clothes, in which conſiſted a great part of her fortune, ſhe had a capricious fondneſs for ſeveral gowns, and other things; either becauſe they became her, or becauſe they were given her by ſuch a particular perſon; becauſe ſhe had bought them lately, or becauſe ſhe had had them long; or for ſome other reaſons equally good; ſo that ſhe could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her expoſed to the mercy of Weſtern, who, ſhe doubted not, would in his rage make them ſuffer martyrdom.

THE ingenious Mrs Honour having applied all her oratory to diſſuade her miſtreſs from her purpoſe, when ſhe found her poſitively determined, at laſt ſtarted the following expedient to remove her clothes, *viz.* to get herſelf turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. 'Oh! 'Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'your La'ſhip may truſt 'that to me: we ſervants very well know how to 'obtain this favour of our maſters and miſtreſſes; 'though ſometimes indeed, when they owe us more 'wages than they can readily pay, they will put up 'with all our affronts, and will hardly take any 'warning we can give them: but the Squire is none 'of thoſe; and ſince your La'ſhip is reſolved upon 'ſetting out to-night, I warrant I get diſcharged 'this afternoon.' It was then reſolved that ſhe ſhould pack up ſome linen and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorſe than the ſailor feels when he throws over the goods of others, in order to ſave his own life.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing ſcenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

MRS Honour had ſcarce ſooner parted from her young lady, than ſomething (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any falſe accuſation, and poſſibly he might have no hand in it) but ſomething, I ſay, ſuggeſted itſelf to her, that by ſacrificing Sophia and all her ſecrets to Mr Weſtern, ſhe might probably make her fortune. Many conſiderations urged this diſcovery. The fair proſpect of a handſome reward for ſo great and acceptable a ſervice to the Squire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprize ſhe had undertaken; the uncertainty of its ſucceſs; night, cold, robbers, raviſhers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all theſe operate upon her, that ſhe was almoſt determined to go directly to the Squire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one ſide, before ſhe had heard the other. And here, firſt a journey to London appeared very ſtrongly in ſupport of Sophia. She eagerly longed to ſee a place, in which ſhe fancied charms ſhort only of thoſe which a raptured ſaint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as ſhe knew Sophia to have much more generoſity than her maſter, ſo her fidelity promiſed her a greater reward than ſhe could gain by treachery. She then croſs-examined all the articles which had raiſed her fears on the other ſide, and found, on fairly ſifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both ſcales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her miſtreſs being thrown into the ſcale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumſtance ſtruck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other ſcale. This was the length of time which muſt intervene, before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promiſes; for though ſhe was intitled to her mother's fortune at the death of her father, and to the ſum of 3000 l. left her by an uncle when ſhe came of age; yet theſe were di-

ſtant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generoſity of the young lady; whereas the rewards ſhe might expect from Mr Weſtern were immediate. But while ſhe was purſuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which preſided over the integrity of Mrs Honour, or perhaps, mere chance, ſent an accident in her way, which at once preſerved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended buſineſs.

Mrs Weſtern's maid claimed great ſuperiority over Mrs Honour, on ſeveral accounts. Firſt, her birth was higher: for her great grandmother by the mother's ſide was a couſin, not far removed, to an Iriſh peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And laſtly, ſhe had been at London, and had of conſequence ſeen more of the world. She had always behaved; therefore, to Mrs Honour, with that reſerve, and had always exacted of her thoſe marks of diſtinction, which every order of females preſerves and requires in converſation with thoſe of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the reſpect which the other demanded, Mrs Weſtern's maid was not at all pleaſed with her company: indeed ſhe earneſtly longed to return home to the houſe of her miſtreſs, where ſhe domineered at will over all the other ſervants. She had been greatly, therefore, diſappointed in the morning, when Mrs Weſtern had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called a glouting humour ever ſince.

In this humour, which was none of the ſweeteſt, ſhe came into the room where Honour was debating with herſelf in the manner we have above related. Honour no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe addreſſed her in the following obliging phraſe. 'Soh! Madam, 'I find we are to have the pleaſure of your com-'pany longer, which I was afraid the quarrel be-'tween my maſter and your lady would have rob-'bed us of.' 'I don't know, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'what you mean by we and us. I aſſure you 'I do not look on any of the ſervants in this houſe 'to be proper company for me. I am company, I 'hope, for their betters every day in the week.

'I do not ſpeak on your account, Mrs Honour; for 'you are a civilized young woman; and when you 'have ſeen a little more of the world, I ſhould not 'be aſhamed to walk with you in St James's Park.' 'Heity! toity!' cries Honour, 'Madam is in her 'airs, I proteſt. Mrs Honour, forſooth! ſure, Ma-'dam, you might call me by my ſir-name; for tho' 'my lady calls me Honour, I have a ſirname, as well 'as other folks. Aſhamed to walk with me, quotha! 'marry, as good as yourſelf I hope.' 'Since you 'make ſuch a return to my civility,' ſaid the other, 'I muſt acquaint you, Mrs Honour, that you are not 'ſo good as me. In the country, indeed, one is obli-'ged to take up with all kind of trumpery; but in 'town I viſit none but the women of women of qua-'lity. Indeed, Mrs Honour, there is ſome difference, 'I hope, between you and me.' 'I hope ſo too', an-ſwered Honour, 'there is ſome difference in our ages, and — I think in our perſons.' Upon ſpeaking which laſt words, ſhe ſtrutted by Mrs Weſtern's maid with the moſt provoking air of contempt; turning up her note, toſſing her head, and violently bruſhing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put up one of her moſt malicious ſneers, and ſaid, 'Creature! you are below my an-'ger; and it is beneath me to give ill words to ſuch 'an audacious ſaucy trollop; but, huſſy, I muſt tell 'you, your breeding ſhews the meanneſs of your 'birth as well as of your education; and both ve-'ry properly qualify you to be the mean ſerving-'woman of a country girl.' 'Don't abuſe my lady, cries Honour, 'I wont take that of you; ſhe's as 'much better than yours as ſhe is younger, and ten 'thouſand times more handſomer.'

HERE ill luck, or rather good luck, ſent Mrs Weſtern to ſee her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach, and of which being aſk-ed the reaſon by her miſtreſs, ſhe preſently acquaint-ed her, that her tears were occaſioned by the rude treatment of that creature there, meaning Honour. 'And, Madam,' continued ſhe, 'I could have de-'ſpiſed all ſhe ſaid to me; but ſhe hath had the au-'dacity to affront your Ladyſhip, and to call you 'ugly.——Yes, Madam, ſhe called you ugly old cat,

'to my face. I could not bear to hear your Lady-'ſhip called ugly.'—'Why do you repeat her im-'pudence ſo often?' ſaid Mrs Weſtern. And then turning to Mrs Honour, ſhe aſked her, 'how ſhe had 'the aſſurance to mention her name with diſreſpect?' 'Diſreſpect, Madam!' anſwered Honour, 'I never 'mentioned your name at all; I ſaid ſomebody was 'not as handſome as my miſtreſs, and to be ſure 'you know that as well as I.' 'Huſſy,' replied the lady, 'I will make ſuch a ſaucy trollop as yourſelf 'know that I am not a proper ſubject of your diſ-'courſe; and if my brother doth not diſcharge you 'this moment, I will never ſleep in his houſe again. 'I will find him out, and have you diſcharged this 'moment.' 'Diſcharged!' cries Honour, 'and ſup-'poſe I am, there are more places in the world than 'one. Thank Heaven, good ſervants need not want 'places; and if you turn away all who do not think 'you handſome, you will want ſervants very ſoon; 'let me tell you that.'

Mrs Weſtern ſpoke, or rather thundered, in anſwer; but as ſhe was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words: we ſhall therefore omit inſerting a ſpeech which, at beſt, would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in ſearch of her brother, with a countenance ſo full of rage, that ſhe reſembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a ſecond bout at altercation, which ſoon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without ſome loſs of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muſlin.

CHAP. IX.

The wiſe demeanour of Mr Weſtern *in the character of a magiſtrate. A hint to juſtices of peace concerning the neceſſary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary inſtances of paternal madneſs, and filial affection.*

Logicians ſometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often over-reach themſelves in a ſcheme. Thus had it like to have happen-

ed to Mrs Honour, who, inſtead of recovering the reſt of her cloaths, had like to have ſtopped even thoſe ſhe had on her back from eſcaping; for the Squire no ſooner heard of her having abuſed his ſiſter, than he ſwore twenty oaths he would ſend her to Bridewell.

Mrs Weſtern was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the treſpaſs of a ſtage-coachman, who had overturned her poſt-chaiſe into a ditch; nay, ſhe had even broken the law, in refuſing to proſecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a ſum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the ſame time d—ning her, and ſaying, 'Such handſome b——s as 'you don't want jewels to ſet them off, and be d—n'd 'to you.' But now, ſo uncertain are our tempers, and ſo much do we at different times differ from ourſelves, ſhe would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own ſervant, prevail with her to deſiſt from earneſtly deſiring her brother to execute juſticeſhip (for it was indeed a ſyllable more than juſtice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a juſtice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, ſome underſtanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whiſpered in the ear of the juſtice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; 'for I am afraid, Sir,' ſays he, 'you cannot legally commit any one to 'Bridewell only for ill-breeding.'

In matters of high importance, particularly in caſes relating to the game, the juſtice was not always attentive to theſe admonitions of his clerk: for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many juſtices of the peace ſuppoſe they have a large diſcretionary power; by virtue of which, under the notion of ſearching for, and taking away engines for the deſtruction of the game, they often commit treſpaſſes, and ſometimes felony, at their pleaſure.

But this offence was not of quite ſo high a nature, nor ſo dangerous to the ſociety. Here, therefore, the juſtice behaved with ſome attention to the advice of

his clerk; for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited againſt him in the King's-bench, and had no curioſity to try a third.

THE Squire, therefore, putting on a moſt wiſe and ſignificant countenance, after a preface of ſeveral hum's and ha's, told his ſiſter, that, upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion, 'That as there 'was no breaking up of the peace, ſuch as the law,' ſays he, 'calls breaking open a door, or breaking a 'hedge, or breaking a head, or any ſuch ſort of 'breaking, the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor treſpaſſes, nor damages, 'and, therefore, there was no puniſhment in the 'law for it.'

MRS Weſtern ſaid, She knew the law much better; that ſhe had known ſervants very ſeverely puniſhed for affronting their maſters; and then named a certain juſtice of the peace in London who, ſhe ſaid, would commit a ſervant to Bridewell at any time when a maſter or miſtreſs deſired it.

'LIKE enough,' cries the Squire, 'it may be ſo 'in London; but the law is different in the coun'try.' Here followed a very learned diſpute between the brother and ſiſter concerning the law, which we would inſert, if we imagined many of our readers could underſtand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magiſtrate; and Mrs Weſtern was in the end obliged to content herſelf with the ſatisfaction of having Honour turned away, to which Sophia herſelf very readily and chearfully conſented.

THUS Fortune, after having diverted herſelf, according to cuſtom, with two or three frolics, at laſt diſpoſed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed ſucceeded admirably well in her deceit, conſidering it was the firſt ſhe had ever practiſed. And, to ſay the truth, I have often concluded, that the honeſt part of mankind would be much too hard for the knaviſh, if they could bring themſelves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

HONOUR acted her part to the utmoſt perfection. She no ſooner ſaw herſelf ſecure from all danger of

Bridewell, a word which had raiſed moſt horrible ideas in her mind, than ſhe reſumed thoſe airs which her terrors before had a little abated, and laid down her place with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practiſed at the reſignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleaſes, therefore, we chuſe rather to ſay ſhe reſigned—which hath, indeed, been always held a ſynonymous expreſſion with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr Weſtern ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his ſiſter declared ſhe would not ſleep another night under the ſame roof with ſo impudent a ſlut. To work therefore ſhe went, and that ſo earneſtly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed ſhe bag and baggage, to the great ſatisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the houſe, exactly at the dreadful and ghoſtly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But firſt ſhe was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In theſe Mrs Weſtern herſelf began to talk to her in a more peremptory ſtile than before; but her father treated her in ſo violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which ſo highly pleaſed the good Squire, that he changed his frowns into ſmiles, and his menaces into promiſes; he vowed his whole ſoul was wrapped in hers; that her conſent (for ſo he conſtrued the words, 'You know, 'Sir, I muſt not, nor can refuſe to obey any abſo-'lute command of yours,)' had made him the happieſt of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to diſpoſe of in any trinkets ſhe pleaſed, and kiſſed and embraced her in the fondeſt manner, while tears of joy trickled from thoſe eyes which, a few moments before, had darted fire and rage againſt the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are ſo common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little

aſtoniſhed at the whole conduct of Mr Weſtern. If he ſhould, I own I am not able to account for it; ſince that he loved his daughter moſt tenderly is, I think, beyond diſpute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children moſt completely miſerable by the ſame conduct: which, though it is almoſt univerſal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the moſt unaccountable of all the abſurdities which ever entered into the brain of that ſtrange prodigious creature man.

The latter part of Mr Weſtern's behaviour had ſo ſtrong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it ſuggeſted a thought to her, which not all the ſophiſtry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father ſo piouſly, and loved him ſo paſſionately, that ſhe had ſcarce ever felt more pleaſing ſenſations than what aroſe from the ſhare ſhe frequently had of contributing to his amuſement; and ſometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the ſatisfaction of hearing almoſt every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immenſe happineſs ſhe ſhould convey to her father by her conſent to this match, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of ſuch an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as ſhe had a very deep ſenſe of religion. Laſtly, when ſhe reflected how much ſhe herſelf was to ſuffer, being indeed to become little leſs than a ſacrifice or a martyr to filial love and duty, ſhe felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little paſſion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often ſo kind as to lend great aſſiſtance in executing the purpoſes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of ſo heroic an action, and began to compliment herſelf with much premature flattery; when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, ſuddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-ſhew, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we ſcorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by aſcribing her actions to ſupernatural impulſe) the thoughts of

her beloved Jones, and ſome hopes (however diſtant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately deſtroyed all which filial love, piety, and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we muſt now look back to Mr Jones.

CHAP. X.

Containing ſeveral matters, natural enough, perhaps, but Low.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that we left Mr Jones in the beginning of this book, on his road to Briſtol, being determined to ſeek his fortune at ſea, or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on ſhore.

It happened (a thing not very unuſual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; ſo that having miſſed his right track, and being aſhamed to aſk information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and began to grow dark. Jones, ſuſpecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehenſions; but he inſiſted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very ſtrange if he ſhould not know the road to Briſtol; though, in reality, it would have been much ſtranger if he had known it, having never paſt through it in his life before.

Jones had not ſuch implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he enquired of the firſt fellow he ſaw, whether they were in the road to Briſtol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the fellow. 'No matter,' ſays Jones, a little haſtily, 'I want to know if this be the road to Briſtol.' 'The road to Briſtol!' cries the fellow, ſcratching his head, 'Why, maſter, I believe you will hardly 'get to Briſtol this way to-night.' 'Prithee, friend, 'then,' anſwered Jones, 'do tell us which is the 'way.'——'Why, Meaſter,' cries the fellow, 'you 'muſt be come out of your road the Lord knows 'whither: for thick way goeth to Gloceſter.' 'Well,

'and which way goes to Briſtol?' ſaid Jones. 'Why, 'you be going away from Briſtol,' anſwered the 'fellow——'Then,' ſaid Jones, 'we muſt go back 'again.' 'Ay, you muſt,' ſaid the fellow. 'Well, 'and when we come back to the top of the hill, 'which way muſt we take?' 'Why, you muſt keep 'the ſtrait road.' 'But I remember there are two 'roads, one to the right, and the other to the left.' 'Why you muſt keep the right-hand road, and 'then go ſtrait vorwards; only remember to turn 'firſt to your right, and then to your left again, 'and then to your right; and that brings you to 'the Squire's, and then you muſt keep ſtrait vor-'wards, and turn to the left.'

ANOTHER fellow now came up, and aſked which way the gentlemen were going?—of which being informed by Jones, he firſt ſcratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, That he muſt keep the right-hand road for about a mile, or a mile and half, or ſuch a matter, and then he muſt turn ſhort to the left, which would bring him round by Meaſter Jin Bearnes's.' 'But which is Mr John Bearnes's?' ſays Jones. 'O 'Lord,' cries the fellow, 'why, don't you know 'Meaſter Jin Bearnes? Whence did you come?'

THESE two fellows had almoſt conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well looking man (who was indeed a Quaker) accoſted him thus: 'Friend, I perceive thou haſt loſt thy way; and if 'thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt 'to find it to-night. It is almoſt dark, and the road 'is difficult to hit; beſides, there have been ſeveral 'robberies committed lately between this and Briſtol. 'Here is a very creditable good houſe juſt by, where 'thou mayſt find good entertainment for thyſelf and 'thy cattle till morning.' Jones, after a little perſuation, agreed to ſtay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-houſe.

THE landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, he hoped he would excuſe the badneſs of his accommodation; for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almoſt every thing, and carried the keys along with her. Indeed, the fact

was, that a favourite daughter of hers was juſt married, and gone, that morning, home with her huſband; and that ſhe and her mother together had almoſt ſtript the poor man of all his goods, as well as money: for though he had ſeveral children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her conſideration; and to the humour of this one child, ſhe would, with pleaſure, have ſacrificed all the reſt, and her huſband into the bargain.

THOUGH Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone; yet he could not reſiſt the importunities of the honeſt quaker; who was the more deſirous of ſitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour, and which the poor Quaker thought his converſation might in ſome meaſure relieve.

AFTER they had paſt ſome time together, in ſuch a manner that my honeſt friend might have thought himſelf at one of his ſilent meetings, the Quaker began to be moved by ſome ſpirit or other, probably that of curioſity; and ſaid, 'Friend, I perceive ſome 'ſad diſaſter hath befallen thee; but pray be of 'comfort. Perhaps thou haſt loſt a friend. If ſo, 'thou muſt conſider we are all mortal. And why 'ſhould thou grieve, when thou knoweſt thy grief 'will do thy friend no good? We are all born to af-'fliction. I myſelf have my ſorrows as well as thee, 'and moſt probably greater ſorrows. Though I have 'a clear eſtate of 100 l. a year, which is as much as 'I want, and I have a conſcience, I thank the Lord, 'void of offence; my conſtitution is ſound and 'ſtrong, and there is no man can demand a debt of 'me, nor accuſe me of an injury,—yet, friend, I 'ſhould be concerned to think thee as miſerable as 'myſelf.'

HERE the Quaker ended with a deep ſigh; and Jones preſently anſwered, 'I am very ſorry, Sir, for 'your unhappineſs, whatever is the occaſion of it.' 'Ah! friend,' replied the Quaker, 'one only daugh-'ter is the occaſion. One, who was my greateſt 'delight upon earth, and who within this week is 'run away from me, and is married againſt my

'conſent. I had provided her a proper match, a ſo-
'ber man, and one of ſubſtance; but ſhe, forſooth,
'would chuſe for herſelf, and away ſhe is gone with
'a young fellow not worth a groat. If ſhe had
'been dead, as I ſuppoſe thy friend is, I ſhould have
'been happy!' 'That is very ſtrange, Sir,' ſaid
'Jones. 'Why, would it not be better for her to
'be dead, than to be a beggar?' replied the Quaker:
'for, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat;
'and ſurely ſhe cannot expect that I ſhall ever give
'her a ſhilling. No, as ſhe hath married for love,
'let her live on love if ſhe can; let her carry her
'love to market, and ſee whether any one will
'change it into ſilver, or even into halfpence.'
'You know your own concerns beſt, Sir,' ſaid Jones.
'It muſt have been,' continued the Quaker, 'a long
'premeditated ſcheme to cheat me: for they have
'known one another from their infancy; and I al-
'ways preached to her againſt love—and told her a
'thouſand times over, it was all folly and wicked-
'neſs. Nay, the cunning ſlut pretended to hearken
'to me, and to deſpiſe all wantonneſs of the fleſh;
'and yet at laſt broke out at the window two pair
'of ſtairs: for I began, indeed, a little to ſuſpect
'her, and had locked her up careſully, intending
'the very next morning to have her married up to
'my liking. But ſhe diſappointed me within a few
'hours, and eſcaped away to the lover of her own
'chuſing, who loſt no time: for they were married
'and bedded, and all within an hour.

'But it ſhall be the worſt hour's work for them
'both that ever they did; for they may ſtarve, or
'beg, or ſteal together for me. I will never give
'either of them a farthing.' Here Jones ſtarting
up, cried, 'I really muſt be excuſed; I wiſh you
'would leave me.' 'Come, come, friend,' ſaid the
Quaker, 'don't give way to concern. You ſee there
'are other people miſerable, beſides yourſelf.' 'I ſee
'there are madmen and fools and villains in the
'world,' cries Jones—'But let me give you a piece
'of advice; ſend for your daughter and ſon-in-law
'home, and don't be yourſelf the only cauſe of mi-
'ſery to one you pretend to love.' 'Send for her

'and her huſband home!' cries the Quaker loudly, 'I would ſooner ſend for the two greateſt enemies 'I have in the world!' 'Well, go home yourſelf, 'or where you pleaſe,' ſaid Jones: 'for I will ſit no 'longer in ſuch company.'——'Nay, friend,' anſwered the Quaker, 'I ſcorn to impoſe my company 'on any one.' He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones puſhed him with ſome violence out of the room.

THE ſubject of the Quaker's diſcourſe had ſo deeply affected Jones, that he ſtared very wildly all the time he was ſpeaking. This the Quaker had obſerved, and this added to the reſt of his behaviour, inſpired honeſt Broadbrim with a conceit that his companion was in reality out of his ſenſes. Inſtead of reſenting the affront, therefore, the Quaker was moved with compaſſion for his unhappy circumſtances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he deſired him to take great care of his gueſt, and to treat him with the higheſt civility.

'INDEED,' ſays the landlord, 'I ſhall uſe no ſuch 'civility towards him: for it ſeems, for all his laced 'waiſtcoat there, he is no more a gentleman than 'myſelf; but a poor pariſh baſtard bred up at a 'great ſquire's about thirty miles off, and now turned out of doors, (not for any good to be ſure) I 'ſhall get him out of my houſe as ſoon as poſſible. 'If I do loſe my reckoning, the firſt loſs is always 'the beſt. It is not above a year ago that I loſt a 'ſilver ſpoon.'

'WHAT doſt thou talk of a pariſh baſtard, Robin?' anſwered the Quaker. 'Thou muſt certainly be 'miſtaken in thy man.'

'NOT at all,' replied Robin, 'the guide, who 'knows him very well, told it me.' For, indeed, the guide had no ſooner taken his place at the kitchen fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning Jones.

THE Quaker was no ſooner aſſured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compaſſion for him vaniſhed; and the honeſt plain man went home fired with no leſs indignation than a

duke would have felt at receiving an affront from ſuch a perſon.

THE landlord himſelf conceived an equal diſdain for his gueſt: ſo that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there.—Beſides diſdain of the mean condition of his gueſt, Robert entertained violent ſuſpicion of his intentions, which were, he ſuppoſed, to watch ſome favourable opportunity of robbing the houſe. In reality, he might have been very well eaſed of theſe apprehenſions by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing that was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature ſuſpicious, and had been more particularly ſo ſince the loſs of his ſpoon. In ſhort, the dread of being robbed totally abſorbed the comfortable conſideration that he had nothing to loſe.

JONES being aſſured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himſelf to a great chair made with ruſhes; when ſleep, which had lately ſhunned his company in much better apartments, generouſly paid him a viſit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to reſt. He returned therefore to the kitchen fire, whence he could ſurvey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was ſeated; and as for the window to that room, it was impoſſible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his eſcape through it.

CHAP. XI.

The adventure of a company of ſoldiers.

THE landlord having taken his ſeat directly oppoſite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his ſuſpicions, nor had any of their own. The true cauſe of their watching did, indeed, at length put an end to it; for this was no other than the ſtrength and goodneſs of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quan-

tity, they grew at firſt very noiſy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both aſleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compoſe the fears of Robin. He continued ſtill waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his ſeat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no ſooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all ruſhed upon him, in as tumultuous a manner as if they intended to take his little caſtle by ſtorm.

The landlord was now forced from his poſt to furniſh his numerous gueſts with beer, which they called for with great eagerneſs; and upon his ſecond or third return from the cellar, he ſaw Mr Jones ſtanding before the fire in the midſt of the ſoldiers; for it may eaſily be believed, that the arrival of ſo much good company ſhould put an end to any ſleep, unleſs that from which we are to be awakened only by the laſt trumpet.

The company having now pretty well ſatisfied their thirſt, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumſtance often productive of much miſchief and diſcontent among the inferior rank of gentry; who are apt to find great difficulty in aſſeſſing the ſum, with exact regard to diſtributive juſtice, which directs that every man ſhall pay according to the quantity he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the preſent occaſion; and it was the greater, as ſome gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their firſt draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the ſaid reckoning.

A violent diſpute now aroſe, in which every word may be ſaid to have been depoſed upon oath; for the oaths were at leaſt equal to all the other words ſpoken. In this controverſy the whole company ſpoke together, and every man ſeemed wholly bent to extenuate the ſum which fell to his ſhare; ſo that the moſt probable concluſion which could be foreſeen was, that a large portion of the reckoning

would fall to the landlord's ſhare to pay, or (what is much the ſame thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr Jones was engaged in converſation with the ſerjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the preſent diſpute, being privileged, by immemorial cuſtom, from all contribution.

The diſpute now grew ſo very warm, that it ſeemed to draw towards a military deciſion, when Jones ſtepping forward, ſilenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three ſhillings and fourpence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applauſe of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, reſounded through the room; nay, my landlord himſelf began to have a better opinion of him, and almoſt to diſbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The ſerjeant had informed Mr Jones, that they were marching againſt the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious Duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumſtance which we have not thought neceſſary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the higheſt; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt puſhing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had ſome heroic ingredients in his compoſition, and was a hearty well-wiſher to the glorious cauſe of liberty, and of the proteſtant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumſtances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it ſhould occur to him to ſerve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had ſaid all in his power to encourage and promote this good diſpoſition, from the firſt moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble reſolution aloud, which was received with great pleaſure by the whole company, who all cried out, 'God 'bleſs king George, and your Honour;' and then

added with many oaths, 'We will ſtand by you 'both to the laſt drops of our blood.'

THE gentleman who had been all night tippling at the alehouſe, was prevailed on by ſome arguments which a corporal had put in his hand, to undertake the ſame expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr Jones being put up into the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide ſtepping up to Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, I 'hope you will conſider that the horſes have been 'kept out all night, and we have travelled a great 'ways out of our way.' Jones was ſurprized at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the ſoldiers with the merits of his cauſe, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some ſaid he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deſerved to run the gantlope; and the ſerjeant ſhook his cane at him, and wiſhed he had him under his command, ſwearing heartily he would make an example of him.

JONES contented himſelf, however, with a negative puniſhment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of curſing and reviling him, in which latter the landlord joined, ſaying, 'Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant 'you. A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a ſol-'dier. He ſhall wear a laced waiſtcoat truly. It is 'an old proverb and a true one, all is not gold that 'gliſters. I am glad my houſe is well rid of him.'

ALL that day the ſerjeant and the young ſoldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining ſtories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the ſervice, and had, by his own dexterity, ſo well ingratiated himſelf with his officers, that he had promoted himſelf to a halberd chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was moſt excellently well ſkilled.

MUCH mirth and feſtivity paſſed among the ſoldiers during their march; in which the many occurrences that had paſſed at their laſt quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made

what jokes he pleaſed on his officers, ſome of which were of the coarſer kind, and very near bordering on ſcandal. This brought to our hero's mind the cuſtom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain feſtivals and ſolemn occaſions, the liberty to ſlaves, of uſing an uncontrouled freedom of ſpeech towards their maſters.

OUR little army, which conſiſted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The ſerjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he ſaid, was as fine a man as ever he ſaw, (meaning the tippler), for that he was near ſix feet, well proportioned, and ſtrongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

THE new ſoldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the ſix feet man, he being firſt produced, came next to ſurvey Jones: at the firſt ſight of whom, the lieutenant could not help ſhewing ſome ſurpriſe; for, beſides, that he was very well dreſſed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely ſeen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inſeparably annexed to the features of their ſuperiors.

'SIR,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'my ſerjeant informed me, that you are deſirous of enliſting into the company I have at preſent under my command; if ſo, Sir, we ſhall very gladly receive a gentleman who promiſes to do much honour to the company, by bearing arms in it.'

JONES anſwered, That he had not mentioned any thing of inliſting himſelf; that he was moſt zealouſly attached to the glorious cauſe for which they were going to fight, and was very deſirous of ſerving as a volunteer; concluding with ſome compliments to the lieutenant, and expreſſing the great ſatisfaction he ſhould have in being under his command.

THE lieutenant returned his civility, commended his reſolution, ſhook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himſelf and the reſt of the officers.

CHAP. XII.

The adventure of a company of officers.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near ſixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had ſerved in the capacity of an enſign in the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had ſo well diſtinguiſhed himſelf, that he was, by the Duke of Marlborough, advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

IN this commiſſion he had continued ever ſince, *viz.* near forty years; during which time he had ſeen vaſt numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whoſe fathers were at nurſe when he firſt entered into the ſervice.

NOR was this ill ſucceſs in his profeſſion ſolely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the diſpleaſure of his colonel, who, for many years, continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him, to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himſelf, but ſolely to the indiſcretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, tho' ſhe was remarkably fond of her huſband, would not purchaſe his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

THE poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew, nor ſuſpected that he really bore him any; for he could not ſuſpect an ill-will for which he was not conſcious of giving any cauſe; and his wife, fearing what her huſband's nice regard to his honour might have occaſioned, contented herſelf with preſerving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conqueſts.

THIS unfortunate officer (for ſo, I think, he may be called), had many good qualities, beſides his merit in his profeſſion; for he was a religious, honeſt,

good-natured man; and had behaved ſo well in his command, that he was highly eſteemed and beloved, not only by the ſoldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

THE other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, ſo that he really ſpoke no language at all, and could barely make himſelf underſtood on the moſt ordinary occaſions. There were likewiſe two enſigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was ſon to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had paſſed among the ſoldiers upon their march; 'And yet,' ſays he, 'notwithſtanding all their vociferation, I dare ſwear 'they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans 'when they come to the enemy.' 'Grecians and 'Trojans!' ſays one of the enſigns; 'who the devil 'are they? I have heard of all the troops in Eu-'rope, but never of any ſuch as theſe.'

'DON'T pretend to more ignorance than you 'have, Mr Northerton,' ſaid the worthy lieutenant, 'I ſuppoſe you have heard of the Greeks and Tro-'jans, tho' perhaps you never read Pope's Homer; 'who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, 'compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling 'of geeſe, and greatly commends the ſilence of the 'Grecians. And, upon my honour, there is great 'juſtice in the cadet's obſervation.'

'BEGAR, me remember dem very well,' ſaid the French lieutenant, 'me ave read them at ſchool in 'dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey 'fight for von woman,—ouy, ouy, me ave read all 'dat.'

'D—N Homo with all my heart,' ſays Northerton, 'I have the marks of him in my a— yet. There's 'Thomas of our regiment always carries a Homo in 'his pocket: d—n me if ever I come at it, if I don't 'burn it. And there's Corderius, another d—n'd ſon 'of a whore that hath got me many a flogging.'

'THEN you have been at ſchool, Mr Northerton?' ſaid the lieutenant.

'AY, d—n me, have I,' anſwered he, 'the devil 'take my father for ſending me thither. The old 'put wanted to make a parſon of me, but d—n me, 'thinks I to myſelf, I'll nick you there, old cull: the 'devil a ſmack of your nonſenſe ſhall you ever get 'into me. There's Jemmy Oliver of our regiment, 'he narrowly eſcaped being a pimp too; and that 'would have been a thouſand pities: for d—n me if 'he is not one of the prettieſt fellows in the whole 'world; but he went farther than I with the old 'cull, for Jemmy can neither write nor read.'

'YOU give your friend a very good character,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'and a very deſerved one, I dare 'ſay: but prithee, Northerton, leave off that fooliſh 'as well as wicked cuſtom of ſwearing; for you are 'deceived, I promiſe you, if you think there is wit 'or politeneſs in it. I wiſh too, you would take my 'advice, and deſiſt from abuſing the clergy. Scan-'dalous names and reflections caſt on any body of 'men, muſt be always unjuſtifiable; but eſpecially 'ſo, when thrown on ſo ſacred a function: for to 'abuſe the body is to abuſe the function itſelf; and 'I leave you to judge how inconſiſtent ſuch beha-'viour is in men who are going to fight in defence 'of the Proteſtant religion.'

MR Adderly, which was the name of the other en-ſign, had ſat hitherto kicking his heels and hum-ming a tune, without ſeeming to liſten to the diſ-courſe; he now anſwered, '*O monſieur, on ne parle* '*pas de la religion dans la guerre.*' 'Well ſaid, Jack,' cries Northerton, 'if la religion was the only matter, 'the parſons ſhould fight their own battles for me.'

'I DON'T know, gentlemen, 'ſays Jones, 'what 'may be your opinion; but I think no man can en-'gage in a nobler cauſe than that of his religion; 'and I have obſerved in the little I have read of 'hiſtory, that no ſoldiers have fought ſo bravely, as 'thoſe who have been inſpired with a religious zeal. 'For my own part, though I love my king and coun-'try, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the Pro-'teſtant intereſt is no ſmall motive to my becoming 'a volunteer in the cauſe.'

NORTHERTON now winked on Adderly, and whiſpered to him ſlily, 'Smoke the prig, Adderly, ſmoke 'him.' Then turning to Jones, ſaid to him, 'I am 'very glad, Sir, you have choſen our regiment to 'be a volunteer in: for if our parſon ſhould at any 'time take a cup too much, I find you can ſupply 'his place. I preſume, Sir, you have been at the 'univerſity; may I crave the favour to know what 'college?'

'SIR,' anſwered Jones, 'ſo far from having been 'at the univerſity, I have even had the advantage 'of yourſelf; for I was never at ſchool.'

'I PRESUMED,' cries the enſign, 'only upon the 'information of your great learning.'—'Oh, Sir!' anſwered Jones, 'it is as poſſible for a man to know 'ſomething without having been at ſchool, as it is 'to have been at ſchool and to know nothing.'

'WELL ſaid, young volunteer,' cries the lieutenant: 'upon my word, Northerton, you had better 'let him alone; for he will be too hard for you.'

NORTHERTON did not very well reliſh the ſarcaſm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was ſcarce ſufficient to juſtify a blow, or a raſcal, or ſcoundrel, which were the only repartees that ſuggeſted themſelves. He was, therefore, ſilent at preſent; but reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of returning the jeſt by abuſe.

IT now came to the turn of Mr Jones to give a toaſt, as it is called: who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impoſſible that any one preſent ſhould gueſs the perſon he meant.

BUT the lieutenant, who was the toaſt-maſter, was not contented with Sophia only. He ſaid he muſt have her ſirname; upon which Jones heſitated a little, and preſently after named Miſs Sophia Weſtern. Enſign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the ſame round with his own toaſt; unleſs ſomebody would vouch for her. 'I 'knew one Sophy Weſtern,' ſays he, 'that was 'lain with by half the young fellows at Bath; and, 'perhaps, this is the ſame woman.' Jones very ſolemnly aſſured him of the contrary; aſſerting that

the young lady he named was one of great faſhion and fortune. 'Ay, ay,' ſays the enſign, 'and ſo 'ſhe is; d—n me, it is the ſame woman; and I'll 'hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French of 'our regiment brings her into company with us at 'any tavern in Bridge's Street.' He then proceeded to deſcribe her perſon exactly, (for he had ſeen her with her aunt), and concluded with ſaying, 'That 'her father had a great eſtate in Somerſetſhire.'

THE tenderneſs of lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the names of their miſtreſſes. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe ſlanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the truth, having ſeen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long time imagined Mr Northerton had really miſtaken his charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the enſign with a ſtern aſpect, he ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, chuſe ſome other ſubject for your 'wit: for I promiſe you I will bear no jeſting with 'this lady's character.' 'Jeſting,' cries the other, 'd—n me if ever I was more in earneſt in my life. 'Tom French of our regiment had both her and her 'aunt at Bath.' 'Then I muſt tell you in earneſt,' cries Jones, 'that you are one of the moſt impudent 'raſcals on earth.'

HE had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words than the enſign, together with a volley of curſes, diſcharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him inſtantly to the ground.

THE conqueror perceiving the enemy to ly motionleſs before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from the wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten: but the lieutenant interpoſed, by ſtepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

NORTHERTON was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty, urging the ill-conſequences of his ſtay, aſking him what he could have done leſs? 'Zounds!' ſays he, 'I was but in jeſt with the fel-

'low. I never heard any harm of Miſs Weſtern in 'my life.' 'Have not you?' ſaid the lieutenant, 'then you richly deſerve to be hanged, as well for 'making ſuch jeſts, as for uſing ſuch a weapon. You 'are my priſoner, Sir; nor ſhall you ſtir from hence 'till a proper guard comes to ſecure you.'

SUCH an aſcendant had our lieutenant over this enſign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would ſcarce have animated the ſaid enſign to have drawn his ſword againſt the lieutenant, had he then one dangling at his ſide; but all the ſwords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, ſecured by the French officer. So that Mr Northerton was obliged to attend the final iſſue of this affair.

THE French gentleman and Mr Adderly, at the deſire of their commanding officer, had raiſed up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) ſign of life in him, they again let him fall; Adderly damning him for having blooded his waiſtcoat, and the Frenchman declaring, 'Begar me no 'tuſh de Engliſeman, de mort me ave heard de En-'gliſe lay, law, what you call, hang up de man dat 'tuſh him laſt.'

WHEN the good lieutenant applied himſelf to the door, he applied himſelf likewiſe to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he diſpatched him for a file of muſketeers and a ſurgeon. Theſe commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himſelf ſeen, not only produced the ſoldiers, but preſently drew up the landlord of the houſe, his wife and ſervants, and, indeed, every one elſe who happened, at that time, to be in the inn.

To deſcribe every particular, and to relate the whole converſation of the enſuing ſcene, is not within my power, unleſs I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them altogether, as the company now ſpoke. The reader muſt, therefore, content himſelf with the moſt remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuſe the reſt.

THE firſt thing done was ſecuring the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the cuſtody of ſix men with a corporal at their head, was by them

conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To ſay the truth, ſo whimſical are the deſires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to ſome corner of the world, where the fame of it ſhould never have reached his ears.

It ſurpriſes us, and ſo, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, ſhould have applied his chief care rather to ſecure the offender than to preſerve the life of the wounded perſon. We mention this obſervation, not with any view of pretending to account for ſo odd a behaviour, but leſt ſome critic ſhould hereafter plume himſelf on diſcovering it. We would have theſe gentlemen know we can ſee what is odd in characters as well as themſelves, but it is our buſineſs to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and ſagacious reader to conſult that original book of nature whence every paſſage in our work is tranſcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different diſpoſition. They ſuſpended their curioſity concerning the perſon of the enſign till they ſhould ſee him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At preſent their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor, which being placed upright in a chair, ſoon began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of life and motion. Theſe were no ſooner perceived by the company, (for Jones was, at firſt, generally concluded to be dead), than they all fell at once to preſcribing for him: (for as none of the phyſical order was preſent, every one there took that office upon him.)

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room, but unluckily there was no operator at hand: every one then cried, 'Call the barber;' but none ſtirred a ſtep. Several cordials were likewiſe preſcribed in the ſame ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of ſtrong beer, with a toaſt, which he ſaid was the beſt cordial in England.

THE perſon principally aſſiſtant on this occaſion, indeed the only one who did any ſervice, or ſeemed likely to do any, was the landlady: ſhe cut off ſome of her hair, and applied it to the wound to ſtop the blood: ſhe fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand, and having expreſs'd great contempt for her huſband's preſcription of beer, ſhe diſpatched one of her maids to her own cloſet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as ſoon as it was brought, ſhe prevailed upon Jones, who was juſt returned to his ſenſes, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

SOON afterwards arrived the ſurgeon, who having viewed the wound, having ſhaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient inſtantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him ſome time to his repoſe, and ſhall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing the great addreſs of the landlady, the great learning of the ſurgeon, and the ſolid ſkill in caſuiſtry of the worthy lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the houſe began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occaſioned, the landlady thus addreſſed the commanding officer: 'I am afraid, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'this young man did 'not behave himſelf as well as he ſhould do to your 'honours, and if he had been killed, I ſuppoſe he 'had but his deſerts; to be ſure, when gentlemen 'admit inferior parſons into their company, they 'oft to keep their diſtance; but, as my firſt huſband 'uſed to ſay, few of 'em know how to do it. For my 'own part, I am ſure, I ſhould not have ſuffered any 'fellows to *include* themſelves into gentlemen's com- 'pany: but I thoft he had been an officer himſelf, 'till the ſerjeant told me he was but a recruit.'

'LANDLADY,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'you mi- 'ſtake the whole matter. The young man behaved 'himſelf extremely well, and is, I believe, a much 'better gentleman than the enſign who abuſed him. 'If the young fellow dies, the man who ſtruck him

'will have the moſt reaſon to be ſorry for it: for the 'regiment will get rid of a very troubleſome fellow, 'who is a ſcandal to the army; and if he eſcapes 'from the hands of juſtice, blame me, Madam; 'that's all.'

'AY, ay! good lack-a-day!' ſaid the landlady, 'who could have thoſt it? Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied 'your Honour will ſee juſtice done; and to be ſure 'it oſt to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to 'kill poor folks without anſwering for it. A poor 'man hath a ſoul to be ſaved, as well as his betters.'

'INDEED, Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'you do 'the volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of 'a gentleman than the officer.'

'AY,' cries the landlady, 'why look you there 'now: well, my firſt huſband was a wiſe man; he 'uſed to ſay, you can't always know the inſide by 'the outſide. Nay, that might have been well 'enough too: for I never *ſaw'd* him till he was all 'over blood. Who could have thoſt it! mayhap, 'ſome young gentleman croſſed in love. Good lack-'a-day! if he ſhould die, what a concern would it 'be to his parents! why ſure the devil muſt poſſeſs 'the wicked wretch to do ſuch an act. To be ſure, 'he is a ſcandal to the army, as your Honour ſays: 'for moſt of the gentlemen of the army that ever I 'ſaw, are quite different ſort of people, and look as 'if they would ſcorn to ſpill any Chriſtian blood as 'much as any man, I mean, that is, in a civil way, as 'my firſt huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure, when they 'come into the wars, there muſt be blood-ſhed; but 'that they are not to be blamed for. The more of 'our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wiſh 'with all my heart they could kill every mother's 'ſon of them.'

'O FY! Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant ſmiling, 'ALL is rather too bloody-minded a wiſh.'

'NOT at all, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am not at all 'bloody-minded, only to our enemies, and there is 'no harm in that. To be ſure it is natural for us to 'wiſh our enemies dead, that the wars may be at 'an end, and our taxes to be lowered: for it is a 'dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now there

'is above forty ſhillings for window lights, and yet 'we have ſtopt up all we could; we have almoſt 'blinded the houſe I am ſure: ſays I to the exciſe-'man, ſays I, I think you oft to favour us, I am 'ſure we are very good friends to the government; 'and ſo we are for ſartain: for we pay a mint of 'money to 'um. And yet I often think to myſelf, the 'government doth not imagine itſelf more obliged 'to us, than to thoſe that don't pay 'um a farthing. 'Ay, ay; it is the way of the world.'

She was proceeding in this manner, when the ſurgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately aſked how his patient did? But he reſolved him only by ſaying, 'Better, I believe, than he would have 'been by this time, if I had not been called; and 'even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if 'I could have been called ſooner.' 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'the ſkull is not fractured.' 'Hum,' cries the ſurgeon, 'fractures are not always 'the moſt dangerous ſymptoms. Contuſions and 'lacerations are often attended with worſe phæno-'mena and with more fatal conſequences than frac-'tures. People who know nothing of the matter 'conclude, if the ſkull is not fractured, all is well; 'whereas, I had rather ſee a man's ſkull broke all to 'pieces, than ſome contuſions I have met with.' 'I 'hope,' ſays the lieutenant, 'there are no ſuch ſymp-'toms here.' 'Symptoms,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'are not always regular nor conſtant. I have known 'very unfavourable ſymptoms in the morning change 'to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfa-'vourable ones again at night. Of wounds, in-'deed, it is rightly and truly ſaid, *Nemo repente fuit 'turpiſſimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a 'patient, who had received a violent contuſion in 'his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, 'ſo that there was a profuſe ſanguinary diſcharge; 'and the interior membranes were ſo divellicated, 'that the os or bone very plainly appeared through 'the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some fe-'brile ſymptoms intervening at the ſame time, (for 'the pulſe was exuberant, and indicated much 'phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate morti-

'fication. To prevent which I preſently made a 'large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I 'drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to 'have found extremely ſizy and glutinous, or in-'deed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; 'but, to my ſurpriſe, it appeared roſy and florid, 'and its conſiſtency differed little from the blood 'of thoſe in perfect health. I then applied a fomen-'tation to the part, which highly anſwered the in-'tention, and after three or four times dreſſing, the 'wound began to diſcharge a thick pus or matter, 'by which means the coheſion——but perhaps I do 'not make myſelf perfectly well underſtood.' 'No 'really,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'I cannot ſay I 'underſtand a ſyllable.' 'Well, Sir,' ſaid the ſur-geon, 'then I ſhall not tire your patience; in ſhort, 'within ſix weeks my patient was able to walk 'upon his legs, as perfectly as he could have done 'before he received the contuſion.' 'I wiſh, Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'you would be ſo kind only to 'inform me, whether the wound this young gentle-'man hath had the misfortune to receive is likely 'to prove mortal?' 'Sir,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'to 'ſay whether a wound will prove mortal or not at 'firſt dreſſing, would be very weak and fooliſh pre-'ſumption: we are all mortal, and ſymptoms often 'occur in a cure which the greateſt of our profeſſion 'could never foreſee.'—'But do you think him in 'danger?' ſays the other. 'In danger! ay, ſurely,' cries the doctor, 'who is there among us, who in 'the moſt perfect health can be ſaid not to be in 'danger? Can a man, therefore, with ſo bad a wound 'as this, be ſaid to be out of danger? All I can ſay 'at preſent is, that it is well I was called as I was, 'and perhaps it would have been better if I had 'been called ſooner. I will ſee him again early in 'the morning, and in the mean time let him be kept 'extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-'gruel.' 'Won't you allow him ſack-whey? ſaid the landlady. 'Ay, ay, ſack-whey,' cries the doctor, 'if you will, provided it be very ſmall.' 'And a 'little chicken broth too?' added ſhe.—'Yes, yes, 'chicken-broth,' ſaid the doctor, 'is very good.'

'May'nt I make him ſome jellies too?' ſaid the landlady. 'Ay, ay,' anſwered the doctor, 'jellies are 'very good for wounds, for they promote coheſion.' And, indeed, it was lucky ſhe had not named ſoop or high ſauces; for the doctor would have complied, rather than have loſt the cuſtom of the houſe.

THE doctor was no ſooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their ſhort acquaintance, conceived quite ſo favourable an opinion of his phyſical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained, (and perhaps very righty); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheleſs very much of a ſurgeon.

THE lieutenant having collected from the learned diſcourſe of the ſurgeon, that Mr Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr Northerton under a very ſtrict guard, deſigning in the morning to attend him to a juſtice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Glouceſter to the French lieutenant, who, tho' he could neither read, write, nor ſpeak any language, was, however, a good officer.

IN the evening our commander ſent a meſſage to Mr Jones, that if a viſit would not be troubleſome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones; and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones aſſured his friend, that if he had not received expreſs orders to the contrary from the ſurgeon, he ſhould have got up long ago; for he appeared to himſelf to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme ſoreneſs on that ſide of his head.

'I SHOULD be very glad,' quoth the lieutenant, 'if you was as well as you fancy yourſelf; for then 'you could be able to do yourſelf juſtice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in 'a caſe of a blow, the ſooner you take him out the 'better; but I am afraid you think yourſelf better than you are, and he wou'd have too much advantage over you.'

'I'll try, however,' answered Jones, 'if you 'please, and will be so kind to lend me a sword; 'for I have none here of my own.'

'My sword is heartily at your service, my dear 'boy,' cries the lieutenant, kissing him, 'you are 'a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your 'strength: for such a blow, and so much loss of 'blood, must have very much weakened you; and 'though you feel no want of strength in your bed, 'yet you most probably would, after a thrust or 'two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-'night; but I hope you will be able to come up 'with us before we get many days march advance; 'and I give you my honour you shall have satis-'faction, or the man who hath injured you shan't 'stay in our regiment.'

'I wish,' said Jones, 'it was possible to decide 'this matter to-night; now you have mentioned it 'to me, I shall not be able to rest.'

'O never think of it,' returned the other, 'a few 'days will make no difference. The wounds of 'honour are not like those in your body; they 'suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be 'altogether as well for you, to receive satisfaction 'a week hence as now.'

'But suppose,' said Jones, 'I should grow worse, 'and die of the consequences of my present wound.'

'Then your honour,' answered the lieutenant, 'will require no reparation at all. I myself will do 'justice to your character, and testify to the world 'your intention to have acted properly if you had 'recovered.'

'Still,' replied Jones, 'I am concerned at the 'delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you 'who are a soldier; but tho' I have been a very wild 'young fellow, still in my most serious moments, 'and at the bottom, I am really a Christian.'

'So am I too, I assure you,' said the officer; 'and 'so zealous a one, that I was pleased with you at 'dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; 'and I am a little offended with you now, young 'gentleman, that you should express a fear of de-'claring your faith before any one.'

'But how terrible muſt it be,' cries Jones, 'to 'any one who is really a Chriſtian, to cheriſh ma-'lice in his breaſt, in oppoſition to the command of 'him who hath expreſsly forbid it? how can I bear 'to do this on a ſick-bed? or how ſhall I make up 'my account, with ſuch an article as this in my 'boſom againſt me?'

'Why, I believe there is ſuch a command,' cries the lieutenant; 'but a man of honour can't keep it; 'and you muſt be a man of honour, if you will be 'in the army. I remember I once put the caſe to 'our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he con-'feſſed there was much difficulty in it; but he ſaid, 'he hoped there might be a latitude granted to 'ſoldiers in this one inſtance; and, to be ſure, it is 'our duty to hope ſo: for who would bear to live 'without his honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a 'good Chriſtian as long as you live; but be a man 'of honour too, and never put up an affront. Not 'all the books, nor all the parſons in the world, 'ſhall ever perſuade me to that. I love my religion 'very well, but I love my honour more. There muſt 'be ſome miſtake in the wording the text, or in the 'tranſlation, or in the underſtanding it, or ſome-'where or other. But however that be, a man muſt 'run the riſque, for he muſt preſerve his honour. 'So compoſe yourſelf to-night, and I promiſe you 'you ſhall have an opportunity of doing yourſelf 'juſtice.' Here he gave Jones a hearty buſs, ſhook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But tho' the lieutenant's reaſoning was very ſatisfactory to himſelf, it was not entirely ſo to his friend. Jones therefore having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at laſt came to a reſolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

A moſt dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, eſpecially when alone.

JONES ſwallowed a large meſs of chicken or rather cock broth, with a very good appetite, as in-

deed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himſelf no deficiency of either health or ſpirit, he reſolved to get up and ſeek his enemy.

But firſt he ſent for the ſerjeant, who was his firſt acquaintance among theſe military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal ſenſe, taken his fill of liquor, had been ſome time retired to his bolſter, where he was ſnoring ſo loud, that it was not eaſy to convey a noiſe in at his ears capable of drowning that which iſſued from his noſtrils.

However, as Jones perſiſted in his deſire of ſeeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to diſturb his ſlumbers, and to acquaint him with the meſſage. Of which the ſerjeant was no ſooner made ſenſible, than he aroſe from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the ſerjeant with his deſign, though he might have done it with great ſafety; for the halbardier was himſelf a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this ſecret, or indeed any other which no reward was publiſhed for diſcovering. But as Jones knew not thoſe virtues in ſo ſhort an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the ſerjeant, that as he was now entered into the army, he was aſhamed of being without what was perhaps the moſt neceſſary implement of a ſoldier; namely, a ſword; adding, that he ſhould be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. 'For which,' ſays he, 'I 'will give you any reaſonable price; nor do I inſiſt 'upon its being ſilver-hilted, only a good blade, 'and ſuch as may become a ſoldier's thigh.'

The ſerjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from ſuch a meſſage, at ſuch a time of night, and from a man in ſuch a ſituation, that he was light-headed. Now, as he had his wit (to uſe that word in its common ſignification) always ready, he bethought himſelf of making his advantage of this humour in the ſick

man. 'Sir,' ſays he, 'I believe I can fit you. I have 'a moſt excellent piece of ſtuff by me. It is not 'indeed ſilver-hilted, which, as you ſay, doth not 'become a ſoldier; but the handle is decent enough, 'and the blade one of the beſt in Europe.—It is a 'blade that—a blade that—In ſhort, I will fetch it 'you this inſtant, and you ſhall ſee it and handle 'it——I am glad to ſee your Honour ſo well, with 'all my heart.'

BEING inſtantly returned with the ſword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the ſerjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

THE ſerjeant now began to harangue in praiſe of his goods. He ſaid, (nay he ſwore very heartily), that the blade was taken from a French officer of very high rank at the battle of Dettingen. 'I took 'it myſelf,' ſays he, 'from his ſide, after I had 'knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden 'one. That I ſold to one of our fine gentlemen; 'for there are ſome of them, an't pleaſe your Ho-'nour, who value the hilt of a ſword more than the 'blade.'

HERE the other ſtopped him, and begged him to name a price. The ſerjeant, who thought Jones abſolutely out of his ſenſes, and very near his end, was afraid leſt he ſhould injure his family by aſking too little.—However, after a moment's heſitation, he contented himſelf with naming twenty guineas, and ſwore he would not ſell it for leſs to his own brother.

'TWENTY guineas!' ſays Jones, in the utmoſt ſurpriſe, 'ſure you think I am mad, or that I never 'ſaw a ſword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! 'I did not imagine you would endeavour to impoſe 'upon me.—Here, take the ſword—No, now I think 'on't, I will keep it myſelf, and ſhew it your officer 'in the morning, acquainting him at the ſame 'time what a price you aſked me for it.'

THE ſerjeant, as we have ſaid, had always his wit (*in ſenſu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly ſaw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited

as great a ſurpriſe as the other had ſhewn, and ſaid, 'I am certain, Sir, I have not aſked you ſo much out 'of the way. Beſides, you are to conſider, it is the 'only ſword I have, and I muſt run the riſque of 'my officer's diſpleaſure, by going without one my-'ſelf. And truly, putting all this together, I don't 'think twenty ſhillings ſo much out of the way.'

'TWENTY ſhillings!' cries Jones, 'why, you juſt 'now aſked me twenty guineas.' 'How!' cries the ſerjeant—'ſure your Honour muſt have miſtaken 'me; or elſe I miſtook myſelf—and indeed I am 'but half awake——Twenty guineas, indeed! no 'wonder your Honour flew into ſuch a paſſion. I 'ſay twenty guineas too!—No, no, I meant twenty 'ſhillings, I aſſure you. And when your Honour 'comes to conſider every thing, I hope you will not 'think that ſo extravagant a price. It is indeed 'true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well 'for leſs money; but—

HERE Jones interrupted him, ſaying, 'I will be 'ſo far from making any words with you, that I 'will give you a ſhilling more than your demand.' He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wiſhed him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the diviſion reached Worceſter.

THE ſerjeant very civilly took his leave, fully ſatisfied with his merchandiſe, and not a little pleaſed with his dexterous recovery from that falſe ſtep into which his opinion of the ſick man's light-headedneſs had betrayed him.

As ſoon as the ſerjeant was departed, Jones roſe from his bed, and dreſſed himſelf entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, ſhewed very viſibly the ſtreams of blood which had flowed down it; and now having graſped his new-purchaſed ſword in his hand, he was going to iſſue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid ſuddenly hold on him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might poſſibly deprive a human being of life, or might loſe his own. 'Very well,' ſaid he, 'and in what cauſe do 'I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour.

'And who is this human being? A raſcal who hath 'injured and inſulted me without provocation. But 'is not revenge forbidden by Heaven?—Yes, but it 'is enjoined by the world. Well, but ſhall I obey 'the world in oppoſition to the expreſs commands 'of Heaven? Shall I incur the divine diſpleaſure 'rather than be called—ha—coward—ſcoundrel? '—I'll think no more; I am reſolved, and muſt 'fight him.'

THE clock had now ſtruck twelve, and every one in the houſe were in their beds, except the centinel who ſtood to guard Northerton; when Jones ſoftly opening his door, iſſued forth in purſuit of his enemy, of whoſe place of confinement he had received a perfect deſcription from the drawer. It is not eaſy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have ſaid, a light-coloured coat, covered with ſtreams of blood. His face, which miſſed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the ſurgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a ſword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raiſed in a churchyard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Chriſtmas fire in Somerſetſhire.

WHEN the centinel firſt ſaw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the ſame inſtant his knees fell to blows with each other. Preſently his whole body was ſeized with worſe than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

WHETHER fear or courage was the occaſion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot ſay. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miſs his man.

JONES ſeeing the fellow fall, gueſſed the cauſe of his fright, at which he could not forbear ſmiling, not in the leaſt reflecting on the danger from which he had juſt eſcaped. He then paſſed by the fellow, who ſtill continued in the poſture in which he fell,

and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a ſolitary ſituation, he found—an empty quart-pot ſtanding on the table, on which ſome beer being ſpilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at preſent it was entirely vacant.

JONES then apprehended it might lead to ſome other apartment; but, upon ſearching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been poſted. He then proceeded to call Northerton ſeveral times by his name; but no one anſwered; nor did this ſerve to any other purpoſe than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghoſt was come in ſearch of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wiſh, with all my heart, ſome of thoſe actors, who are hereafter to repreſent a man frighted out of his wits, had ſeen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, inſtead of performing ſeveral antic tricks and geſtures, for the entertainment and applauſe of the galleries.

PERCEIVING the bird was flown, at leaſt deſpairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole houſe, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently ſtole back again to his chamber, and to his bed: whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiſcovered, had any other perſon been on the ſame ſtair-caſe, ſave only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout: for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been poſted, was half full of people, ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſt, all very earneſtly enquiring of each other, what was the matter?

THE ſoldier was now found lying in the ſame place and poſture in which we juſt now left him. Several immediately applied themſelves to raiſe him, and ſome concluded him dead: but they preſently ſaw their miſtake; for he not only ſtruggled with thoſe who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined ſo many ſpirits

or devils were handling him; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he ſaw or felt, into nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and ſeeing two or three of his comrades preſent, he came a little to himſelf; but when they aſked him what was the matter, he anſwered, 'I am a dead man, 'that's all, I am a dead man; I can't recover it; I 'have ſeen him.' 'What haſt thou ſeen, Jack?' ſays one of the ſoldiers. 'Why, I have ſeen the 'young volunteer that was killed yeſterday.' He then imprecated the moſt heavy curſes on himſelf, if he had not ſeen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and noſtrils, paſs by him into the chamber where Enſign Northerton was, and then, ſeizing the enſign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women preſent believed it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from murder. Amongſt the men too, many had faith in the ſtory; but others turned it into deriſion and ridicule, and a ſerjeant who was preſent, anſwered very coolly: 'Young man, you will hear more of 'this, for going to ſleep, and dreaming on your poſt.'

The ſoldier replied, 'You may puniſh me if you 'pleaſe, but I was as broad awake as I am now; and 'the devil carry me away, as he hath the enſign, if 'I did not ſee the dead man, as I tell you, with 'eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaus.'

The commander of the forces and the commander of the houſe were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to riſe immediately, though he had no great apprehenſions of any miſchief; whereas the apprehenſions of the latter were much greater, leſt her ſpoons and tankards ſhould be upon the march, without having received any ſuch orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the ſight of this officer was not much more welcome than the appari-

tion, as he thought it, which he had ſeen before, again related the dreadful ſtory, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the laſt mentioned perſons; for the officer, tho' a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; beſides, having ſo lately left Jones in the condition we have ſeen, he had no ſuſpicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, tho' not over religious, ſhe had no kind of averſion to the doctrine of ſpirits; but there was a circumſtance in the tale which ſhe well knew to be falſe, as we ſhall inform the reader preſently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in cuſtody. Upon this occaſion the lieutenant formed a concluſion not very different from what the ſerjeant is juſt mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken priſoner. So that, by a ſtrange reverſe of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

CHAP. XV.

The concluſion of the foregoing adventure.

Beſides the ſuſpicion of ſleep, the lieutenant harboured another, and worſe doubt againſt the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one ſyllable of the apparition, ſo he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impoſe upon him, and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him eſcape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in ſeveral actions, having received ſeveral wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himſelf always like a good and valiant ſoldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the leaſt ill opinion of ſuch a perſon, we ſhall not delay a moment in reſcuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr Northerton then, as we have before obſerved, was fully ſatisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, ſeen, or heard, or gueſſed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here inſinuate, that he was heatheniſhly inclined to believe in, or to worſhip the Goddeſs Nemeſis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, beſides, of an active diſpoſition, and had a great antipathy to thoſe cloſe winter quarters in the caſtle of Glouceſter, for which a juſtice of peace might poſſibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover, free from ſome uneaſy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be aſhamed of this building, as it is, or, at leaſt, might be made, of more benefit to ſociety than almoſt any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reaſons for his conduct, Mr Northerton was deſirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of ſome difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though ſomewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly ſtraight in his perſon, which was extremely ſtrong and well made. His face too was accounted handſome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impreſſion on my landlady, who had no little reliſh for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compaſſion for the young man; and hearing from the ſurgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, ſhe ſuſpected they might hereafter wear no benign aſpect with the enſign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a viſit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which ſhe conſiderably heightened, by telling him there were ſcarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, ſhe proceeded to throw forth ſome hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould, at a certain ſignal, aſcend the chimney, which communicating very

ſoon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himſelf down; for which ſhe would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coaſt clear.

But leſt our readers, of a different complection, ſhould take this occaſion of too haſtily condemning all compaſſion as a folly, and pernicious to ſociety, we think proper to mention another particular, which might poſſibly have ſome little ſhare in this action. The enſign happened to be at this time poſſeſſed of the ſum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company: for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had intruſted the payment of his company to the enſign. This money, however, he thought proper to depoſit in my landlady's hand, poſſibly by way of bail or ſecurity that he would hereafter appear and anſwer to the charge againſt him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that ſhe had the money, and the enſign his liberty.

The reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compaſſionate temper of this good woman, that when ſhe ſaw the poor centinel taken priſoner for a fact of which ſhe knew him innocent, ſhe ſhould immediately have interpoſed in his behalf: but whether it was that ſhe had already exhauſted all her compaſſion in the above mentioned inſtance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from thoſe of the enſign, could not raiſe it, I will not determine; but far from being an advocate for the preſent priſoner, ſhe urged his guilt to the officer, declaring, with upliſted eyes and hands, that ſhe would not have had any concern in the eſcape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and moſt of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her diſpoſition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propenſity to ſleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to ſpend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and buſtle that had paſſed, of which he had now ſome curioſity to know

the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung, at leaſt, twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in ſuch high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chamber-maid, who were ſitting together in the kitchen, (for neither durſt he ſit up, nor ſhe ly in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At laſt, at a lucky interval of chat, the ſound reached the ears of our good landlady, who preſently ſent forth her ſummons, which both her ſervants inſtantly obeyed. 'Joe,' ſays the miſtreſs, 'don't 'you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't 'you go up?' 'It is not my buſineſs,' anſwered the drawer, 'to wait upon the chambers. It is Betty 'Chambermaid's.' 'If you come to that,' anſwered the maid, 'it is not my buſineſs to wait upon 'gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, ſometimes; 'but the devil fetch me if ever I do it again, ſince 'you make your preambles about it.' The bell ſtill ringing violently, their miſtreſs fell into a paſſion, and ſwore, If the drawer did not go up immediately, ſhe would turn him away that very morning. 'If you do, Madam,' ſays he, 'I can't help it. I 'won't do another ſervant's buſineſs.' She then applied herſelf to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joe; both inſiſted it was not their buſineſs, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a-laughing, and ſaid, 'Come, I will put an end to this contention;' and then, turning to the ſervants, commended them for their reſolution, in not giving up the point; but added, he was ſure if one would conſent to go, the other would. To which propoſal they both agreed in an inſtant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and cloſe together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeaſed the wrath of the landlady, by ſatisfying her why they were both ſo unwilling to go alone.

They returned ſoon after, and acquainted their

miſtreſs, that the ſick gentleman was ſo far from being dead, that he ſpoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his ſervice to the captain, and ſhould be very glad of the favour of ſeeing him before he marched.

THE good lieutenant immediately complied with his deſires, and, ſitting down by his bed-ſide, acquainted him with the ſcene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the centinel.

UPON this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earneſtly begged him not to puniſh the poor ſoldier, 'Who, I am confident,' ſays he, 'is as innocent of the enſign's eſcape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impoſe on you.'

THE lieutenant heſitated a few moments, and then anſwered: 'Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, ſo it will be impoſſible to prove the other; becauſe he was not the only centinel. But I have a good mind to puniſh the raſcal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of ſuch an apprehenſion may have? and to ſay the truth, he hath always behaved well againſt an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to ſee any ſign of religion in theſe fellows; ſo I promiſe you he ſhall be ſet at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats! My dear boy, give me another buſs. Don't diſcompoſe or hurry yourſelf, but remember the Chriſtian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will ſoon be able to do yourſelf juſtice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you.' The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longeſt of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the courſe of our hiſtory will oblige us to relate ſome matters of a more ſtrange and ſurpriſing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiſs in the prolegomenous or introductory chapter, to ſay ſomething of that ſpecies of writing which is called the Marvellous. To this we ſhall, as well for the ſake of ourſelves, as of others, endeavour to ſet ſome certain bounds: and indeed nothing can be more neceſſary, as critics * of different complections are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while ſome are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the ſame thing which is impoſſible, may be yet probable †, others have ſo little hiſtoric or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either poſſible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own obſervations.

* By this word here, and in moſt other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It was happy for Mr Dacier that he was not an Iriſhman.

First then, I think, it may very reaſonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of poſſibility; and ſtill remembers that what it is not poſſible for man to perform, it is ſcarce poſſible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many ſtories of the ancient Heathen deities, (for moſt of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being deſirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and conſequently they could not be ſhocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been ſtrongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles: and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr Pope would have it, becauſe Ulyſſes told a ſet of fooliſh lies to the Pheacians, who were a very dull nation; but becauſe the poet himſelf wrote to Heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, ſo compaſſionate is my temper, I wiſh Polypheme had confined himſelf to his milk-diet, and preſerved his eye; nor could Ulyſſes be much more concerned than myſelf, when his companions were turned into ſwine by Circe, who ſhewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's fleſh to be ſuppoſed capable of converting it into bacon. I wiſh, likewiſe, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule preſcribed by Horace, to introduce ſupernatural agents as ſeldom as poſſible. We ſhould not then have ſeen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themſelves ſo as not only to forfeit all title to reſpect, but to become the object of ſcorn and deriſion. A conduct which muſt have ſhocked the credulity of a pious and ſagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unleſs by agreeing with a ſuppoſition to which I have been ſometimes almoſt inclined, that this moſt glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burleſque the ſuperſtitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have reſted too long on a doctrine which can be of no uſe to a Chriſtian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly hoſt

which make a part of his creed, ſo it is horrid puerility to ſearch the heathen theology for any of thoſe deities who have been long ſince dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muſe by a modern; he might have added, that nothing can be more abſurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as ſome have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale, with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inſpired much more poetry as well as proſe, than all the liquors of Hipocrene or Helicon.

THE only ſupernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghoſts; but of theſe I would adviſe an author to be extremely ſparing. Theſe are indeed like arſenic, and other dangerous drugs in phyſic, to be uſed with the utmoſt caution; nor would I adviſe the introduction of them at all in thoſe works, or by thoſe authors to which, or to whom a horſe-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other ſuch mummery, I purpoſely omit the mention of them, as I ſhould be very unwilling to confine within any bounds thoſe ſurprizing imaginations, for whoſe vaſt capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whoſe works are to be conſidered as a new creation; and who have conſequently juſt right to do what they will with their own.

MAN therefore is the higheſt ſubject (unleſs on very extraordinary occaſions indeed) which preſents itſelf to the pen of our hiſtorian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions great care is to be taken that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we deſcribe.

NOR is poſſibility alone ſufficient to juſtify us, we muſt keep likewiſe within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Ariſtotle; or if not, it is the opinion of ſome wiſe man, whoſe authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'That it is 'no excuſe for a poet who relates what is incre-'dible, that the thing related is really matter of 'fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with re-

gard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the hiſtorian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of ſo extraordinary a nature as will require no ſmall degree of hiſtorical faith to ſwallow them. Such was the ſucceſsleſs armament of Xerxes, deſcribed by Herodotus, or the ſucceſsful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such, of later years, was the victory of Agincourt, obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which inſtances, the more we reflect on them, appear ſtill the more aſtoniſhing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the ſtory; nay, indeed, as they conſtitute the eſſential parts of it, the hiſtorian is not only juſtifiable in recording as they really happened, but indeed would be unpardonable ſhould he omit or alter them. But there are other facts, not of ſuch conſequence nor ſo neceſſary, which, though ever ſo well atteſted, may nevertheleſs be ſacrificed to oblivion, in complaiſance to the ſcepticiſm of the reader. Such is that memorable ſtory of the ghoſt of George Villiers, which might with more propriety have been made a preſent of to Dr Drelincourt, to have kept the ghoſt of Mrs Veale company, at the head of his diſcourſe upon death, than have been introduced into ſo ſolemn a work as the hiſtory of the rebellion.

To ſay the truth, if the hiſtorian will confine himſelf to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumſtance, which, though never ſo well atteſted, he muſt be well aſſured is falſe, he will ſometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raiſe the wonder and ſurpriſe of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend againſt this rule, of deſerting probability, which the hiſtorian ſeldom if ever quits, till he forſakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, thoſe hiſtorians who relate public tranſactions have the advantage of us who confine ourſelves to ſcenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety ſupported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent teſtimony of

many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of poſterity, and no one doubts but that men ſo very good, and ſo very bad, were once the maſters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who ſearch into the moſt retired receſſes, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice, from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous ſituation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent teſtimony, no records to ſupport and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of poſſibility, but of probability too; and this more eſpecially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, tho' never ſo exorbitant, will more eaſily meet with aſſent; for ill-nature adds great ſupport and ſtrength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the hiſtory of Fiſher; who having long owed his bread to the generoſity of Mr Derby, and having one morning received a conſiderable bounty from his hands, yet, in order to poſſeſs himſelf of what remained in his friend's ſcrutoire, concealed himſelf in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a paſſage into Mr Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr Derby for many hours ſolacing himſelf at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fiſher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, grateful reflections aroſe to reſtrain his purpoſe; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fiſher came ſuddenly from his lurking-place, and walking ſoftly behind his friend into his chamber, diſcharged a piſtol-ball into his head. This may be believed when the bones of Fiſher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with ſome young ladies to the play of Hamlet, and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little ſuſpected how near ſhe was to the perſon, cry out, 'Good God! if the man that murdered Mr 'Derby was now preſent!' manifeſting in this a more ſeared and callous conſcience than even Nero

himſelf, of whom we are told by Suetonius, 'that 'the conſciouſneſs of his guilt, after the death of 'his mother, became immediately intolerable, and 'ſo continued; nor could all the congratulations 'of the ſoldiers, of the ſenate, and the people, al-'lay the horrors of his conſcience.'

But now, on the other hand, ſhould I tell my reader, that I had known a man, whoſe penetrating genius had enabled him to raiſe a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chaulked out to him: that he had done this with the moſt perfect preſervation of his integrity, and not only without the leaſt injuſtice or injury to any one individual perſon, but with the higheſt advantage to trade, and a vaſt increaſe of the public revenue: that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in diſcovering a taſte ſuperior to moſt, by works where the higheſt dignity was united with the pureſt ſimplicity, and another part in diſplaying a degree of goodneſs ſuperior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whoſe only recommendations were their merits, or their wants: that he was moſt induſtrious in ſearching after merit in diſtreſs, moſt eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: that his houſe, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hoſpitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinſically rich and noble, without tinſel, or external oſtentation: that he filled every relation in life with the moſt adequate virtue: that he was moſt piouſly religious to his Creator, moſt zealouſly loyal to his ſovereign, a moſt tender huſband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a chearful companion, indulgent to his ſervants, hoſpitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to theſe the epithets of wiſe, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might ſurely ſay,

——*Quis credit? nemo hercle! nemo;*
Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here deſcri-

bed. But a ſingle inſtance (and I really know not ſuch another) is not ſufficient to juſtify us, while we are writing to thouſands who never heard of the perſon, nor of any thing like him. Such *rara aves* ſhould be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to ſome poet, who may condeſcend to hitch him into a diſtich, or to ſlide him into rhime with an air of careleſſneſs and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the laſt place, the actions ſhould be ſuch as may not only be within the compaſs of human agency, and which human agents may probably be ſuppoſed to do; but they ſhould be likely for the very actors and characters themſelves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and ſurpriſing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impoſſible, when related of another.

This laſt requiſite is what the dramatic critics call conſervation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a moſt exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a moſt excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct oppoſition to itſelf, than a rapid ſtream can carry a boat againſt its own current. I will venture to ſay, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impoſſible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the beſt parts of the ſtory of M. Antoninus be aſcribed to Nero, or ſhould the worſt incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more ſhocking to belief than either inſtance; whereas both theſe being related of their proper agent, conſtitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almoſt univerſally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the firſt four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and diſcretion: nor is the writer often ſo kind as to give himſelf the leaſt trouble to reconcile or account for this monſtrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reaſon to be aſſigned for it, than becauſe the play is drawing to a concluſion; as if it

was no leſs natural in a rogue to repent in the laſt act of a play than in the laſt of his life, which we perceive to be generally the caſe at Tyburn; a place which might, indeed, cloſe the ſcene of ſome comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in theſe are moſt commonly eminent for thoſe very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

WITHIN theſe few reſtrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleaſes; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can ſurpriſe the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the higheſt rank obſerves in his fifth chapter of the Bathos, 'The 'great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, 'in order to join the credible with the ſurpriſing.'

FOR though every good author will confine himſelf within the bounds of probability, it is by no means neceſſary that his characters, or his incidents, ſhould be trite, common, or vulgar, ſuch as happen in every ſtreet, or in every houſe, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newſpaper. Nor muſt he be inhibited from ſhewing many perſons and things, which may poſſibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer ſtrictly obſerves the rules above mentioned, he hath diſcharged his part, and is then entitled to ſome faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he diſbelieves him. For want of a portion of ſuch faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the ſtage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large aſſembly of clerks and apprentices, though it had the previous ſuffrages of many ladies of the firſt rank, one of whom, very eminent for her underſtanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

In which the landlady pays a viſit to Mr Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to cloſe his eyes,

but all in vain; his ſpirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to ſleep. So having amuſed, or rather tormented himſelf, with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for ſome tea; upon which occaſion my landlady herſelf vouchſafed to pay him a viſit.

THIS was indeed the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him, or at leaſt had taken any notice of him; but, as the lieutenant had aſſured her that he was certainly ſome young gentleman of faſhion, ſhe now determined to ſhew him all the reſpect in her power; for, to ſpeak truly, this was one of thoſe houſes where gentlemen, to uſe the language of advertiſements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

SHE had no ſooner begun to make his tea, than ſhe likewiſe began to diſcourſe, 'La! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think it is a great pity that ſuch a pretty young 'gentleman ſhould undervalue himſelf ſo, as to go 'about with theſe ſoldier fellows. They call themſelves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my firſt 'huſband uſed to ſay, they ſhould remember it is 'we that pay them. And to be ſure it is very hard 'upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep 'em too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um 'laſt night, beſide officers: nay, for matter o'that, 'I had rather have the ſoldiers than officers; for 'nothing is ever good enough for thoſe ſparks; and 'I am ſure, if you was to ſee the bills, la, Sir, it is 'nothing. I have had leſs trouble, I warrant you, 'with a good Squire's family, where we take forty 'or fifty ſhillings of a night, beſide horſes. And 'yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all 'thoſe officer fellows, but looks upon himſelf to be 'as good as arrow a Squire of 500 l. a year. To be 'ſure it doth me good to hear their men run about 'after 'um, crying your Honour, and your Honour. 'Marry come up with ſuch honour, and an ordinary 'at a ſhilling a head. Then there's ſuch ſwearing 'among 'um, to be ſure it frightens me out o'my 'wits; I thinks nothing can ever proſper with ſuch 'wicked people. And here one of 'um has uſed you 'in ſo barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how 'well the reſt would ſecure him; they all hang to-

'gether; for if you had been in danger of death, 'which I am glad to ſee you are not, it would have 'been all as one to ſuch wicked people; they would 'have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'me! I would not have ſuch a ſin to anſwer for, for 'the whole world. But though you are likely, with 'the bleſſing, to recover, there is laa for him yet; 'and if you will employ Lawyer Small, I dareſt be 'ſworn he'll make the fellow fly the country for 'him; though perhaps he'll have fled the country 'before; for it is here to-day and gone to-morrow 'with ſuch chaps. I hope, however, you will learn 'more wit for the future, and return back to your 'friends: I warrant, they are all miſerable for your 'loſs; and if they was but to know what had hap-'pened. La, my ſeeming! I would not for the 'world they ſhould. Come, come, we know very well 'what all the matter is; but if one won'ts another 'will; ſo pretty a gentleman need never want a 'lady. I am ſure, if I was as you, I would ſee the 'fineſt ſhe that ever wore a head hanged, before I 'would go for a ſoldier for her.—Nay, don't bluſh 'ſo, (for indeed he did to a violent degree); why, 'you thought, Sir, I knew nothing of the matter, 'I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.' 'How,' ſays Jones, ſtarting up, 'do you know my Sophia?' 'Do I! ay marry,' cries the landlady, 'many's the 'time hath ſhe lain in this houſe.' 'With her aunt, 'I ſuppoſe,' ſays Jones.——'Why there it is now,' cries the landlady. 'Ay, ay, ay, I know the old 'lady very well. And a ſweet young creature is 'Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.' 'A ſweet 'creature!' cries Jones. 'O heavens!

'*Angels are painted fair to look like her.*
'*There's in her all that we believe of heaven,*
'*Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,*
'*Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.*

'And could I ever have imagined that you had 'known my Sophia!' 'I wiſh,' ſays the landlady, 'you knew half ſo much of her. What would you 'have given to have ſat by her bed-ſide? What a 'delicious neck ſhe hath! Her lovely limbs have

'ſtretched themſelves in that very bed you now ly 'in.' 'Here!' cries Jones, 'hath Sophia ever lain 'here?'—'Ay, ay, here; there; in that very bed,' ſays the landlady, 'where I wiſh you had her this 'moment; and ſhe may wiſh ſo too, for any thing I 'know to the contrary: for ſhe hath mentioned 'your name to me.'—'Ha,' cries Jones, 'did ſhe 'ever mention her poor Jones?—You flatter me 'now; I can never believe ſo much.' 'Why then,' anſwered ſhe, 'as I hope to be ſaved, and may the 'devil fetch me, if I ſpeak a ſyllable more than the 'truth. I have heard her mention Mr Jones; but 'in a civil and modeſt way, I confeſs; yet I could 'perceive ſhe thought a great deal more than ſhe 'ſaid.' 'O my dear woman,' cries Jones, 'her 'thoughts of me I ſhall never be worthy of. O ſhe 'is all gentleneſs, kindneſs, goodneſs. Why was 'ſuch a raſcal as I born, ever to give her ſoft boſom 'a moment's uneaſineſs? why am I curſed? I, who 'would undergo all the plagues and miſeries which 'any dæmon ever invented for mankind, to procure 'her any good; nay, torture itſelf could not be mi-'ſery to me, did I but know that ſhe was happy.' 'Why, look you there now,' ſays the landlady, 'I 'told her you was a conſtant lover.' 'But pray, 'Madam, tell me when or where you knew any 'thing of me; for I never was here before, nor do 'I remember ever to have ſeen you.' 'Nor is it 'poſſible you ſhould,' anſwered ſhe; 'for you was 'a little thing when I had you in my lap at the 'Squire's.'—'How! the Squire's,' ſays Jones, 'what, 'do you know that great and good Mr Allworthy 'then?' 'Yes, marry do I,' ſays ſhe; 'who in the 'country doth not?'—'The fame of his goodneſs 'indeed,' anſwered Jones, 'muſt have extended 'farther than this; but heaven only can know him, 'can know that benevolence which it copied from 'itſelf, and ſent upon earth as its own pattern. 'Mankind are as ignorant of ſuch divine good-'neſs, as they are unworthy of it; but none ſo un-'worthy of it as myſelf: I who was raiſed by him 'to ſuch a height; taken in, as you muſt well know, 'a poor baſe-born child, adopted by him, and treat-

'ed as his own ſon, to dare by my follies to diſo-
'blige him, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes,
'I deſerve it all: for I will never be ſo ungrateful
'as ever to think he hath done an act of injuſtice
'by me. No, I deſerve to be turned out of doors,
'as I am. And now, Madam,' ſays he, 'I believe
'you will not blame me for turning ſoldier, eſpe-
'cially with ſuch a fortune as this in my pocket.'
At which words he ſhook a purſe, which had but very little in it, and which ſtill appeared to the landlady to have leſs.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phraſe) ſtruck all of a heap by this relation. She anſwered coldly, That to be ſure people were the beſt judges what was moſt proper for their circumſtances.——'But, hark,' ſays ſhe, 'I think I hear 'ſomebody call. Coming! coming! the devil's in 'all our volk, nobody hath any ears. I muſt go 'down ſtairs; if you want any more breakfaſt, the 'maid will come up. Coming!' At which words, without taking any leave, ſhe flung out of the room: for the lower ſort of people are very tenacious of reſpect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to perſons of quality, yet they never confer it on thoſe of their own order, without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAP. III.

In which the ſurgeon makes his ſecond appearance.

Before we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be miſtaken in imagining the landlady knew more than ſhe did, nor ſurpriſed that ſhe knew ſo much, it may be neceſſary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occaſion of the quarrel; and as for the reſt of her knowledge, the ſagacious reader will obſerve how ſhe came by it in the preceding ſcene. Great curioſity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and ſhe never willingly ſuffered any one to depart from her houſe without enquiring as much as poſſible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no ſooner gone than Jones, inſtead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the ſame bed which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occaſioned a thouſand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not conſider that ſuch kind of lovers will make a very inconſiderable part of our readers. In this ſituation the ſurgeon found him, when he came to dreſs his wound. The doctor perceiving, upon examination, that his pulſe was diſordered, and hearing that he had not ſlept, declared that he was in great danger; for he apprehended a fever was coming on: which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not ſubmit, declaring he would loſe no more blood; and 'doctor,' ſays he, 'if you will be ſo kind only to dreſs 'my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day 'or two.'

'I wish,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'I could aſſure 'your being well in a month or two. Well, in'deed! No, no, people are not ſoon well of ſuch 'contuſions; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day 'to be inſtructed in my operations by a patient, and 'I inſiſt on making a revulſion before I dreſs you.'

Jones perſiſted obſtinately in his refuſal, and the doctor at laſt yielded; telling him at the ſame time, that he would not be anſwerable for the ill conſequence, and hoped he would do him the juſtice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promiſed he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addreſſing himſelf to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

'It is an eating fever then,' ſays the landlady: 'for he hath devoured two ſwinging buttered toaſts 'this morning for breakfaſt.'

'Very likely,' ſays the doctor, 'I have known 'people eat in a fever; and it is very eaſily ac'counted for; becauſe the acidity occaſioned by 'the febrile matter, may ſtimulate the nerves of the 'diaphragm, and thereby occaſion a craving, which 'will not be eaſily diſtinguiſhable from a natural

'appetite; but the aliment will not be concreted, 'nor aſſimilated into chyle, and ſo will corrode the 'vaſcular orifices, and thus will aggravate the fe-'brific ſymptoms. Indeed I think the gentleman in 'a very dangerous way, and if he is not blooded, 'I am afraid will die.'

'EVERY one muſt die ſome time or other,' anſwered the good woman; 'it is no buſineſs of mine. 'I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him 'while you bleed him.——But, harkee, a word in 'your ear; I would adviſe you, before you proceed 'too far, to take care who is to be your paymaſter.'

'PAYMASTER!' ſaid the doctor ſtaring, 'why, I've 'a gentleman under my hands, have I not?'

'I IMAGINED ſo as well as you,' ſaid the landlady; 'but as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, Every thing 'is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant ſcrub, 'I aſſure you. However, take no notice that I 'mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but 'I think people in buſineſs oft always to let one 'another know ſuch things.'

'AND have I ſuffered ſuch a fellow as this,' cries the doctor, in a paſſion, 'to inſtruct me? Shall I 'hear my practice inſulted by one who will not pay 'me! I am glad I have made this diſcovery in time. 'I will ſee now whether he will be blooded or no.' He then immediately went up ſtairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very ſound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was ſtill worſe, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

'WILL you be blooded or no?' cries the doctor, in a rage. 'I have told you my reſolution already,' anſwered Jones,' and I wiſh with all my heart you 'had taken my anſwer: for you have awaked me 'out of the ſweeteſt ſleep which I ever had in my 'life.'

'AY, ay,' cries the doctor, 'many a man hath 'doſed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no 'more than food; but remember, I demand of you 'for the laſt time, will you be blooded?' 'I anſwer 'you for the laſt time,' ſaid Jones, 'I will not.' 'Then I waſh my hands of you,' ſaid the doctor;

'and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have 'had already. Two journies at 5 s. each; two dres- 'sings at 5 s. more, and half-a-crown for phlebotomy.' 'I hope,' said Jones, 'you don't intend to 'leave me in this condition.' 'Indeed but I shall,' said the other. 'Then,' said Jones, 'you have used 'me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing.' 'Very well,' cries the doctor, 'the first loss is the 'best. What a pox did my landlady mean by send- 'ing for me to such vagabonds?' At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himself about, soon recovered his sleep, but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest barbers that was ever recorded in history, the barber of Bagdad, *or he in* Don Quixote *not excepted.*

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen and a suit of cloaths; but first he slipt on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

MEETING the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked what he could have for dinner? 'For dinner!' says she, 'it is an odd time of day to 'think about dinner. There is nothing dress in the 'house, and the fire is almost out.' 'Well, but,' says he, 'I must have something to eat, and it is almost 'indifferent to me what; for to tell you the truth, 'I was never more hungry in my life.' 'Then,' says she, 'I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and 'carrot, which will fit you.'——'Nothing better,' answered Jones, 'but I should be obliged to you if 'you would let it be fryed.' To which the landlady consented, and said, smiling, 'she was glad to 'see him so well recovered:' for the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was

really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom, but ſhe loved money ſo much, that ſhe hated every thing which had the ſemblance of poverty.

JONES now returned in order to dreſs himſelf, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

THIS barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into ſmall inconveniencies, ſuch as ſlaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, *&c.* For every one doth not underſtand a jeſt; and thoſe who do, are often diſpleaſed with being themſelves the ſubjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often ſmarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the leaſt reſpect of perſons, time, or place.

HE had a great many other particularities in his character, which I ſhall not mention, as the reader will himſelf very eaſily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary perſon.

JONES being impatient to be dreſs'd, for a reaſon which may eaſily be imagined, thought the ſhaver was very tedious in preparing his ſuds, and begged him to make haſte; to which the other anſwered, with much gravity, (for he never diſcompoſed his muſcles on any account), '*Feſtina lentè* is a proverb 'which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.' 'I find, friend, you are a ſcholar,' replied Jones. 'A poor one,' ſaid the barber, '*non omnia poſſumus* 'omnes.' 'Again!' ſaid Jones, 'I fancy you are good 'at caping verſes.' 'Excuſe me, Sir,' ſaid the barber, '*non tanto me dignor honore.*' And then, proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſince I have 'dealt in ſuds I could never diſcover more than two 'reaſons for ſhaving, the one is to get a beard, and 'the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it 'may not be long ſince you ſhaved, from the former of theſe motives. Upon my word you have 'had good ſucceſs; for one may ſay of your beard, 'that it is *tondenti gravior.*' 'I conjecture,' ſaid Jones, 'thou art a very comical fellow.' 'You mi-'ſtake me widely, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I am too

'much addicted to the ſtudy of philoſophy, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, Sir, that's my misfortune; too much learning hath been my ruin.' 'Indeed,' ſays Jones, 'I confeſs, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't ſee how 'it can have injured you.' 'Alas, Sir,' anſwered the ſhaver, 'my father diſinherited me for it. He 'was a dancingmaſter, and becauſe I could read before I could dance, he took an averſion to me, and 'left every farthing among his other children.—— 'Will you pleaſe to have your temples—O la! I aſk 'your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manuſcriptis*. 'I heard you was going to the wars, but I find it 'was a miſtake.' 'Why do you conclude ſo?' ſays Jones. 'Sure, Sir,' anſwered the barber, 'you are 'too wiſe a man to carry a broken head thither, for 'that would be carrying coals to Newcaſtle.'

'UPON my word,' cries Jones, 'thou art a very 'odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I 'ſhall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after 'dinner, and drink a glaſs with me; I long to be 'better acquainted with thee.'

'O DEAR Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I can do you twenty 'times as great a favour, if you will accept of it. 'What is that, my friend?' cries Jones. 'Why, I 'will drink a bottle with you, if you pleaſe; for I 'dearly love good-nature; and as you have found 'me out to be a comical fellow, ſo I have no ſkill in 'phyſiognomy, if you are not one of the beſt natured gentlemen in the univerſe.' Jones now walked down ſtairs neatly dreſſed, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady; for as that good woman did not reſemble Venus at all in her perſon, ſo neither did ſhe in her taſte. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if ſhe had ſeen with the eyes of her miſtreſs; for that poor girl fell ſo violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her paſſion afterwards coſt her many a ſigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for ſhe had refuſed a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood; but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

WHEN Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occaſion it ſhould, his dinner remaining in *ſtatu quo*, as did the fire which was to dreſs it. This diſappointment might have put many a philoſophical temper into a paſſion; but it had no ſuch effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, ſaying, 'ſince it 'was ſo difficult to get it heated, he would eat the 'beef cold.' But now the good woman, whether moved by compaſſion, or by ſhame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, firſt gave her ſervants a round ſcold for diſobeying the orders which ſhe had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, ſhe ſet about the matter in good earneſt, and ſoon accompliſhed it.

THIS Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the ſun had ſcarce ever looked. It was indeed the worſt room in the houſe; and happy was it for Jones that it was ſo. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once ſatisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expreſſed ſome reſentment at having been ſhewn into a dungeon.

THE drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after ſome time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have ſuffered him to wait ſo long for his company, had he not been liſtening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that ſhe had gathered round her with the hiſtory of poor Jones, part of which ſhe had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious compoſition; 'for ſhe ſaid he was a poor 'pariſh boy, taken into the houſe of Squire All-'worthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, 'and now turned out of doors for his miſdeeds, 'particularly for making love to his young miſtreſs, 'and probably for robbing the houſe; for how elſe 'ſhould he come by the little money he hath; and 'this,' ſays ſhe, 'is your gentleman, forſooth.' 'A 'ſervant of Squire Allworthy!' ſays the barber, 'what's his name?'—Why, he told me his name was

'Jones,' says she; 'perhaps he goes by a wrong name.' 'Nay, and he told me too, that the Squire had 'maintained him as his own son, thof he had quar-'relled with him now.' 'And if his name be Jones, 'he told you the truth,' said the barber; 'for I have 'relations who live in that country, nay, and some 'people say he is his son.' 'Why doth he not go 'by the name of his father?' 'I can't tell that,' said the barber, 'many people's sons don't go by the 'name of their father.' 'Nay,' said the landlady, 'if I thought he was a gentleman's son, thof he 'was a bye-blow, I should behave to him in another 'guess manner; for many of these bye-blows come 'to be great men, and, as my poor first husband 'used to say, never affront any customer that's a 'gentleman.'

CHAP. V.

A dialogue between Mr Jones *and the barber.*

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr Benjamin, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctissime tonsorum. Ago tibi gratias, Domine*, said the barber; and then looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprise, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before, 'Sir, may 'I crave the favour to know if your name is not 'Jones?' To which the other answered, that it was. '*Proh Deûm atque hominum fidem!*' says the barber, 'how strangely things come to pass! Mr Jones, I 'am your most obedient servant. I find you do not 'know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you 'never saw me but once, and then you was very 'young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good Squire All-'worthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus?*' 'I find,' said Jones, 'you do indeed know me; but 'I have not the like happiness of recollecting you.' —'I do not wonder at that,' cries Benjamin; 'but

'I am ſurpriſed I did not know you ſooner, for you 'are not in the leaſt altered. And pray, Sir, may I, 'without offence, enquire whither you are travel- 'ling this way?' 'Fill the glaſs, Mr Barber,' ſaid Jones, 'and aſk no more queſtions.' 'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I would not be troubleſome; 'and I hope you don't think me to be a man of an 'impertinent curioſity, for that is a vice which no 'body can lay to my charge; but I aſk pardon, for 'when a gentleman of your figure travels without 'his ſervants, we may ſuppoſe him to be, as we ſay, '*in caſu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have 'mentioned your name.' 'I own,' ſays Jones, 'I 'did not expect to have been ſo well known in this 'country as I find I am: yet, for particular reaſons, 'I ſhall be obliged to you if you will not mention 'my name to any other perſon, till I am gone from 'hence.' '*Pauca verba*,' anſwered the barber; 'and 'I wiſh no other here knew you but myſelf; for 'ſome people have tongues; but I promiſe you I 'can keep a ſecret. My enemies will allow me that 'virtue.' 'And yet that is not the characteriſtic 'of your profeſſion, Mr Barber,' anſwered Jones, 'Alas, Sir,' replied Benjamin, '*Non ſi male nunc et 'olim ſic erit*. I was not born nor bred a barber, I 'aſſure you. I have ſpent moſt of my time among 'gentlemen, and, though I ſay it, I underſtand 'ſomething of gentility. And if you had thought 'me as worthy of your confidence as you have ſome 'other people, I ſhould have ſhewn you I could 'have kept a ſecret better. I ſhould not have de- 'graded your name in a public kitchen; for indeed, 'Sir, ſome people have not uſed you well; for be- 'ſides making a public proclamation of what you 'told them of a quarrel between yourſelf and Squire 'Allworthy, they added lies of their own, things 'which I knew to be lies.' 'You ſurpriſe me great- 'ly,' cries Jones. 'Upon my word, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I tell the truth, and I need not tell you 'my landlady was the perſon. I am ſure it moved 'me to hear the ſtory, and I hope it is all falſe; 'for I have a great reſpect for you, I do aſſure you 'I have, and have had, ever ſince the good-nature

'you ſhewed to Black George, which was talked of 'all over the country, and I received more than one 'letter about it. Indeed it made you beloved by 'every body. You will pardon me therefore; for 'it was real concern at what I heard made me aſk ſo 'many queſtions; for I have no impertinent cu-'rioſity about me; but I love good-nature, and 'thence became *amoris abundantia erga te.*'

EVERY profeſſion of friendſhip eaſily gains credit with the miſerable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, beſides his being miſerable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the profeſſions of Benjamin, and received him into his boſom. The ſcraps of Latin, ſome of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not ſavour of profound literature, ſeemed yet to indicate ſomething ſuperior to a common barber, and ſo indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had ſaid, as to his original and education; and at length, after much entreaty, he ſaid, 'Since you have heard, my friend, 'ſo much of my affairs, and ſeem ſo deſirous to 'know the truth, if you will have patience to hear 'it, I will inform you of the whole.' 'Patience!' cries Benjamin, 'that I will, if the chapter was ne-'ver ſo long; and I am very much obliged to you 'for the honour you do me.'

JONES now began, and related the whole hiſtory, forgetting only a circumſtance or two, namely, every thing which paſſed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum; and ended with his reſolution to go to ſea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpoſe, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

LITTLE Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help obſerving, that there muſt be ſurely ſomething more invented by his enemies, and told Mr Allworthy againſt him, or ſo good a man would never have diſmiſſed one he had loved ſo tenderly, in ſuch a manner. To which Jones anſwered, He doubted not but ſuch villainous arts had been made uſe of to deſtroy him.

And ſurely it was ſcarce poſſible for any one to have avoided making the ſame remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones one ſingle circumſtance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in thoſe injurious lights, in which they had been miſrepreſented to Allworthy: nor could he mention thoſe many falſe accuſations which had been from time to time preferred againſt him to Allworthy; for with none of theſe he was himſelf acquainted. He had likewiſe, as we have obſerved, omitted many material facts in his preſent relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in ſuch favourable colours to Jones, that malice itſelf would have found it no eaſy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones deſired to conceal or to diſguiſe the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have ſuffered any cenſure to fall on Mr Allworthy for puniſhing him, than on his own actions for deſerving it; but, in reality, ſo it happened, and ſo it always will happen: for let a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well ſtrained, will leave all their foulneſs behind. For though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce can recognize the facts to be one and the ſame.

Tho' the barber had drank down this ſtory with greedy ears, he was not yet ſatisfied. There was a circumſtance behind, which his curioſity, cold as it was, moſt eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Bliſil, but had cautiouſly concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after ſome heſitation, and many hums and ha's, at laſt begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cauſe of all this miſchief. Jones pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, 'Since I have 'truſted you with ſo much, and ſince, I am afraid, 'her name is become too public already on this oc-

'caſion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name 'is Sophia Weſtern.'

'*Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* Squire Weſtern 'hath a daughter grown a woman!' 'Ay, and ſuch 'a woman,' cries Jones, 'that the world cannot 'match. No eye ever ſaw any thing ſo beautiful: 'but that is her leaſt excellence. Such ſenſe! ſuch 'goodneſs! O, I could praiſe her for ever, and yet 'ſhould omit half her virtues.' 'Mr Weſtern a 'daughter grown up!' cries the barber, 'I remem-'ber the father a boy: well, *Tempus edax rerum.*'

THE wine being now at an end, the barber preſſed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, He had already drank more than he ought; and that he now choſe to retire to his room, where he wiſhed he could procure himſelf a book. 'A book!' cries Benjamin, 'what book 'would you have? Latin or Engliſh? I have ſome 'curious books in both languages. Such as *Eraſmi 'Colloquia, Ovid de Triſtibus, Gradus ad Parnaſſum*; 'and in Engliſh I have ſeveral of the beſt books, 'though ſome of them are a little torn; but I have 'a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the ſixth vo-'lume of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the 'Spectator; the ſecond volume of Echard's Roman 'Hiſtory; the Craftſman; Robinſon Cruſoe; Tho-'mas a-Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown's 'works.'

'THOSE laſt,' cries Jones, 'are books I never ſaw, 'ſo if you pleaſe to lend me one of thoſe volumes.' The barber aſſured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greateſt wits that ever the nation produced. He then ſtepped to his houſe, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very ſtrict injunctions of ſecrecy from Jones, and having ſworn inviolably to maintain it, they ſeparated: the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAP. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr Benjamin *will appear, as well as who this extraordinary perſon was.*

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneaſy at the deſertion of his ſurgeon, as he apprehended ſome inconvenience, or even danger might attend the not dreſſing his wound: he inquired therefore of the drawer what other ſurgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuſe to be concerned after another had been ſent for before him: 'But, Sir,' ſays he, 'if you will take 'my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can 'do your buſineſs better than the barber who was 'with you laſt night. We look upon him to be one 'of the ableſt men at a cut in all this neighbour-'hood. For though he hath not been here above 'three months, he hath done ſeveral great cures.'

THE drawer was preſently diſpatched for Little Benjamin, who, being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himſelf accordingly, and attended; but with ſo different an air and aſpect from that which he wore when his baſon was under his arm, that he could ſcarce be known to be the ſame perſon.

'So, tonſor,' ſays Jones, 'I find you have more 'trades than one; how came you not to inform me 'of this laſt night?' 'A ſurgeon,' anſwered Benjamin, with great gravity, 'is a profeſſion, not a 'trade. The reaſon why I did not acquaint you 'laſt night that I profeſſed this art, was that I then 'concluded you was under the hands of another 'gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my 'brethren in their buſineſs. *Ars omnibus communis.* 'But now, Sir, if you pleaſe, I will inſpect your 'head, and when I ſee into your ſkull, I will give 'my opinion of your caſe.'

JONES had no great faith in this new profeſſor; however, he ſuffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as ſoon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and ſhake his head vio-

lently. Upon which Jones, in a peeviſh manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. 'Shall I anſwer you as a ſurgeon, or a friend?' ſaid Benjamin. 'As a friend, and ſeriouſly,' ſaid Jones. 'Why then, upon my ſoul,' cries Benjamin, 'it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dreſſings; and if you will ſuffer me to apply ſome ſalve of mine, I will anſwer for the ſucceſs.' Jones gave his conſent, and the plaiſter was applied accordingly.

'THERE, Sir,' cries Benjamin, 'now I will, if you pleaſe, reſume my former ſelf; but a man is obliged to keep up ſome dignity in his countenance whilſt he is performing theſe operations, or the world will not ſubmit to be handled by him. You can't imagine, Sir, of how much conſequence a grave aſpect is to a grave character. A barber may make you laugh, but a ſurgeon ought rather to make you cry.'

'MR Barber, or Mr Surgeon, or Mr Barber-ſurgeon,' ſaid Jones.—'O dear Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, interrupting him, '*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.* You recal to my mind that cruel ſeparation of the united fraternities, ſo much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all ſeparations muſt be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which, to be ſure, there are not wanting ſome of one or of the other fraternity who are able to conſtrue. What a blow was this to me, who unite both in my own perſon!——'Well, by whatever name you pleaſe to be called,' continued Jones, 'you certainly are one of the oddeſt, moſt comical fellows I ever met with, and muſt have ſomething very ſurpriſing in your ſtory, which you muſt confeſs I have a right to hear.' 'I do confeſs it,' anſwered Benjamin, 'and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have ſufficient leiſure; for I promiſe you it will require a good deal of time.' Jones told him, He could never be more at leiſure than at preſent. 'Well then,' ſaid Benjamin, 'I will obey you; but firſt I will faſten the door, that none may interrupt us.' He did ſo, and then, ad-

vancing with a ſolemn air to Jones, ſaid, 'I muſt 'begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourſelf have 'been the greateſt enemy I ever had.' Jones was a little ſtartled at this ſudden declaration. 'I your 'enemy, Sir!' ſays he, with much amazement, and ſome ſternneſs in his look. 'Nay, be not angry,' ſaid Benjamin, 'for I promiſe you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong, 'for you was then an infant; but I ſhall, I believe, 'unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. 'Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had 'the honour of being reputed your father, and the 'misfortune of being ruined by that honour?' 'I 'have indeed heard of that Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'and have always believed myſelf to be his ſon.' 'Well, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I am that Partridge; but I here abſolve you from all filial duty; for I do aſſure you, you are no ſon of mine.' 'How!' replied Jones, 'and is it poſſible that a 'falſe ſuſpicion ſhould have drawn all the ill conſequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted?' 'It is poſſible,' cries Benjamin, 'for 'it is ſo; but though it is natural enough for men 'to hate even the innocent cauſes of their ſufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever ſince I heard of your behaviour to 'Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced, 'from this extraordinary meeting, that you are 'born to make me amends for all I have ſuffered 'on that account. Beſides, I dreamt, the night before I ſaw you, that I ſtumbled over a ſtool without hurting myſelf; which plainly ſhewed me 'ſomething good was towards me; and, laſt night, 'I dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and 'betokens much good fortune, which I am reſolved 'to purſue, unleſs you have the cruelty to deny me.'

'I SHOULD be very glad, Mr Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'to have it in my power to make you 'amends for your ſufferings on my account, tho' 'at preſent I ſee no likelihood of it: however, I 'aſſure you I will deny you nothing which is in 'my power to grant.'

'IT is in your power ſure enough,' replied Benjamin; 'for I deſire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have ſo entirely ſet my heart upon it, that if you ſhould refuſe me, you will kill both a barber and a ſurgeon in one breath.'

JONES anſwered ſmiling, That he ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of ſo much miſchief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reaſons, in order to diſſuade Benjamin (whom we ſhall hereafter call Partridge), from his purpoſe; but all were in vain: Partridge relied ſtrongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. 'Beſides, Sir,' ſays he, 'I promiſe you I have as good an inclination to the cauſe as any man can poſſibly have; and go I will, whether you admit me to go in your company or not.'

JONES, who was as much pleaſed with Partridge as Partridge could be with him, and who had not conſulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in deſiring him to ſtay behind, when he found his friend ſo reſolute, at laſt gave his conſent; but then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid, 'Perhaps, Mr Partridge, you think I ſhall be able to ſupport you, but I really am not;' and then, taking out his purſe, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

PARTRIDGE anſwered, 'That his dependance was only on his future favour; for he was thoroughly convinced he would ſhortly have enough in his power. At preſent, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your ſervice and at your diſpoſal. I inſiſt upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your ſervant: *Nil deſperandum eſt Teucro duce & auſpice Teucro.*' But to this generous propoſal concerning the money, Jones would by no means ſubmit.

IT was reſolved to ſet out the next morning, when a difficulty aroſe concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr Jones was too large to be carried without a horſe.

'IF I may preſume to give my advice,' ſays Partridge, 'this portmanteau, with every thing in it,

'except a few ſhirts, ſhould be left behind. Thoſe 'I ſhall be eaſily able to carry for you, and the reſt 'of your cloaths will remain very ſafely locked 'up in my houſe'.

THIS method was no ſooner propoſed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better reaſons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; *an apology for the weakneſs of* Jones; *and ſome farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.*

THOUGH Partridge was one of the moſt ſuperſtitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have deſired to accompany Jones in his expedition, merely from the omens of the joint-ſtool and white mare, if his proſpect had been no better than to have ſhared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himſelf that Mr Allworthy ſhould turn his ſon (for ſo he moſt firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reaſon which he had heard aſſigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correſpondents heard the wildeſt character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he ſhould by that means render a ſervice to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had ſacrificed him to his own reputation. And this ſuſpicion, indeed, he well accounted for from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling child; from his great ſeverity to Partridge, who knowing himſelf to be innocent, could not conceive that any other ſhould think him guilty; laſtly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him; and which

he looked upon as a kind of ſmart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injuſtice; for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to aſcribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can poſſibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, perſuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he ſhould again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and ſhould be again reſtored to his native country; a reſtoration which Ulyſſes himſelf never wiſhed more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well ſatisfied with the truth of what the other had aſſerted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cauſe; a blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of cenſure. To ſay the truth, there are but two ways by which men become poſſeſſed of this excellent quality; the one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which laſt, I preſume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are maſters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and concluſive: for a man who hath been impoſed on by ever ſo many, may ſtill hope to find others more honeſt; whereas, he who receives certain neceſſary admonitions from within, that this is impoſſible, muſt have very little underſtanding indeed, if he ever renders himſelf liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wiſdom which is to be acquired this way, we ſeldom arrive till very late in life: which is perhaps the reaſon why ſome old men are apt to deſpiſe the underſtandings of all thoſe who are a little younger than themſelves.

Jones ſpent moſt part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the houſe, or rather the huſband of the landlady. He had but lately made his deſcent down ſtairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which diſtem-

per he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the reſt he walked about the houſe, ſmoaked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himſelf in the leaſt with any kind of buſineſs. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing, and had ſpent a very ſmall fortune, which he inherited from an induſtrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horſe-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purpoſes which he had long ſince deſiſted from anſwering; for which ſhe hated him heartily. But as he was a ſurly kind of fellow, ſo ſhe contented herſelf with frequently upbraiding him by diſadvantageous compariſons with her firſt huſband, whoſe praiſe ſhe had eternally in her mouth; and as ſhe was for the moſt part miſtreſs of the profits, ſo ſhe was ſatisfied to take upon herſelf the care and government of the family, and, after a long ſucceſsleſs ſtruggle, to ſuffer her huſband to be maſter of himſelf.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a ſmall diſpute aroſe between this fond couple concerning him. 'What,' ſays the wife, 'you have 'been tipling with the gentleman I ſee.' 'Yes,' anſwered the huſband, 'we have cracked a bottle 'together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, 'and hath a very pretty notion of horſe-fleſh. In'deed he is young, and hath not ſeen much of the 'world; for I believe he hath been at very few 'horſe-races.' 'O ho! he is one of your order, is 'he?' replies the landlady; 'he muſt be a gentle'man to be ſure, if he is a horſe-racer. The devil 'fetch ſuch gentry; I am ſure I wiſh I had never 'ſeen any of them. I have reaſon to love horſe-ra'cers truly.' 'That you have,' ſays the huſband; 'for I was one, you know.' 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'you are a pure one indeed. As my firſt huſband 'uſed to ſay, I may put all the good I have ever 'got by you in my eyes, and ſee never the worſe.' 'D—n your firſt huſband,' cries he.—'Don't d—n 'a better man than yourſelf,' anſwered the wife; 'if he had been alive you durſt not have done it.'

'Then you think,' ſays he, 'I have not ſo much 'courage as yourſelf; for you have d—n'd him often 'in my hearing.' 'If I did,' ſays ſhe, 'I have re-'pented of it, many's the good time and oft. And 'if he was ſo good to forgive me a word ſpoken in 'haſte, or ſo, it doth not become ſuch a one as you 'to twitter me. He was a huſband to me, he was; 'and if ever I did make uſe of an ill word or ſo in 'a paſſion, I never called him raſcal; I ſhould have 'told a lie, if I had called him raſcal.' Much more ſhe ſaid, but not in his hearing: for having lighted his pipe, he ſtaggered off as faſt as he could. We ſhall therefore tranſcribe no more of her ſpeech, as it approached ſtill nearer and nearer to a ſubject too indelicate to find any place in this hiſtory.

EARLY in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedſide of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapſack at his back. This was his own workmanſhip; for beſides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole ſtock of linen in it, conſiſting of four ſhirts, to which he now added eight for Mr Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own houſe, but was ſtopt in his way by the landlady, who refuſed to ſuffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

THE landlady was, as we have ſaid, abſolute governeſs in theſe regions; it was therefore neceſſary to comply with her rules; ſo the bill was preſently writ out, which amounted to a much larger ſum than might have been expected from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to diſcloſe ſome maxims which publicans hold to be the grand myſteries of their trade. The firſt is, if they have any thing good in their houſe (which indeed very ſeldom happens) to produce it only to perſons who travel with great equipages. 2dly, To charge the ſame for the very worſt proviſions, as if they were the beſt. And, laſtly, if any of their gueſts call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have, ſo that the amount by the head may be much the ſame.

THE bill being made and diſcharged, Jones ſet forward with Partridge, carrying his knapſack; nor did

the landlady condeſcend to wiſh him a good journey: for this was, it ſeems, an inn frequented by people of faſhion, and I know not whence it is, but all thoſe who get their livelihood by people of faſhion, contract as much inſolence to the reſt of mankind as if they really belonged to that rank themſelves.

CHAP. VIII.

Jones arrives at Glouceſter, *and goes to the* Bell; *the character of that houſe, and of a petty-fogger which he there meets with.*

MR Jones and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near ſix feet high), having left their laſt quarters in the manner before deſcribed, travelled on to Glouceſter, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

BEING arrived here, they choſe for their houſe of entertainment the ſign of the Bell, an excellent houſe indeed, and which I do moſt ſeriouſly recommend to every reader who ſhall viſit this antient city. The maſter of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is abſolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of Methodiſm, or of any other heretical ſect. He is indeed a very honeſt plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any diſturbance either in church or ſtate. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretenſion to beauty, and is ſtill a very fine woman. Her perſon and deportment might have made a ſhining figure in the politeſt aſſemblies; but though ſhe muſt be conſcious of this, and many other perfections, ſhe ſeems perfectly contented with, and reſigned to that ſtate of life to which ſhe is called; and this reſignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wiſdom of her temper; for ſhe is at preſent as free from any methodiſtical notions as her huſband. I ſay at preſent; for ſhe freely confeſſes that her brother's documents made at firſt ſome impreſſion upon her, and that ſhe had put herſelf to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the ſpirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, ſhe ſays, worth a farthing, ſhe very wiſely

laid by her hood, and abandoned the ſect. To be conciſe, ſhe is a very friendly, good-natured woman; and ſo induſtrious to oblige, that the gueſts muſt be of a very moroſe diſpoſition who are not extremely well ſatisfied in her houſe.

MRS Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her ſagacity ſoon diſcovered, in the air of our hero, ſomething which diſtinguiſhed him from the vulgar. She ordered her ſervants, therefore, immediately to ſhew him into a room, and preſently afterwards invited him to dinner with herſelf; which invitation he very thankfully accepted: for indeed much leſs agreeable company than that of Mrs Whitefield, and a much worſe entertainment than ſhe had provided, would have been welcome, after ſo long a faſting, and ſo long a walk.

BESIDES Mr Jones and the good governeſs of the manſion, there ſat down at table an attorney of Saliſbury, indeed the very ſame who had brought the news of Mr Blifil's death to Mr Allworthy, and whoſe name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewiſe preſent another perſon, who ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, and who lived ſomewhere near Linlinch in Somerſetſhire. This fellow, I ſay, ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, but was indeed a moſt vile petty-fogger, without ſenſe or knowledge of any kind; one of thoſe who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a ſort of ſupernumeraries in the profeſſion, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a poſt-boy.

DURING the time of dinner, the Somerſetſhire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had ſeen at Mr Allworthy's; for he had often viſited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occaſion to enquire after all the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to inſinuate himſelf to be ſuch, though he had never had the honour of ſpeaking to any perſon in that family higher than the butler. Jones anſwered all his queſtions with much civility, though he never remembered to have

ſeen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded, from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he uſurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the converſation of fellows of this kind is of all others the moſt deteſtable to men of any ſenſe, the cloth was no ſooner removed than Mr Jones withdrew, and a little barbarouſly left poor Mrs Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taſte, lament, as the ſevereſt lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their gueſts.

Jones had no ſooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger, in a whiſpering tone, aſked Mrs Whitefield, if ſhe knew who that fine ſpark was? She anſwered, ſhe had never ſeen the gentleman before. 'The gentleman, indeed!' replied the petty-fogger; 'a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he's the baſtard 'of a fellow who was hanged for horſe-ſtealing. 'He was dropt at Squire Allworthy's door, where 'one of the ſervants found him in a box ſo full of 'rain-water, that he would certainly have been 'drowned, had he not been reſerved for another 'fate.' 'Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I proteſt; 'we underſtand what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a moſt facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the Squire ordered him to be ta'ken in: for he is a timberſome man, every body 'knows, and was afraid of drawing himſelf into a 'ſcrape; and there the baſtard was bred up, and 'fed and cloathified all to the world like any gen'tleman; and there he got one of the ſervant maids 'with child, and perſuaded her to ſwear it to the 'Squire himſelf; and afterwards he broke the arm 'of one Mr Thwackum a clergyman, only becauſe 'he reprimanded him for following whores; and 'afterwards he ſnapt a piſtol at Mr Blifil behind 'his back; and once, when Squire Allworthy was 'ſick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the houſe, 'to prevent him from ſleeping: and twenty other 'pranks he hath played; for all which, about four 'or five days ago, juſt before I left the country, the

'Squire ſtripped him ſtark naked, and turned him 'out of doors.'

'And very juſtly too, I proteſt,' cries Dowling; 'I would turn my own ſon out of doors, if he was 'guilty of half as much. And pray what is the 'name of this pretty gentleman?'

'The name o'un!' anſwered the petty-fogger, 'why, he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' anſwered Dowling, a little eagerly, 'what, Mr Jones that lived at Mr Allworthy's! was 'that the gentleman that dined with us?' 'The 'very ſame,' ſaid the other. 'I have heard of the 'gentleman,' cries Dowling, 'often; but I never 'heard any ill character of him.' 'And I am ſure,' ſays Mrs Whitefield, 'if half what this gentleman 'hath ſaid be true, Mr Jones hath the moſt deceit-'ful countenance I ever ſaw; for ſure his looks pro-'miſe ſomething very different; and I muſt ſay, for 'the little I have ſeen of him, he is as civil a well-'bred man as you would wiſh to converſe with.'

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been ſworn, as he uſually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with ſo many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were ſhocked, and ſhe put a ſtop to his ſwearing, by aſſuring him of her belief. Upon which he ſaid, 'I hope, Madam, you imagine I would ſcorn 'to tell ſuch things of any man, unleſs I knew them 'to be true. What intereſt have I in taking away 'the reputation of a man who never injured me? 'I promiſe you every ſyllable of what I have ſaid is 'fact, and the whole country knows it.'

As Mrs Whitefield had no reaſon to ſuſpect that the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuſe Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he ſo confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her ſkill in phyſiognomy, and henceforwards conceived ſo ill an opinion of her gueſt, that ſhe heartily wiſhed him out of her houſe.

This diſlike was now farther increaſed by a report which Mr Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, That

though he carried the knapſack, and contented himſelf with ſtaying among ſervants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his ſervant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr Jones himſelf.

DOWLING ſat all this while ſilent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at laſt he opened his lips, and proteſted that the gentleman looked like another ſort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmoſt haſte, declared he muſt be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of buſineſs, and wiſhed he could divide himſelf into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

THE petty-fogger now likewiſe departed, and then Jones deſired the favour of Mrs Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but ſhe refuſed, and with a manner ſo different from that with which ſhe had received him at dinner, that it a little ſurpriſed him. And now he ſoon perceived her behaviour totally changed: for inſtead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, ſhe wore a conſtrained ſeverity on her countenance, which was ſo diſagreeable to Mr Jones, that he reſolved, however late, to quit the houſe that evening.

HE did indeed account ſomewhat unfairly for this ſudden change; for beſides ſome hard and unjuſt ſurmiſes concerning female fickleneſs and mutability, he began to ſuſpect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horſes; a ſort of animals which, as they dirty no ſheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore conſidered as the more deſirable company; but Mrs Whitefield, to do her juſtice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, ſhe looked on our hero as a ſorry ſcoundrel, and therefore treated him as ſuch: for which not even Jones himſelf, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he muſt have approved her conduct, and have eſteemed her the more for the diſreſpect ſhewn towards himſelf. This

is indeed a moſt aggravating circumſtance which attends depriving men unjuſtly of their reputation: for a man who is conſcious of having an ill character, cannot juſtly be angry with thoſe who neglect and ſlight him; but ought rather to deſpiſe ſuch as affect his converſation, unleſs where a perfect intimacy muſt have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falſely and injuriouſly aſperſed.

THIS was not, however, the caſe of Jones; for as he was a perfect ſtranger to the truth, ſo he was with good reaſon offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly againſt the will of Mr Partridge, who having remonſtrated much againſt it to no purpoſe, at laſt condeſcended to take up his knapſack, and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſeveral dialogues between Jones *and* Partridge *concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow eſcape of* Partridge, *as he was on the very brink of making a fatal diſcovery to his friend.*

THE ſhadows began now to deſcend larger from the high mountains: the feathered creation had betaken themſelves to their reſt. Now the higheſt order of mortals were ſitting down to their dinners, and the loweſt order to their ſuppers. In a word, the clock ſtruck five juſt as Mr Jones took his leave of Glouceſter; an hour at which (as it was now midwinter) the dirty fingers of Night would have drawn her ſable curtain over the univerſe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as thoſe of ſome jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to riſe from her bed, where ſhe had ſlumbered away the day, in order to ſit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, aſked him, if he ever had beheld ſo delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready anſwer to his

queſtion, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated ſome paſſages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his deſcription of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the ſtory from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themſelves, when they were at a great diſtance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleaſing themſelves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the ſame object at the ſame time. 'Thoſe lovers,' added he, 'muſt have had ſouls truly capable of feeling all the tenderneſs of the ſublimeſt of all human paſſions.' 'Very probably,' cries Partridge; 'but 'I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of 'feeling cold; for I am almoſt frozen to death, and 'am very much afraid I ſhall loſe a piece of my noſe 'before we get to another houſe of entertainment. 'Nay, truly, we may well expect ſome judgment 'ſhould happen to us for our folly in running away 'ſo by night from one of the moſt excellent inns I 'ever ſet my foot into. I am ſure I never ſaw more 'good things in my life, and the greateſt lord in the 'land cannot live better in his own houſe than he 'may there. And to forſake ſuch a houſe, and go 'a rambling about the country, the Lord knows 'whither, *per devia rura viarum*; I ſay nothing for 'my part, but ſome people might not have charity 'enough to conclude we were in our ſober ſenſes.' 'Fy upon it, Mr Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'have a 'better heart: conſider you are going to face an 'enemy, and are you afraid of facing a little cold? 'I wiſh, indeed, we had a guide to adviſe which of 'theſe roads we ſhould take.' 'May I be ſo bold,' ſays Partridge, 'to offer my advice; *interdum ſtultus 'opportuna loquitur*.' 'Why, which of them,' cries Jones, 'would you recommend?' 'Truly neither of 'them,' anſwered Partridge. 'The only road we 'can be certain of finding is the road we came. A 'good hearty pace will bring us back to Glouceſter 'in an hour, but if we go forward, the Lord Harry 'knows when we ſhall arrive at any place; for I 'ſee at leaſt fifty miles before me, and no houſe in

'all the way.' 'You ſee, indeed, a very fair pro-'ſpect,' ſays Jones, 'which receives great additional 'beauty from the extreme luſtre of the moon. How-'ever, I will keep the left-hand track, as that ſeems 'to lead directly to thoſe hills, which we were in-'formed ly not far from Worceſter. And here, if 'you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return 'back again; but, for my part, I am reſolved to go 'forward.'

'It is unkind in you, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'to ſu-'ſpect me of any ſuch intention. What I have ad-'viſed hath been as much on your account as my 'own; but ſince you are determined to go on, I am 'as much determined to follow. *I præ, ſequar te.*'

They now travelled ſome miles without ſpeaking to each other, during which ſuſpenſe of diſcourſe Jones often ſighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitter-ly, though from a very different reaſon. At length Jones made a full ſtop, and turning about, cries, 'Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliеſt creature 'in the univerſe may have her eyes now fixed on 'that very moon which I behold at this inſtant?' 'Very likely, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'and if my 'eyes were fixed on a good ſirloin of roaſt beef, the 'devil might take the moon and her horns into the 'bargain.' 'Did ever Tramontane make ſuch an 'anſwer?' cries Jones. 'Prithee, Partridge, waſt 'thou ever ſuſceptible of love in thy life, or hath 'time worn away all the traces of it from thy me-'mory?' 'Alack-a-day,' cries Partridge, 'well 'would it have been for me if I had never known 'what love was. *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare* 'dolorem. I am ſure I have taſted all the tenderneſs 'and ſublimities, and bitterneſſes of the paſſion.' 'Was your miſtreſs unkind then?' ſays Jones. 'Very 'unkind indeed, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; for ſhe 'married me, and made one of the moſt confounded 'wives in the world. However, Heaven be praiſed, 'ſhe is gone; and if I believed ſhe was in the moon, 'according to the book I once read, which teaches 'that to be the receptacle of departed ſpirits, I would 'never look at it for fear of ſeeing her; but I wiſh, 'Sir, that the moon was a looking-glaſs for your

'ſake, and that Miſs Sophia Weſtern was now placed 'before it.' 'My dear Partridge,' cries Jones, 'what 'a thought was there! a thought which I am cer-'tain could never have entered into any mind but 'that of a lover. O Partridge, could I hope once 'again to ſee that face; but, alas! all thoſe golden 'dreams are vaniſhed for ever, and my only refuge 'from future miſery is to forget the object of all my 'former happineſs.' 'And do you really deſpair of 'ever ſeeing Miſs Weſtern again?' anſwered Partridge: 'if you will follow my advice, I will en-'gage you ſhall not only ſee her, but have her in 'your arms.' 'Ha! do not awaken a thought of 'that nature,' cries Jones. 'I have ſtruggled ſuffi-'ciently to conquer all ſuch wiſhes already.' 'Nay,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you do not wiſh to have 'your miſtreſs in your arms, you are a moſt extra-'ordinary lover indeed.' 'Well, well,' ſays Jones, 'let us avoid this ſubject; but pray what is your 'advice?' 'To give it you in the military phraſe 'then,' ſays Partridge, 'as we are ſoldiers; To the 'right about.' 'Let us return the way we came; 'we may yet reach Glouceſter to-night, tho' late, 'whereas, if we proceed, we are likely, for ought I 'ſee, to ramble about for ever without coming ei-'ther to houſe or home.' 'I have already told you 'my reſolution is to go on,' anſwered Jones; 'but 'I would have you go back. I am obliged to you 'for your company hither; and I beg you to ac-'cept a guinea as a ſmall inſtance of my gratitude. 'Nay, it would be cruel in me to ſuffer you to go 'any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my 'chief end and deſire is a glorious death in the ſer-'vice of my king and country.' 'As for your mo-'ney,' replied Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you will put it 'up; I will receive none off you at this time; for 'at preſent I am, I believe, the richer man of the 'two. And as your reſolution is to go on, ſo mine 'is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my preſence 'appears abſolutely neceſſary to take care of you, 'ſince your intentions are ſo deſperate; for I pro-'miſe you my views are much more prudent; as 'you are reſolved to fall in battle if you can, ſo I

'am reſolved as firmly to come to no hurt, if I can 'help it. And indeed I have the comfort to think 'there will be but little danger; for a Popiſh prieſt 'told me the other day, the buſineſs would ſoon be 'over, and he believed without a battle.' 'A Popiſh 'prieſt,' cries Jones, 'I have heard is not always to 'be believed when he ſpeaks in behalf of his reli-'gion.' 'Yes, but ſo far,' anſwered the other, 'from 'ſpeaking in behalf of his religion, he aſſured me 'the Catholics did not expect to be any gainers by 'the change; for that Prince Charles was as good 'a Proteſtant as any in England, and that nothing 'but regard to right made him and the reſt of the 'Popiſh party to be Jacobites.' 'I believe him to 'be as much a Proteſtant as I believe he hath any 'right,' ſays Jones, 'and I make no doubt of our 'ſucceſs, but not without a battle; ſo that I am not 'ſo ſanguine as your friend the Popiſh prieſt.' 'Nay, 'to be ſure, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'all the pro-'phecies I have ever read ſpeak of a great deal of 'blood to be ſpilt in the quarrel; and the miller 'with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to hold 'the horſes of three kings, up to his knees in blood. 'Lord have mercy upon us all, and ſend better 'times!' 'With what ſtuff and nonſenſe haſt thou 'filled thy head!' anſwered Jones; 'this too, I ſup-'poſe, comes from the Popiſh prieſt. Monſters and 'prodigies are the proper arguments to ſupport 'monſtrous and abſurd doctrines. The cauſe of 'King George is the cauſe of liberty and true re-'ligion: in other words, it is the cauſe of common 'ſenſe, my boy, and I warrant you will ſucceed, 'though Briareus himſelf was to riſe again with his 'hundred thumbs, and to turn miller.' Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed caſt into the utmoſt confuſion by this declaration of Jones. For to inform the reader of a ſecret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the ſame party, and was now proceed-ing to join the rebels. An opinion which was not with out foundation: for the tall long-ſided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-

tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monſter of Virgil, had related the ſtory of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her uſual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cauſe for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and moſt firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones, and which he had almoſt diſcovered to him before he found out his own miſtake. And at this the reader will be the leſs inclined to wonder, if he pleaſes to recollect the doubtful phraſe in which Jones firſt communicated his reſolution to Mr Partridge; and indeed had the words been leſs ambiguous, Partridge might very well have conſtrued them as he did, being perſuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the ſame inclination in their hearts; nor did it ſtagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of ſoldiers; for he had the ſame opinion of the army which he had of the reſt of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was ſtill much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reaſon he no ſooner diſcovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making of his fortune, ſince he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be ſo deſperate as they really were with Mr Allworthy; for as he had kept a conſtant correſpondence with ſome of his neighbours ſince he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been inſtructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we ſaid, he did not in the leaſt doubt to be his ſon.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr Jones; an event from which he promiſed great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with that young

gentleman; and if he could by any means be inſtrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before ſaid, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr Allworthy.

We have already obſerved, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himſelf declared the violent attachment he had to the perſon and character of Jones; but poſſibly the views which I have juſt before mentioned, might likewiſe have ſome little ſhare in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at leaſt in urging him to continue it, after he had diſcovered, that his maſter and himſelf, like ſome prudent fathers and ſons, though they travelled together in great friendſhip, had embraced oppoſite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendſhip, eſteem, and ſuch like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; intereſt, however, is an ingredient ſeldom omitted by wiſe men, when they would work others to their own purpoſes. This is indeed a moſt excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you deſire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it ſcarce ever fails of immediately producing the deſired effect.

CHAP. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very ſteep hill. Here Jones ſtopt ſhort, and directing his eyes upwards, ſtood for a while ſilent. At length he called to his companion, and ſaid, 'Partridge, I wiſh I was at the top 'of this hill; it muſt certainly afford a moſt charm-'ing proſpect, eſpecially by this light: for the ſo-'lemn gloom which the moon caſts on all objects, is 'beyond expreſſion beautiful, eſpecially to an ima-'gination which is deſirous of cultivating melan-'choly ideas.' 'Very probably,' anſwered Partridge; 'but if the top of the hill be propereſt to

'produce melancholy thoughts, I ſuppoſe the bottom is the likelieſt to produce merry ones, and 'theſe I take to be much the better of the two. I 'proteſt you have made my blood run cold with the 'very mentioning the top of that mountain, which 'ſeems to me to be one of the higheſt in the world. 'No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a 'place under ground, to ſcreen ourſelves from the 'froſt.'—'Do ſo,' ſaid Jones, 'let it be but within 'hearing of this place, and I will hallow to you at 'my return back.' 'Surely, Sir, you are not mad,' ſaid Partridge. 'Indeed I am,' anſwered Jones, 'if 'aſcending this hill be madneſs: but as you com'plain ſo much of the cold already, I would have 'you ſtay below, I will certainly return to you with'in an hour.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I 'have determined to follow you where-ever you go.' Indeed he was now afraid to ſtay behind; for tho' he was coward enough in all reſpects, yet his chief fear was that of ghoſts, with which the preſent time of night, and the wildneſs of the place, extremely well ſuited.

At this inſtant Partridge eſpied a glimmering light through ſome trees, which ſeemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, 'Oh, Sir! Heaven hath at laſt heard my prayers, 'and hath brought us to a houſe; perhaps it may 'be an inn. Let me beſeech you, Sir, if you have 'any compaſſion either for me or yourſelf, do 'not deſpiſe the goodneſs of providence, but let 'us go directly to yon light. Whether it be a pub'lic-houſe or no, I am ſure, if they be Chriſtians that 'dwell there, they will not refuſe a little houſe'room to perſons in our miſerable condition.' Jones at length yielded to the earneſt ſupplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light iſſued.

They ſoon arrived at the door of this houſe or cottage: for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked ſeveral times, without receiving any anſwer from within; at which Partridge, whoſe head was full of nothing but of ghoſts, devils, witches, and ſuch like, began to

tremble, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon us! ſure 'the people muſt be all dead. I can ſee no light 'neither now, and yet I am certain I ſaw a candle 'burning but a moment before.——Well! I have 'heard of ſuch things.'——'What haſt thou heard 'of?' ſaid Jones: 'the people are either faſt aſleep, 'or, probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid 'to open their door.' He then began to vociferate pretty loudly; and at laſt an old woman opening an upper caſement, aſked, Who they were, and what they wanted? Jones anſwered, They were travellers who had loſt their way; and, having ſeen a light in the window, had been led thither, in hopes of finding ſome fire to warm themſelves. 'Whoever you 'are,' cries the woman, 'you have no buſineſs here; 'nor ſhall I open the door to any body at this time 'of night.' Partridge, whom the ſound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the moſt earneſt ſupplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, ſaying, He was almoſt dead with the cold, to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the froſt. He aſſured her, That the gentleman who ſpoke to her was one of the greateſt Sqnires in the country; and made uſe of every argument ſave one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was the promiſe of half a crown: a bribe too great to be reſiſted by ſuch a perſon, eſpecially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly diſcovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely ſubdued thoſe apprehenſions of thieves which ſhe had at firſt conceived. She agreed, therefore, at laſt, to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no ſooner warmed himſelf, than thoſe thoughts which were always uppermoſt in his mind, began a little to diſturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a ſtronger faith than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inſpire this idea, than the old woman who now ſtood before him. She anſwered exactly to that

picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James I. her appearance alone would have hanged her, almoſt without any evidence.

MANY circumſtances likewiſe conſpired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herſelf, in ſo lonely a place, and in a houſe, the outſide of which ſeemed much too good for her; but its inſide was furniſhed in the moſt neat and elegant manner. To ſay the truth, Jones himſelf was not a little ſurpriſed at what he ſaw: for, beſides the extraordinary neatneſs of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curioſities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoſo.

WHILE Jones was admiring theſe things, and Partridge ſat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the houſe of a witch, the old woman ſaid, 'I hope, gentlemen, you will make what haſte you 'can; for I expect my maſter preſently, and I 'would not for double the money he ſhould find you 'here.' 'Then you have a maſter,' cried Jones; 'indeed you will excuſe me, good woman, but I 'was ſurpriſed to ſee all thoſe fine things in your 'houſe.' 'Ah, Sir!' ſaid ſhe, 'if the twentieth part 'of theſe things were mine, I ſhould think myſelf 'a rich woman: but pray, Sir, do not ſtay much 'longer; for I look for him in every minute.'—— 'Why, ſure he would not be angry with you,' ſaid Jones, 'for doing a common act of charity.' 'Alack-'a-day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'he is a ſtrange man, not at 'all like other people. He keeps no company with 'any body, and ſeldom walks out but by night, for 'he doth not care to be ſeen; and all the country 'people are as much afraid of meeting him, for his 'dreſs is enough to frighten thoſe who are not uſed 'to it. They call him, The Man of the Hill, (for 'there he walks by night), and the country people 'are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himſelf. 'He would be terribly angry if he found you here.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'don't let us offend the 'gentleman; I am ready to walk, and was never 'warmer in my life.——Do, pray Sir, let us go,—

'here are piſtols over the chimney; who knows 'whether they be charged or no, or what he may 'do with them?' 'Fear nothing, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'I will ſecure thee from danger.'—'Nay, for 'matter o' that, he never doth any miſchief,' ſaid the woman; 'but to be ſure, it is neceſſary he ſhould 'keep ſome arms for his own ſafety; for his houſe 'hath been beſet more than once, and it is not ma-'ny nights ago, that we thought we heard thieves 'about it: for my own part, I have often won-'dered that he is not murdered by ſome villain or 'other, as he walks out by himſelf at ſuch hours; 'but then, as I ſaid, the people are afraid of him, 'and beſides they think, I ſuppoſe, he hath nothing 'about him worth taking.' 'I ſhould imagine, by 'this collection of rarities,' cries Jones, 'that your 'maſter had been a traveller.' 'Yes, Sir,' anſwer-ed ſhe, 'he hath been a very great one; there be 'few gentlemen that know more of all matters than 'he; I fancy he hath been croſs'd in love, or what-'ever it is, I know not, but I have lived with him 'above theſe thirty years, and, in all that time, he 'hath hardly ſpoke to ſix living people.' She then again ſolicited their departure, in which ſhe was backed by Partridge; but Jones purpoſely protracted the time; for his curioſity was greatly raiſed to ſee this extraordinary perſon. Tho' the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her anſwers with deſiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded ſo far as to pull him by the ſleeve, he ſtill continued to invent new queſtions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared, She heard her maſter's ſignal: and, at the ſame inſtant, more than one voice was heard without the door, crying, 'D—n your blood, ſhew us your money this inſtant. 'Your money, you villain, or we will blow your 'brains about your ears.'

'O, GOOD Heaven!' cries the old woman, 'ſome 'villains, to be ſure, have attacked my maſter. O 'la! what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?' 'How!' cries Jones, 'how!—Are thoſe piſtols loaded?' 'O, 'good Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O, 'pray don't murder us, gentlemen,' (for, in reality,

ſhe now had the ſame opinion of thoſe within, as ſhe had of thoſe without) Jones made her no anſwer; but, ſnatching an old broad-ſword which hung in the room, he inſtantly ſallied out, where he found the old gentleman ſtruggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones aſked no queſtions, but fell ſo briſkly to work with his broad-ſword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold, and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themſelves to their heels, and made their eſcape; for he did not attempt to purſue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their buſineſs; for both of them, as they ran off, cried out, with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones preſently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the ſcuffle; expreſſing, at the ſame time, great concern, leſt he ſhould have received any harm from the villains. The old man ſtared a moment at Jones, and then cried,—'No, 'Sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord 'have mercy upon me!' 'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'you are not free from apprehenſions even of thoſe 'who have had the happineſs to be your deliverers; 'nor can I blame any ſuſpicions which you may 'have; but indeed, you have no real occaſion for 'any; here are none but your friends preſent. 'Having miſs'd our way this cold night, we took the 'liberty of warming ourſelves at your fire, whence 'we were juſt departing when we heard you call 'for aſſiſtance, which I muſt ſay, Providence alone 'ſeems to have ſent you.' 'Providence indeed,' cries the old gentleman, 'if it be ſo.'—'So it is, I aſ-'ſure you,' cries Jones; here is your own ſword, Sir, 'I have uſed it in your defence, and now I re-'turn it into your own hand.' The old man having received the ſword, which was ſtained with the blood of his enemies, looked ſtedfaſtly at Jones during ſome moments, and then, with a ſigh, cried out, 'You will pardon me, young gentleman, I was 'not always of a ſuſpicious temper, nor am I a 'friend to ingratitude.' 'Be thankful then,' cries Jones, 'to that Providence to which you owe your

'deliverance; as to my part, I have only diſcharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow creature in your ſituation.' 'Let me look at you a little longer,' cries the old gentleman—'You are a human creature then?—Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed.'

THE old woman was diſtracted between the fears which ſhe had of her maſter, and for him; and Partridge was, if poſſible, in a greater fright. The former of theſe, however, when ſhe heard her maſter ſpeak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herſelf; but Partridge no ſooner ſaw the gentleman, than the ſtrangeneſs of his dreſs infuſed greater terrors into that poor fellow than he had before felt either from the ſtrange deſcription which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To ſay the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more conſtant mind than that of Mr Partridge. This perſon was of the talleſt ſize, with a long beard as white as ſnow. His body was cloathed with the ſkin of an aſs, made ſomething into the form of a coat. He wore likewiſe boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both compoſed of the ſkin of ſome other animal.

As ſoon as the old gentleman came into his houſe, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy eſcape from the ruffians. 'Yes,' cried he, 'I have eſcaped indeed, thanks to my preſerver.' 'O the bleſſing on him,' anſwered ſhe, 'he is a 'good gentleman I warrant him. I was afraid your 'Worſhip would have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I ſhould not have 'done it, had I not ſeen by the moon-light that he 'was a gentleman, and almoſt frozen to death. And 'to be certain it muſt have been ſome good angel 'that ſent him hither, and tempted me to do it.'

'I AM afraid, Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman to Jones, 'that I have nothing in this houſe which you can 'either eat or drink, unleſs you will accept a dram 'of brandy; of which I can give you ſome moſt

'excellent, and which I have had by me theſe thirty years.' Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper ſpeech, and then the other aſked him, 'Whither he was travelling when he miſs'd his way;' ſaying, 'I muſt own myſelf ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch a 'perſon as you appear to be, journeying on foot at 'this time of night. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are a gentleman of theſe parts; for you do not look like one 'who is uſed to travel far without horſes.'

'APPEARANCES,' cried Jones, 'are often deceitful; men ſometimes look like what they are not. 'I aſſure you I am not of this country, and whither 'I am travelling in reality I ſcarce know myſelf.'

'WHOEVER you are, or whitherſoever you are 'going,' anſwered the old man, 'I have obligations 'to you which I can never return.'

'I ONCE more,' replied Jones, 'affirm, that you 'have none: for there can be no merit in having 'hazarded that in your ſervice on which I ſet no 'value: and nothing is ſo contemptible in my 'eyes as life.'

'I AM ſorry, young gentleman,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'that you have any reaſon to be ſo unhappy at your years.'

'INDEED I am, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'the moſt 'unhappy of mankind.'——'Perhaps you have had 'a friend, or a miſtreſs,' replied the other. 'How 'could you,' cries Jones, 'mention two words ſufficient to drive me to diſtraction!' 'Either of them 'are enough to drive any man to diſtraction,' anſwered the old man. 'I enquire no farther, Sir. 'Perhaps my curioſity hath led me too far already.'

'INDEED, Sir,' cries Jones, 'I cannot cenſure a 'paſſion which I feel at this inſtant in the higheſt 'degree. You will pardon me, when I aſſure you, 'that every thing which I have ſeen or heard ſince 'I firſt entered this houſe, hath conſpired to raiſe 'the greateſt curioſity in me. Something very 'extraordinary muſt have determined you to this 'courſe of life, and I have reaſon to fear your own 'hiſtory is not without misfortunes.'

HERE the old gentleman again ſighed, and remained ſilent for ſome minutes; at laſt, looking ear-

neſtly on Jones, he ſaid, 'I have read that a good 'countenance is a letter of recommendation; if ſo, 'none ever can be more ſtrongly recommended than 'yourſelf. If I did not feel ſome yearnings towards 'you from another conſideration, I muſt be the moſt 'ungrateful monſter upon earth; and I am really 'concerned it is no otherwiſe in my power, than by 'words, to convince you of my gratitude.'

JONES, after a moment's heſitation, anſwered, 'That it was in his power by words to gratify him 'extremely. I have confeſſed a curioſity,' ſaid he, 'Sir; need I ſay how much obliged I ſhould be to you, 'if you would condeſcend to gratify it? Will you 'ſuffer me therefore to beg, unleſs any conſideration 'reſtrains you, that you would be pleaſed to ac-'quaint me what motives have induced you thus to 'withdraw from the ſociety of mankind, and to 'betake yourſelf to a courſe of life to which it ſuf-'ficiently appears you were not born?'

'I SCARCE think myſelf at liberty to refuſe you 'any thing, after what hath happened,' replied the old man: 'if you deſire, therefore, to hear the ſtory 'of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed 'you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly 'ſomething extraordinary in the fortunes of thoſe 'who fly from ſociety; for however it may ſeem a 'paradox, or even a contradiction, certain it is that 'great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and 'deteſt mankind; not on account ſo much of their 'private and ſelfiſh vices, but for thoſe of a relative 'kind; ſuch as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, 'with every other ſpecies of malevolence. Theſe 'are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and 'which rather than ſee and converſe with, ſhe 'avoids ſociety itſelf. However, without a compli-'ment to you, you do not appear to me to be one 'of thoſe whom I ſhould ſhun or deteſt; nay, I muſt 'ſay, in what little hath dropt from you, there ap-'pears ſome parity in our fortunes; I hope, however, 'yours will conclude more ſucceſsfully.'

HERE ſome compliments paſſed between our hero and his hoſt, and then the latter was going to begin his hiſtory, when Partridge interrupted him. His

apprehenſions had now pretty well left him; but ſome effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was preſently brought, and Partridge ſwallowed a large bumper.

THE gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his hiſtory.

'I WAS born in a village of Somerſetſhire, called 'Mark, in the year 1657. My father was one of 'thoſe whom they call gentlemen-farmers. He had 'a little eſtate of about 300 l. a year of his own, and 'rented another eſtate of near the ſame value. He 'was prudent and induſtrious, and ſo good a huſ-'bandman, that he might have led a very eaſy and 'comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife 'ſoured his domeſtic quiet. But though this cir-'cumſtance perhaps made him miſerable, it did not 'make him poor: for he confined her almoſt en-'tirely at home, and rather choſe to bear eternal 'upbraidings in his own houſe, than to injure his 'fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies 'ſhe deſired abroad.

'BY this Xantippe' (ſo was the wife of Socrates called, ſaid Partridge) 'By this Xantippe he had 'two ſons, of which I was the younger. He de-'ſigned to give us both good education; but my 'elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the fa-'vourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learn-'ing; inſomuch that, after having been five or ſix 'years at ſchool with little or no improvement, my 'father being told by his maſter that it would be to 'no purpoſe to keep him longer there, at laſt com-'plied with my mother in taking him home from 'the hands of that tyrant, as ſhe called his maſter; 'though indeed he gave the lad much leſs correction 'than his idleneſs deſerved, but much more, it ſeems, 'than the young gentleman liked, who conſtantly 'complained to his mother of his ſevere treatment, 'and ſhe as conſtantly gave him a hearing.

'YES, yes,' cries Partridge, 'I have ſeen ſuch mo-
'thers; I have been abuſed myſelf by them, and
'very unjuſtly: ſuch parents deſerve correction as
'much as their children.'

JONES chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the ſtranger proceeded. 'My brother,
'now at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learn-
'ing, and to every thing elſe but his dog and gun,
'with which latter he became ſo expert, that tho'
'perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not
'only hit a ſtanding mark with great certainty, but
'hath actually ſhot a crow as it was flying in the
'air. He was likewiſe excellent at finding a hare
'ſitting, and was ſoon reputed one of the beſt ſportſ-
'men in the country. A reputation which both he
'and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been
'thought the fineſt ſcholar.

'THE ſituation of my brother made me at firſt
'think my lot the harder, in being continued at
'ſchool; but I ſoon changed my opinion; for as I
'advanced pretty faſt in learning, my labours be-
'came eaſy, and my exerciſe ſo delightful, that ho-
'lidays were my moſt unpleaſant time: for my
'mother, who never loved me, now apprehending
'that I had the greater ſhare of my father's affec-
'tion, and finding, or at leaſt thinking, that I was
'more taken notice of by ſome gentlemen of learn-
'ing, and particularly by the parſon of the pariſh,
'than my brother, ſhe now hated my ſight, and
'made home ſo diſagreeable to me, that what is
'called by ſchool-boys Black Monday, was to me
'the whiteſt in the whole year.

'HAVING at length gone through the ſchool at
'Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college
'in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the
'end of which an accident took me off entirely
'from my ſtudies; and hence I may truly date the
'riſe of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

'THERE was at the ſame college with myſelf one
'Sir George Greſham, a young fellow who was en-
'titled to a very conſiderable fortune; which he
'was not, by the will of his father, to come into
'full poſſeſſion of, till he arrived at the age of

'twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cauſe to regret the abundant caution of his father: for they allowed him five hundred pound a year while he remained at the univerſity, where he kept his horſes and his whore, and lived as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have done had he been never ſo entirely maſter of his fortune; for beſides the five hundred a year which he received from his guardians, he found means to ſpend a thouſand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleaſed.

'THIS young fellow, among many other tolerable bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in deſtroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford ſo well as himſelf; and the better, and worthier, and ſoberer, any young man was, the greater pleaſure and triumph had he in his deſtruction. Thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about ſeeking whom he might devour.

'IT was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my ſtudies made me a deſirable object of his miſchievous intention; and my own inclination made it ſufficiently eaſy for him to effect his purpoſe: for though I had applied myſelf with much induſtry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleaſures in which I was capable of taking much greater; for I was high-mettled, had a violent flow of animal ſpirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

'I HAD not long contracted an intimacy with Sir George, before I became a partaker of all his pleaſures; and when I was once entered on that ſcene, neither my inclination nor my ſpirit would ſuffer me to play an under-part. I was ſecond to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf ſo notably in all riots and diſorders, that my name generally ſtood firſt in the roll of delinquents; and inſtead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George,

'I was now accuſed as the perſon who had miſled 'and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; 'for though he was the ring-leader and promoter 'of all miſchief, he was never ſo conſidered. I fell 'at laſt under the cenſure of the vice-chancellor, 'and very narrowly eſcaped expulſion.

'You will eaſily believe, Sir, that ſuch a life as I 'am now deſcribing muſt be incompatible with my 'further progreſs in learning; and that in propor-'tion as I addicted myſelf more and more to looſe 'pleaſure, I muſt grow more and more remiſs in 'application to my ſtudies. This was truly the 'conſequence; but this was not all. My expences 'now greatly exceeded not only my former income, 'but thoſe additions which I extorted from my poor 'generous father, on pretences of ſums being ne-'ceſſary for preparing for my approaching degree 'of batchelor of arts. Theſe demands, however, 'grew at laſt ſo frequent and exorbitant, that my 'father, by ſlow degrees, opened his ears to the ac-'counts which he received from many quarters of 'my preſent behaviour, and which my mother fail-'ed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding, 'Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the ſcholar who doth 'ſo much honour to his family, and is to be the 'making of it. I thought what all this learning 'would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I 'find, after his elder brother hath been denied ne-'ceſſaries for his ſake, to perfect his education for-'ſooth, for which he was to pay us ſuch intereſt: I 'thought what the intereſt would come to:' with 'much more of the ſame kind; but I have, I be-'lieve, ſatisfied you with this taſte.

'My father, therefore, began now to return re-'monſtrances, inſtead of money, to my demands, 'which brought my affairs perhaps a little ſooner to 'a criſis; but had he remitted me his whole income, 'you will imagine it could have ſufficed a very 'ſhort time to ſupport one who kept pace with the 'expences of Sir George Greſham.

'It is more than poſſible, that the diſtreſs I was 'now in for money, and the impracticability of go-'ing on in this manner, might have reſtored me to

'once to my ſenſes and to my ſtudies, had I opened 'my eyes before I became involved in debts, from 'which I ſaw no hopes of ever extricating myſelf. 'This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and 'by which he accompliſhed the ruin of many, whom 'he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, 'for vying, as he called it, with a man of his for-'tune. To bring this about, he would now and 'then advance a little money himſelf, in order to 'ſupport the credit of the unfortunate youth with 'other people; till, by means of that very credit, 'he was irretrievably undone.

'My mind being, by theſe means, grown as de-'ſperate as my fortune, there was ſcarce a wicked-'neſs which I did not meditate, in order for my re-'lief. Self-murder itſelf became the ſubject of my 'ſerious deliberation; and I had certainly reſolved 'on it, had not a more ſhameful, though perhaps 'leſs ſinful thought expelled it from my head.' Here he heſitated a moment, and then cried out, 'I proteſt, ſo many years have not waſhed away the 'ſhame of this act, and I ſhall bluſh while I relate 'it.' Jones deſired him to paſs over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out, 'O pray, Sir, let us hear this; 'I had rather hear this than all the reſt; as I hope 'to be ſaved, I will never mention a word of it.' Jones was going to rebuke him, but the ſtranger prevented it, by proceeding thus: 'I had a chum, 'a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though 'he had no very large allowance, had by his parſi-'mony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which 'I knew he kept in his eſcruitore. I took there-'fore an opportunity of purloining his key from 'his breeches pocket while he was aſleep, and thus 'made myſelf maſter of all his riches. After which 'I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and 'counterfeiting ſleep, though I never once cloſed 'my eyes, lay in bed till after he aroſe and went to 'prayers, an exerciſe to which I had long been un-'accuſtomed.

'TIMOROUS thieves, by extreme caution, often 'ſubject themſelves to diſcoveries, which thoſe of a

'bolder kind eſcape. Thus it happened to me; for 'had I boldly broke open his eſcruitore, I had, per-'haps, eſcaped even his ſuſpicion; but as it was 'plain that the perſon who robbed him had poſſeſſed 'himſelf of his key, he had no doubt, when he firſt 'miſſed his money, but that his chum was certainly 'the thief. Now, as he was of a fearful diſpoſition, 'and much my inferior in ſtrength, and, I believe, 'in courage, he did not dare to confront me with 'my guilt, for fear of worſe bodily conſequences 'which might happen to him. He repaired, there-'fore, immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon 'ſwearing to the robbery, and to the circumſtances 'of it, very eaſily obtained a warrant againſt one 'who had now ſo bad a character through the whole 'univerſity.

'LUCKILY for me I lay out of the college the next 'evening; for that day I attended a young lady in 'a chaiſe to Whitney, where we ſtaid all night; and 'in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met 'one of my cronies, who acquainted me with ſuf-'ficient news concerning myſelf to make me turn 'my horſe another way.'

'PRAY, Sir, did he mention any thing of the 'warrant?' ſaid Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impertinent queſtions; which he did as follows.

'HAVING now abandoned all thoughts of return-'ing to Oxford, the next thing which offered itſelf 'was a journey to London. I imparted this inten-'tion to my female companion, who at firſt remon-'ſtrated againſt it; but upon producing my wealth, 'ſhe immediately conſented. We then ſtruck acroſs 'the country into the great Cirenceſter road, and 'made ſuch haſte, that we ſpent the next evening '(ſave one) in London.

'WHEN you conſider the place where I now was, 'and the company with whom I was, you will, I 'fancy, conceive that a very ſhort time brought me 'to an end of that ſum of which I had ſo iniqui-'touſly poſſeſſed myſelf.

'I WAS now reduced to a much higher degree of 'diſtreſs than before; the neceſſaries of life began to

'be numbered among my wants; and what made 'my caſe ſtill the more grievous was, that my 'paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderate-'ly fond, ſhared the ſame diſtreſſes with myſelf. 'To ſee a woman you love in diſtreſs, to be unable 'to relieve her, and at the ſame time to reflect that 'you have brought her into this ſituation, is, per-'haps, a curſe of which no imagination can repre-'ſent the horrors to thoſe who have not felt it.' 'I be-'lieve it from my ſoul,' cries Jones; 'and I pity you 'from the bottom of my heart.' He then took two or three diſorderly turns about the room, and at laſt begged pardon, and flung himſelf into his chair, cry-ing, 'I thank Heaven I have eſcaped that.'

'THIS circumſtance,' continued the gentleman, 'ſo ſeverely aggravated the horrors of my preſent 'ſituation, that they became abſolutely intolerable. 'I could with leſs pain endure the raging of my own 'natural unſatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirſt, 'than I could ſubmit to leave ungratified the moſt 'whimſical deſires of a woman on whom I ſo ex-'travagantly doated, that though I knew ſhe had 'been the miſtreſs of half my acquaintance, I firm-'ly intended to marry her. But the good creature 'was unwilling to conſent to an action which the 'world might think ſo much to my diſadvantage. 'And as poſſibly ſhe compaſſionated the daily an-'xieties which ſhe muſt have perceived me ſuffer 'on her account, ſhe reſolved to put an end to my 'diſtreſs. She ſoon indeed found means to relieve 'me from my troubleſome and perplexed ſituation: 'for while I was diſtracted with various inventions 'to ſupply her with pleaſures, ſhe very kindly—be-'trayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, 'by whoſe care and diligence I was immediately 'apprehended and committed to gaol.

'HERE I firſt began ſeriouſly to reflect on the miſ-'carriages of my former life; on the errors I had 'been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had 'brought on myſelf; and on the grief which I muſt 'have occaſioned to one of the beſt of fathers. When 'I added to all theſe the perfidy of my miſtreſs, 'ſuch was the horror of my mind, that life, inſtead

'of being longer desirable, grew the object of my 'abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced 'death, as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself 'to my choice unattended by shame.

'THE time of the assizes soon came, and I was 'removed by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I ex-'pected certain conviction and condemnation; but, 'to my great surprise, none appeared against me, 'and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged 'for want of prosecution. In short, my chum had 'left Oxford; and whether from indolence, or from 'what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined 'concerning himself any farther in the affair.'

'PERHAPS,' cries Partridge, 'he did not care to 'have your blood upon his hands, and he was in 'the right on't. If any person was to be hanged 'upon my evidence, I should never be able to ly 'alone afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost.'

'I SHALL shortly doubt, Partridge,' says Jones, 'whether thou art more brave or wise.' 'You may 'laugh at me, Sir, if you please,' answered Par-'tridge: but if you will hear a very short story 'which I can tell, and which is most certainly true, 'perhaps you may change your opinion. In the 'parish where I was born——' Here Jones would have silenced him; but the stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his story, and in the mean time promised to recollect the remainder of his own.'

PARTRIDGE then proceeded thus. 'In the parish 'where I was born there lived a farmer whose name 'was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis, a 'good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar-'school with him, where I remember he was got in-'to Ovid's epistles, and he could construe you three 'lines together sometimes without looking into a 'dictionary. Besides all this, he was a very good 'lad, never missed church o' Sundays, and was rec-'koned one of the best psalm-singers in the whole 'parish. He would indeed now and then take a cup 'too much, and that was the only fault he had.'— 'Well,' but come to the ghost,' cries Jones. 'Ne-'ver fear, Sir, I shall come to him soon enough,'

anſwered Partridge. 'You muſt know then, that 'Farmer Bridle loſt a mare, a ſorrel one, to the beſt 'of my remembrance; and ſo it fell out that this 'young Francis ſhortly afterward being at a fair at 'Hindon, and as I think it was on —— I can't re-'member the day; and being as he was, what ſhould 'he happen to meet but a man upon his father's 'mare. Frank called out preſently, ſtop-thief; and 'it being in the middle of the fair, it was impoſſible, 'you know, for the man to make his eſcape. So 'they apprehended him, and carried him before the 'juſtice; I remember it was Juſtice Willoughby of 'Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman, and he 'committed him to priſon, and bound Frank in a 'recognizance, I think they call it, a hard word, 'compounded of *re* and *cognoſco*; but it differs in 'its meaning from the uſe of the ſimple, as many 'other compounds do. Well, at laſt came down 'my Lord Juſtice Page to hold the aſſizes, and ſo 'the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up as 'a witneſs. To be ſure I ſhall never forget the face 'of the judge, when he began to aſk him what he 'had to ſay againſt the priſoner. He made poor 'Frank tremble and ſhake in his ſhoes. "Well, you 'fellow," ſays my Lord, "what have you to ſay? 'Don't ſtand humming and hawing, but ſpeak out;" 'but however he ſoon turned altogether as civil to 'Frank, and began to thunder at the fellow; and 'when he aſked him, if he had any thing to ſay for 'himſelf, the fellow ſaid, he had found the horſe. "Ay!" anſwered the judge, "thou art a lucky fel-'low; I have travelled the circuit theſe forty years, 'and never found a horſe in my life: but I'll tell 'thee what, friend, thou waſt more lucky than thou 'didſt know of; for thou didſt not only find a horſe, 'but a halter too, I promiſe thee." To be ſure I ſhall 'never forget the word. Upon which every body 'fell a laughing, as how could they help it? Nay, 'and twenty other jeſts he made, which I can't re-'member now. There was ſomething about his 'ſkill in horſe-fleſh, which made all the folks laugh. 'To be certain the judge muſt have been a very 'brave man, as well as a man of much learning. It

'is indeed charming ſport to hear trials upon life 'and death. One thing I own I thought a little 'hard, that the priſoner's counſel was not ſuffered 'to ſpeak for him, though he deſired only to be 'heard one very ſhort word; but my Lord would 'not hearken to him, though he ſuffered a coun-'ſellor to talk againſt him for above half an hour. 'I thought it hard, I own, that there ſhould be ſo 'many of them, my Lord, and the court, and the 'jury, and the counſellors, and the witneſſes, all 'upon one poor man, and he too in chains. Well, 'the fellow was hanged, as to be ſure it could be no 'otherwiſe, and poor Frank could never be eaſy 'about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he 'fancied he ſaw the fellow's ſpirit.' 'Well, and is 'this thy ſtory? cries Jones. 'No, no,' anſwered Partridge; 'O Lord, have mercy upon me.——I am 'juſt now coming to the matter; for one night, 'coming from the alehouſe in a long narrow dark 'lane, there he ran directly up againſt him, and 'the ſpirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank; 'and Frank, who is a ſturdy lad, fell upon the ſpirit 'again, and there they had a tuſſel together, and 'poor Frank was dreadfully beat: indeed he made 'a ſhift at laſt to crawl home; but what with the 'beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above 'a fortnight. And all this is moſt certainly true, 'and the whole pariſh will bear witneſs to it.'

THE ſtranger ſmiled at this ſtory, and Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried, 'Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and ſo did ſome 'others, particularly a ſquire, who is thought to be 'no better than an atheiſt; who, forſooth, becauſe 'there was a calf with a white face found dead in 'the ſame lane the next morning, would fain have 'it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as 'if a calf would ſet upon a man. Beſides, Frank 'told me, he knew it to be a ſpirit, and could ſwear 'to him in any court in Chriſtendom, and he had 'not drank above a quart or two, or ſuch a matter 'of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, 'and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, 'I ſay.'

'WELL, Sir,' ſaid Jones to the ſtranger, 'Mr Partridge hath finiſhed his ſtory, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be ſo kind to proceed.' He then reſumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think it proper to give it to our reader, and ſhall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his hiſtory.

'I HAD now regained my liberty,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'but I had loſt my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the caſe of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of juſtice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conſcious of my guilt, and aſhamed to look any one in the face, ſo reſolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the daylight diſcovered me to the eyes of any beholders.

'WHEN I had got clear of the city, it firſt entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveneſs; but as I had no reaſon to doubt his knowledge of all which had paſt, and as I was well aſſured of his great averſion to all acts of diſhoneſty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, eſpecially ſince I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay, had my father's pardon been as ſure as I conceived his reſentment to be, I yet queſtion whether I could have had the aſſurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have ſubmitted to live and converſe with thoſe who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of ſo baſe an action.

'I HASTENED therefore back to London, the beſt retirement of either grief or ſhame, unleſs for perſons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of ſolitude without its diſadvantage, ſince you may be alone and in company at the ſame time; and while you walk or ſit unobſerved, noiſe, hurry, and a conſtant ſucceſſion of objects,

'entertain the mind, and prevent the ſpirits from 'preying on themſelves, or rather on grief or ſhame, 'which are the moſt unwholſome diet in the world, 'and on which (though there are many who ne-'ver taſte either but in public) there are ſome who 'can feed very plentifully and very fatally when 'alone.

'But as there is ſcarce any human good without 'its concomitant evil, ſo there are people who find 'an inconvenience in this unobſerving temper of 'mankind; I mean perſons who have no money: 'for as you are not put out of countenance, ſo nei-'ther are you cloathed or fed by thoſe who do not 'know you; and a man may be as eaſily ſtarved 'in Leadenhall market, as in the deſerts of Arabia.

'It was at preſent my fortune to be deſtitute of 'that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by ſeve-'ral writers, who I ſuppoſe were overburthened 'with it, namely, money.' "With ſubmiſſion, Sir," ſaid Partridge, "I do not remember any writers 'who have called it *malorum*; but *irritamenta malo-'rum. Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.*" 'Well, 'Sir,' continued the ſtranger, 'whether it be an 'evil, or only the cauſe of an evil, I was entirely 'void of it, and at the ſame time of friends, and, as 'I thought, of acquaintance; when one evening as 'I was paſſing through the Inner Temple, very 'hungry, and very miſerable, I heard a voice on a 'ſudden haling me with great familiarity by my 'Chriſtian name; and upon my turning about, I 'preſently recollected the perſon who ſo ſaluted me, 'to have been my fellow collegiate; one who had 'left the univerſity above a year, and long before 'any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This 'gentleman, whoſe name was Watſon, ſhook me 'heartily by the hand, and expreſſing great joy at 'meeting me, propoſed our immediately drinking 'a bottle together. I firſt declined the propoſal, and 'pretended buſineſs; but as he was very earneſt and 'preſſing, hunger at laſt overcame my pride, and I fair-'ly confeſſed to him I had no money in my pocket; 'yet not without framing a lie for an excuſe, and 'imputing it to my having changed my breeches

'that morning.' Mr Watſon anſwered, "I thought, 'Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for 'you to mention ſuch a matter." He then took me 'by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave 'him very little trouble, for my own inclinations 'pulled me much ſtronger than he could do.

'We then went into the Friars, which you know 'is the ſcene of all mirth and jollity. Here when 'we arrived at the tavern, Mr Watſon applied 'himſelf to the drawer only, without taking the 'leaſt notice of the cook; for he had no ſuſpicion 'but that I had dined long ſince. However, as the 'caſe was really otherwiſe, I forged another falſe-'hood, and told my companion, I had been at the 'further end of the city on buſineſs of conſequence, 'and had ſnapt up a mutton chop in haſte; ſo that 'I was again hungry, and wiſhed he would add a 'beef-ſteak to his bottle.' "Some people," cries 'Partridge, "ought to have good memories; or 'did you find juſt money enough in your breeches 'to pay for the mutton chop?" 'Your obſervation 'is right,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'and I believe 'ſuch blunders are inſeparable from all dealing in 'untruth.—But to proceed—I began now to feel 'myſelf extremely happy. The meat and wine ſoon 'revived my ſpirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed 'much pleaſure in the converſation of my old ac-'quaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely 'ignorant of what had happened at the univerſity 'ſince his leaving it.

'But he did not ſuffer me to remain long in this 'agreeable deluſion; for taking a bumper in one 'hand, and holding me by the other,' "Here, my 'boy," cries he, "here's wiſhing you joy of your 'being ſo honourably acquitted of that affair laid 'to your charge." I was thunderſtruck with con-'fuſion at thoſe words, which Watſon obſerving, 'proceeded thus,——"Nay, never be aſhamed, 'man; thou haſt been acquitted, and no one now 'dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who 'am thy friend, I hope thou didſt really rob him; 'for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to 'ſtrip ſuch a ſneaking pitiful raſcal, and inſtead of

'the two hundred guineas, I wish you had taken 'as many thousands. Come, come, my boy, don't 'be shy of confessing to me, you are not now brought 'before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't 'honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I 'would have made no manner of scruple of doing 'the same thing."

'THIS declaration a little relieved my abashment, 'and as the wine had now somewhat opened my heart, 'I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but ac- 'quainted him that he had been misinformed as to 'the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth 'part of what he had mentioned.

"I AM sorry for it with all my heart," quoth he, "and I wish thee better success another time. 'Though, if you will take my advice, you shall 'have no occasion to run any such risque. Here," said he, (taking some dice out of his pocket), "here's 'the stuff; here are the implements; here are the 'little doctors which cure the distempers of the 'purse. Follow but my counsel, and I will shew 'you a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull, 'without any danger of the nubbing cheat."

"NUBBING cheat," cries Partridge, "Pray, Sir, 'what is that?"

'WHY that, Sir,' says the stranger, 'is a cant 'phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ 'little from highway-men in their morals, so do they 'very much resemble them in their language.

'WE had now each drank our bottle, when Mr 'Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he 'must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same 'time, to go with him and try my fortune. I an- 'swered, he knew that was at present out of my 'power, as I had informed him of the emptiness 'of my pocket. To say the truth, I doubted not, 'from his many strong expressions of friendship, 'but that he would offer to lend me a small sum for 'that purpose; but he answered, "Never mind 'that, man, e'en boldly run a levant;" (Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of that word; but Jones stopped his mouth); "but be circumspect-

'as to the man. I will tip you the proper perſon, 'which may be neceſſary, as you do not know the 'town, nor can diſtinguiſh a rum cull from a queer 'one."

'THE bill was now brought, when Watſon paid 'his ſhare, and was departing. I reminded him, 'not without bluſhing, of my having no money. 'He anſwered, "That ſignifies nothing, ſcore it be-'hind the door, or make a bold bruſh, and take no 'notice.—Or—ſtay," ſays he, "I will go down ſtairs 'firſt, and then do you take up my money, and 'ſcore the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will 'wait for you at the corner." I expreſſed ſome diſ-'like at this, and hinted my expectation that he 'would have depoſited the whole; but he ſwore he 'had not another ſixpence in his pocket.

'HE then went down, and I was prevailed on to 'take up the money and follow him, which I did 'cloſe enough to hear him tell the drawer the rec-'koning was upon the table. The drawer paſſed 'by me up ſtairs, but I made ſuch haſte into the 'ſtreet, that I heard nothing of his diſappointment, 'nor did I mention a ſyllable at the bar, according 'to my inſtructions.

'WE now went directly to the gaming-table, 'where Mr Watſon, to my ſurpriſe, pulled out a 'large ſum of money, and placed it before him, as 'did many others; all of them, no doubt, conſider-'ing their own heaps as ſo many decoy-birds, which 'were to intice and draw over the heaps of their 'neighbours.

'HERE it would be tedious to relate all the freaks 'which Fortune, or rather the dice, played in this 'her temple. Mountains of gold were, in a few 'moments, reduced to nothing at one part of the 'table, and roſe as ſuddenly in another. The rich 'grew in a moment poor, and the poor as ſuddenly 'became rich; ſo that it ſeemed a philoſopher could 'no where have ſo well inſtructed his pupils in the 'contempt of riches, at leaſt, he could no where 'have better inculcated the incertainty of their du-'ration.

'FOR my own part, after having conſiderably

'improved my ſmall eſtate, I at laſt entirely demoliſhed it. Mr Watſon too, after much variety of 'luck, roſe from the table in ſome heat, and declared he had loſt a cool hundred, and would play 'no longer. Then coming up to me, he aſked me 'to return with him to the tavern; but I poſitively 'refuſed, ſaying, I would not bring myſelf a ſecond 'time into ſuch a dilemma, and eſpecially as he 'had loſt all his money, and was now in my own 'condition. "Pooh!" ſays he, "I have juſt borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend; and one of 'them is at your ſervice." He immediately put one 'of them into my hand, and I no longer reſiſted 'his inclination.

'I WAS at firſt a little ſhocked at returning to the 'ſame houſe whence we had departed in ſo unhandſome a manner; but when the drawer, with very 'civil addreſs, told us, He believed we had forgot 'to pay our reckoning, I became perfectly eaſy, 'and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay 'himſelf, and acquieſced in the unjuſt charge 'which had been laid on my memory.

'MR Watſon now beſpoke the moſt extravagant 'ſupper he could well think of, and though he had 'contented himſelf with ſimple claret before, nothing now but the moſt precious Burgundy would 'ſerve his purpoſe.

'OUR company was ſoon encreaſed by the addition of ſeveral gentlemen from the gaming-table; 'moſt of whom, as I afterwards found, came not 'to the tavern to drink, but in the way of buſineſs; 'for the true gameſters pretended to be ill, and refuſed their glaſs, while they plied heartily two 'young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of 'this plunder I had the good fortune to be a ſharer, 'though I was not yet let into the ſecret.

'THERE was one remarkable accident attended 'this tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally diſappeared, ſo that though, at the beginning, 'the table was half covered with gold, yet before 'the play ended, which it did not till the next 'day, being Sunday, at noon, there was ſcarce a

'ſingle guinea to be ſeen on the table; and this 'was the ſtranger, as every perſon preſent, except 'myſelf, declared he had loſt; and what was be-'come of the money, unleſs the devil himſelf car-'ried it away, is difficult to determine.'

'MOST certainly he did,' ſays Partridge, 'for evil 'ſpirits can carry away any thing without being 'ſeen, though there were never ſo many folk in 'the room; and I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed if 'he had carried away all the company of a ſet of 'wicked wretches, who were at play in ſermon-'time. And I could tell you a true ſtory, if I 'would, where the devil took a man out of bed 'from another man's wife, and carried him away 'through the key-hole of the door. I've ſeen the 'very houſe where it was done, and no body hath 'lived in it theſe thirty years.'

THOUGH Jones was a little offended by the im-pertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid ſmiling at his ſimplicity. The ſtranger did the ſame, and then proceeded with his ſtory, as will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing ſtory is farther continued.

'MY fellow collegiate had now entered me in 'a new ſcene of life. I ſoon became ac-'quainted with the whole fraternity of ſharpers; 'and was let into their ſecrets; I mean into the 'knowledge of thoſe groſs cheats which are proper 'to impoſe upon the raw and unexperienced: for 'there are ſome tricks of a finer kind, which are 'known only to a few of the gang, who are at the 'head of their profeſſion; a degree of honour be-'yond my expectation: for drink, to which I was 'immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth 'of my paſſions, prevented me from arriving at any 'great ſucceſs in an art which requires as much 'coolneſs as the moſt auſtere ſchool of philoſophy.

'MR Watſon, with whom I now lived in the cloſ-'eſt amity, had unluckily the former falling to a 'very great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making a for-

'tune by his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he was 'alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged 'to ſurrender to his cooler friends over a bottle 'which they never taſted, that plunder that he had 'taken from culls at the public table.

'HOWEVER, we both made a ſhift to pick up an 'uncomfortable livelihood, and, for two years, I 'continued of the calling, during which time I 'taſted all the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flou-'riſhing in affluence, and at others, being obliged to 'ſtruggle with almoſt incredible difficulties; to-'day wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced 'to the coarſeſt and moſt homely fare; my fine 'clothes being often on my back in the evening, 'and at the pawnſhop the next morning.

'ONE night as I was returning pennyleſs from 'the gaming-table, I obſerved a very great diſtur-'bance, and a large mob gathered together in the 'ſtreet. As I was in no danger from pick-pockets, 'I ventured into the crowd, where, upon enquir-, 'I found that a man had been robbed and very ill 'uſed by ſome ruffians. The wounded man appear-'ed very bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport 'himſelf on his legs. As I had not therefore been 'deprived of my humanity by my preſent life and 'converſation, though they had left me very little 'of either honeſty or ſhame, I immediately offered 'my aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who thank-'fully accepted it, and putting himſelf under my 'conduct, begged me to convey him to ſome tavern, 'where he might ſend for a ſurgeon, being, as he 'ſaid, faint with loſs of blood. He ſeemed indeed 'highly pleaſed at finding one who appeared in 'the dreſs of a gentleman: for as to all the reſt of 'the company preſent, their outſide was ſuch, that 'he could not wiſely place any confidence in them.

'I TOOK the poor man by the arm, and led him 'to the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it 'happened to be the neareſt at hand. A ſurgeon 'happening luckily to be in the houſe, immediate-'ly attended, and applied himſelf to dreſſing his 'wounds, which I had the pleaſure to hear were not 'likely to be mortal.

'THE ſurgeon having very expeditiouſly and 'dextrouſly finiſhed his buſineſs, began to enquire 'in what part of the town the wounded man 'lodged; who anſwered, that he was come to town 'that very evening; that his horſe was at an inn 'in Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, 'and very little or no acquaintance in town.

'THIS ſurgeon, whoſe name I have forgot, tho' 'I remember it began with an R, had the firſt cha-'racter in his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-ſurgeon 'to the king. He had moreover many good qua-'lities, and was a very generous, good-natured 'man, and ready to do any ſervice to his fellow-'creatures. He offered his patient the uſe of his 'chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the ſame 'time whiſpered in his ear, That if he wanted any 'money, he would furniſh him.

'THE poor man was not now capable of return-'ing thanks for this generous offer: for having had 'his eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, he threw 'himſelf back in his chair, crying, "O, my ſon! my 'ſon!" and then fainted away.

'MANY of the people preſent imagined this acci-'dent had happened through the loſs of blood; but 'I, who at the ſame time began to recollect the fea-'tures of my father, was now confirmed in my ſu-'ſpicion, and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf who 'appeared before me. I preſently ran to him, 'raiſed him in my arms, and kiſſed his cold lips with 'the utmoſt eagerneſs. Here I muſt draw a curtain 'over a ſcene which I cannot deſcribe: for though 'I did not loſe my being, as my father for a while 'did, my ſenſes were however ſo overpowered with 'affright and ſurpriſe, that I am a ſtranger to 'what paſſed during ſome minutes, and indeed till 'my father had again recovered from his ſwoon; 'and I found myſelf in his arms, both tenderly em-'bracing each other, while the tears trickled a-pace 'down the cheeks of each of us.

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'any ſuch thoughts. I had taſted of love already, 'and perhaps you know the extravagant exceſſes of 'that moſt tender and moſt violent paſſion.' Here the old gentleman pauſed, and looked earneſtly at Jones; whoſe countenance, within a minute's ſpace, diſplayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any obſervations, renewed his narrative.

'BEING now provided with all the neceſſaries of 'life, I betook myſelf once again to ſtudy, and that 'with a more inordinate application than I had ever 'done formerly. The books which now employed 'my time ſolely were thoſe, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philoſophy, a word which 'is by many thought to be the ſubject only of farce 'and ridicule. I now read over the works of Ariſtotle and Plato, with the reſt of thoſe ineſtimable 'treaſures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed 'to the world.

'THESE authors, though they inſtructed me in 'no ſcience by which men may promiſe to themſelves to acquire the leaſt riches, or worldly 'power, taught me, however, the art of deſpiſing 'the higheſt acquiſitions of both. They elevate the 'mind, and ſteel and harden it againſt the capricious invaſions of fortune. They not only inſtruct 'in the knowledge of wiſdom, but confirm men in 'her habits, and demonſtrate plainly, that this muſt 'be our guide, if we propoſe ever to arrive at the 'greateſt worldly happineſs, or to defend ourſelves 'with any tolerable ſecurity againſt the miſery 'which every where ſurrounds and inveſts us.

'To this I added another ſtudy, compared to 'which all the philoſophy taught by the wiſeſt heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed 'as full of vanity as the ſilliеſt jeſter ever pleaſed 'to repreſent it. This is that divine wiſdom which 'is alone to be found in the holy ſcriptures: for 'they impart to us the knowledge and aſſurance 'of things much more worthy our attention, than 'all which this world can offer to our acceptance; 'of things which heaven itſelf hath condeſcended 'to reveal to us, and to the ſmalleſt knowledge of

'which the higheſt human wit, unaſſiſted, could 'never aſcend. I began now to think all the time 'I had ſpent with the beſt heathen writers, was lit-'tle more than labour loſt: for however pleaſant 'and delightful their leſſons may be, or however 'adequate to the right regulation of our conduct 'with reſpect to this world only, yet when com-'pared with the glory revealed in ſcripture, their 'higheſt documents will appear as trifling, and of 'as little conſequence, as the rules by which chil-'dren regulate their childiſh little games and pa-'ſtime. True it is, that philoſophy makes us wiſer, 'but Chriſtianity makes us better men. Philoſophy 'elevates and ſteels the mind, Chriſtianity ſoftens 'and ſweetens it. The former makes us the objects 'of human admiration, the latter of divine love. 'That inſures us a temporal, but this an eternal 'happineſs.—But I am afraid I tire you with my 'rhapſody.'

"Not at all," cries Partridge; "Lud forbid we 'ſhould be tired with good things."

'I had ſpent,' continued the ſtranger, 'about 'four years in the moſt delightful manner to my-'ſelf, totally given up to contemplation, and en-'tirely unembaraſſed with the affairs of the world, 'when I loſt the beſt of fathers, and one whom I ſo 'entirely loved, that my grief at his loſs exceeds all 'deſcription. I now abandoned my books, and 'gave myſelf up for a whole month to the efforts 'of melancholy and deſpair. Time, however, the 'beſt phyſician of the mind, at length brought me 'relief.' "Ay, ay, *tempus edax rerum*," ſaid Partridge. 'I then,' continued the ſtranger, 'betook 'myſelf again to my former ſtudies, which, I may 'ſay, perfected my cure: for philoſophy and reli-'gion may be called the exerciſes of the mind, and 'when this is diſordered, they are as wholeſome as 'exerciſe can be to a diſtempered body. They do 'indeed produce ſimilar effects with exerciſe; for 'they ſtrengthen and confirm the mind, till man 'becomes, in the noble ſtrain of Horace,

'*Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,*
'*Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*
'*In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna.*—*

HERE Jones ſmiled at ſome conceit which intruded itſelf into his imagination; but the ſtranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

'MY circumſtances were now greatly altered by 'the death of that beſt of men: for my brother, 'who was now become maſter of the houſe, differ'ed ſo widely from me in his inclinations, and our 'purſuits in life had been ſo very various, that we 'were the worſt of company to each other; but 'what made our living together ſtill more diſagree'able, was the little harmony which could ſubſiſt 'between the few who reſorted to me, and the nu'merous train of ſportſmen who often attended my 'brother from the field to the table: for ſuch fel'lows, beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with which 'they perſecute the ears of ſober men, endeavour 'always to attack them with affront and contempt. 'This was ſo much the caſe, that neither I myſelf, 'nor my friends could ever ſit down to a meal with 'them without being treated with deriſion, becauſe 'we were unacquainted with the phraſes of ſportſ'men. For men of true learning and almoſt uni'verſal knowledge, always compaſſionate the igno'rance of others; but fellows who excel in ſome 'little, low, contemptible art, are always certain 'to deſpiſe thoſe who are unacquainted with that 'art.

'IN ſhort, we ſoon ſeparated, and I went, by the 'advice of a phyſician, to drink the Bath waters: 'for my violent affliction, added to a ſedentary life, 'had thrown me into a kind of paralytic diſorder, 'for which thoſe waters are accounted an almoſt 'certain cure. The ſecond day after my arrival, as 'I was walking by the river, the ſun ſhone ſo in'tenſely hot (though it was early in the year) that 'I retired to the ſhelter of ſome willows, and ſat

* Firm in himſelf, who on himſelf relies,
Poliſhed and round, who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortunes with ſuperior force. MR FRANCIS.

'down by the river ſide. Here I had not been ſeated long before I heard a perſon on the other ſide the willows, ſighing and bemoaning himſelf bitterly. On a ſudden having uttered a moſt impious oath, he cried, "I am reſolved to bear it no longer," and directly threw himſelf into the water. I immediately ſtarted, and ran towards the place, calling at the ſame time as loudly as I could for aſſiſtance. An angler happened luckily to be a fiſhing a little below me, though ſome very high ſedge had hid him from my ſight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without ſome hazard of our lives, drew the body to the ſhore. At firſt we perceived no ſign of life remaining; but having held the body up by the heels, (for we ſoon had aſſiſtance enough), it diſcharged a vaſt quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

'AN apothecary, who happened to be preſent among others, adviſed, that the body, which ſeemed now to have pretty well emptied itſelf of water, and which began to have many convulſive motions, ſhould be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myſelf attending.

'As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who, after ſome violent ſcreaming, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her houſe.

'WHEN I had ſeen the man ſafely depoſited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I ſuppoſe, uſed all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his ſenſes.

'I THEN went to viſit him, intending to ſearch out, as well as I could, the cauſe of his having attempted ſo deſperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his purſuing ſuch wicked intentions for the future. I was no ſooner admitted into his chamber, than we both inſtantly knew each other; for who ſhould this perſon be but my good

'friend Mr Watſon! Here I will not trouble you 'with what paſt at our firſt interview: for I would 'avoid prolixity as much as poſſible.' "Pray let 'us hear all," cries Partridge; "I want mightily 'to know what brought him to Bath."

'YOU ſhall hear every thing material,' anſwered the ſtranger; and then proceeded to relate what we ſhall proceed to write, after we have given a ſhort breathing time to both ourſelves and the reader.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his Hiſtory.

'MR Watſon,' continued the ſtranger, 'very 'freely acquainted me, that the unhappy ſituation of his circumſtances, occaſioned by a tide 'of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a reſolution of deſtroying himſelf.

'I NOW began to argue very ſeriouſly with him, 'in oppoſition to this heatheniſh, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulneſs of ſelf-murder; 'and ſaid every thing which occurred to me 'on the ſubject: but, to my great concern, it ſeemed to have very little effect on him. He ſeemed 'not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave 'me reaſon to fear, he would ſoon make a ſecond 'attempt of the like horrible kind.

'WHEN I had finiſhed my diſcourſe, inſtead of 'endeavouring to anſwer my arguments, he looked 'me ſtedfaſtly in the face, and with a ſmile ſaid, "You are ſtrangely altered, my good friend, ſince 'I remember you. I queſtion whether any of our 'biſhops could make a better argument againſt ſuicide than you have entertained me with; but unleſs you can find ſomebody who will lend me a 'cool hundred, I muſt either hang, or drown, or 'ſtarve; and, in my opinion, the laſt death is the 'moſt terrible of the three."

'I ANSWERED him very gravely, that I was indeed altered ſince I had ſeen him laſt. That I had 'found leiſure to look into my follies, and to re'pent of them. I then adviſed him to purſue the 'ſame ſteps; and at laſt concluded with an aſſu-

'rance, that I myſelf would lend him a hundred 'pound, if it would be of any ſervice to his affairs, 'and he would not put it into the power of a dye 'to deprive him of it.

'MR Watſon, who ſeemed almoſt compoſed in 'ſlumber by the former part of my diſcourſe, was 'rouſed by the latter. He ſeized my hand eagerly, 'gave me a thouſand thanks, and declared I was a 'friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better 'opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited 'ſo little by experience, as to put any confidence 'in thoſe damned dice, which had ſo often deceived him. "No, no," cries he, "let me but once 'handſomely be ſet up again, and if ever Fortune 'makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will 'forgive her."

'I VERY well underſtood the language of ſetting 'up, and broken merchant. I therefore ſaid to him 'with a very grave face, Mr Watſon, you muſt endeavour to find out ſome buſineſs or employment 'by which you may procure yourſelf a livelihood; 'and I promiſe you, could I ſee any probability of 'being paid hereafter, I would advance a much 'larger ſum than what you have mentioned, to 'equip you in any fair and honourable calling; 'but as to gaming, beſides the baſeneſs and wickedneſs of making it a profeſſion, you are really, 'to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and will end 'in your certain ruin.'

"WHY now, that's ſtrange," anſwered he, "neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow 'me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I 'believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any 'of you all; and I heartily wiſh I was to play with 'you only for your whole fortune; I ſhould deſire 'no better ſport, and I would let you name your 'game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, 'have you the hundred in your pocket?"

'I ANSWERED, I had only a bill for 50 l. which I 'delivered him, and promiſed to bring him the reſt 'next morning; and, after giving him a little more 'advice, took my leave.

'I WAS indeed better than my word: for I re-

'turned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him ſitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gameſter. This ſight, you will imagine, ſhocked me not a little: to which I may add the mortification of ſeeing my bill delivered by him to his antagoniſt, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

'THE other gameſter preſently quitted the room, and then Watſon declared he was aſhamed to ſee me: "but," ſays he, "I find luck runs ſo damnably againſt me, that I will reſolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind propoſal you made me ever ſince, and I promiſe you there ſhall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution."

'THOUGH I had no great faith in his promiſes, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in conſequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to ſee in return for my money.

'WE were prevented from any further diſcourſe at preſent, by the arrival of the apothecary; who with much joy in his countenance, and without even aſking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himſelf, which he ſaid would ſhortly be public, "That the Duke of Monmouth was landed in the Weſt with a vaſt army of Dutch; and that another vaſt fleet hovered over the coaſt of Norfolk, and was to make a deſcent there, in order to favour the Duke's enterpriſe with a diverſion on that ſide."

'THIS apothecary was one of the greateſt politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the moſt paultry packet, than with the beſt patient; and the higheſt joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his poſſeſſion an hour or two ſooner than any other perſon in the town. His advices, however, were ſeldom authentic, for he would ſwallow almoſt any thing as a truth; a humour which many made uſe of to impoſe upon him.

'THUS it happened with what he at preſent communicated; for it was known within a ſhort time

'afterwards, that the Duke was really landed; but 'that his army conſiſted only of a few attendants; 'and as to the diverſion in Norfolk, it was entirely 'falſe.

'THE apothecary ſtaid no longer in the room 'than while he acquainted us with his news; and 'then, without ſaying a ſyllable to his patient on 'any other ſubject, departed to ſpread his advices 'all over the town.

'EVENTS of this nature in the public are generally 'apt to eclipſe all private concerns. Our diſcourſe, 'therefore, now became entirely political. For my 'own part, I had been for ſome time very ſeriouſly 'affected with the danger to which the Proteſtant 'religion was ſo viſibly expoſed under a Popiſh 'prince; and thought the apprehenſion of it alone 'ſufficient to juſtify that inſurrection: for no real 'ſecurity can ever be found againſt the perſecuting 'ſpirit of Popery, when armed with power, except 'the depriving it of that power, as woful expe-'rience preſently ſhewed. You know how King 'James behaved after getting the better of his at-'tempt; how little he valued either his royal word, 'or coronation oath, or the liberties and rights of his 'people. But all had not the ſenſe to foreſee this at 'firſt; and therefore the Duke of Monmouth was 'weakly ſupported: yet all could feel when the evil 'came upon them; and therefore all united, at laſt, 'to drive out that king, againſt whoſe excluſion a 'great party among us had ſo warmly contended, 'during the reign of his brother, and for whom 'they now fought with ſuch zeal and affection.'

"WHAT you ſay," interrupted Jones, "is very 'true; and it has often ſtruck me, as the moſt won-'derful thing I ever read of in hiſtory, that ſo ſoon 'after this convincing experience, which brought our 'whole nation to join ſo unanimouſly in expelling 'King James, for the preſervation of our religion 'and liberties, there ſhould be a party among us 'mad enough to deſire the placing his family again 'on the throne." 'You are not in earneſt!' anſwer-ed the old man; 'there can be no ſuch party. As 'bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot 'believe them infatuated to ſuch a degree! There

'may be ſome hot-headed Papiſts led by their prieſts 'to engage in this deſperate cauſe, and think it a 'holy war; but that Proteſtants, that are members 'of the church of England, ſhould be ſuch apoſtates, 'ſuch *Felos de ſe*, I cannot believe it; no, no, young 'man, unacquainted as I am with what has paſt in 'the world for theſe laſt thirty years, I cannot be 'ſo impoſed upon as to credit ſo fooliſh a tale: but 'I ſee you have a mind to ſport with my ignorance.'

"Can it be poſſible," replied Jones, "that you have 'lived ſo much out of the world as not to know that 'during that time there have been two rebellions in 'favour of the ſon of King James, one of which is 'now actually raging in the very heart of the king-'dom?" At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted up, and, in a moſt ſolemn tone of voice, conjured Jones, by his Maker, to tell him, if what he ſaid was really true; which the other as ſolemnly affirming, he walked ſeveral turns about the room, in a profound ſilence, then cried, then laughed, and, at laſt, fell down on his knees, and bleſſed God, in a loud thankſgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all ſociety with human nature, which could be capable of ſuch monſtrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his ſtory, he reſumed it again in this manner.

'As mankind, in the days I was ſpeaking of, was 'not yet arrived to that pitch of madneſs which I 'find they are capable of now, and which, to be 'ſure, I have only eſcaped by living alone, and at 'a diſtance from the contagion, there was a con-'ſiderable riſing in favour of Monmouth; and my 'principles ſtrongly inclining me to take the ſame 'part, I determined to join him; and Mr Watſon, 'from different motives, concurring in the ſame 'reſolution, (for the ſpirit of a gameſter will carry 'a man as far upon ſuch an occaſion as the ſpirit of 'patriotiſm), we ſoon provided ourſelves with all 'neceſſaries, and went to the Duke at Bridgewater.

'The unfortunate event of this enterpriſe you 'are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myſelf. 'I eſcaped, together with Mr Watſon, from the 'battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a 'ſlight wound. We rode near forty miles together

'on the Exeter road, and then abandoning our 'horſes, ſcrambled as well as we could through the 'fields and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild 'hut on a common, where a poor old woman took 'all the care of us ſhe could, and dreſſed my wound 'with ſalve, which quickly healed it.'

"PRAY, Sir, where was the wound?" ſays Partridge. The ſtranger ſatisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. 'Here, Sir,' ſaid he, 'Mr Watſon left me the next morning, in order, as 'he pretended, to get us ſome proviſion from the 'town of Cullumpton: but—can I relate it? or can 'you believe it?—This Mr Watſon, this friend, this 'baſe, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me 'to a party of horſe belonging to King James, and, 'at his return, delivered me into their hands.

'THE ſoldiers, being ſix in number, had now 'ſeized me, and were conducting me to Taunton 'gaol; but neither my preſent ſituation, nor the 'apprehenſions of what might happen to me, were 'half ſo irkſome to my mind, as the company of 'my falſe friend, who, having ſurrendered himſelf, 'was likewiſe conſidered as a priſoner, though he 'was better treated, as being to make his peace at 'my expence. He at firſt endeavoured to excuſe 'his treachery; but when he received nothing but 'ſcorn and upbraiding from me, he ſoon changed 'his note, abuſed me as the moſt atrocious and ma-'licious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my 'charge, who, as he declared, had ſolicited, and 'even threatened him, to make him take up arms 'againſt his gracious as well as lawful ſovereign.

'THIS falſe evidence (for in reality he had been 'much the forwarder of the two) ſtung me to the 'quick, and raiſed an indignation ſcarce conceivable 'by thoſe who have not felt it. However, Fortune 'at length took pity on me; for as we were got a 'little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my 'guards received a falſe alarm, that near fifty of 'the enemy were at hand, upon which they ſhifted 'for themſelves, and left me and my betrayer to do 'the ſame. That villain immediately ran from me, 'and I am glad he did, or I ſhould have certainly

'endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baſeneſs.

'I WAS now once more at liberty, and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, 'I travelled on, ſcarce knowing which way I went; 'and making it my chief care to avoid all public 'roads, and all towns, nay, even the moſt homely 'houſes; for I imagined every human creature 'whom I ſaw deſirous of betraying me.

'AT laſt, after rambling ſeveral days about the 'country, during which the fields afforded me the 'ſame bed, and the ſame food which Nature beſtows 'on our ſavage brothers of the creation, I at length 'arrived at this place, where the ſolitude and wildneſs of the country invited me to fix my abode. 'The firſt perſon with whom I took up my habitation was the mother of this old woman, with whom 'I remained concealed, till the news of the glorious 'revolution put an end to all my apprehenſions of 'danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more 'viſiting my own home, and of enquiring a little 'into my affairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agreeably 'to my brother as to myſelf; having reſigned every 'thing to him, for which he paid me the ſum of a 'thouſand pounds, and ſettled on me an annuity 'for life.'

'HIS behaviour in this laſt inſtance, as in all 'others, was ſelfiſh and ungenerous. I could not 'look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he deſire that I ſhould; ſo I preſently took my leave of 'him, as well as of my other acquaintance: and 'from that day to this, my hiſtory is little better 'than a blank.'

"AND is it poſſible, Sir," ſaid Jones, "that you can 'have reſided here, from that day to this?" 'O no, 'Sir, anſwered the Gentleman, 'I have been a great 'traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with 'which I am not acquainted.' "I have not, Sir," cried Jones, 'the aſſurance to aſk it of you now. In'deed it would be cruel, after ſo much breath as you 'have already ſpent. But you will give me leave to 'wiſh for ſome further opportunity of hearing the 'excellent obſervations which a man of your ſenſe 'and knowledge of the world muſt have made in ſo

'long a courſe of travels.' 'Indeed, young gentle-
'man,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'I will endeavour to
'ſatisfy your curioſity on this head likewiſe, as far
'as I am able,' Jones attempted freſh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge ſat with greedy and impatient ears, the ſtranger proceeded, as in the next chapter.

CHAP. XV.

A brief hiſtory of Europe. *And a curious diſcourſe between Mr* Jones *and the Man of the Hill.*

'IN Italy the landlords are very ſilent. In France
'they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Ger-
'many and Holland they are generally very impertinent. And as for their honeſty, I believe it is
'pretty equal in all thoſe countries. The *Laquais à*
'*Louange* are ſure to loſe no opportunity of cheating you: and as for the poſtilions, I think they
'are pretty much alike all the world over. Theſe,
'Sir, are the obſervations on men which I made in
'my travels; for theſe were the only men I ever
'converſed with. My deſign, when I went abroad,
'was to divert myſelf by ſeeing the wondrous variety of proſpects, beaſts, birds, fiſhes, inſects, and
'vegetables, with which God has been pleaſed to
'enrich the ſeveral parts of this globe. A variety
'which, as it muſt give great pleaſure to a contemplative beholder, ſo doth it admirably diſplay the
'power, and wiſdom, and goodneſs of the Creator.
'Indeed, to ſay the truth, there is but one work
'in his whole creation that doth him any diſhonour,
'and with that I have long ſince avoided holding
'any converſation.'

"YOU will pardon me," cries Jones, "but I have
'always imgined, that there is in this very work you
'mention, as great variety as in all the reſt; for
'beſides the difference of inclinations, cuſtoms and
'climates have, I am told, introduced the utmoſt di-
'verſity into human nature." 'Very little indeed,'
anſwered the other; 'thoſe who travel in order to
'acquaint themſelves with the different manners of
'men, might ſpare themſelves much pains, by go-
'ing to a Carnival at Venice; for there they will

'ſee at once all which they can diſcover in the ſe-
'veral courts of Europe; the ſame hypocriſy, the
'ſame fraud; in ſhort, the ſame follies and vices,
'dreſſed in different habits. In Spain theſe are equip-
'ped with much gravity; and in Italy, with vaſt
'ſplendor. In France, a knave is dreſſed like a fop;
'and in the northern countries, like a ſloven. But
'human nature is every where the ſame, every
'where the object of deteſtation and ſcorn.

'As for my own part, I paſt through all theſe na-
'tions, as you perhaps may have done through a
'croud at a ſhew, joſtling to get by them, holding
'my noſe with one hand, and defending my pockets
'with the other, without ſpeaking a word to any of
'them, while I was preſſing on to ſee what I wanted
'to ſee; which, however entertaining it might be
'in itſelf, ſcarce made me amends for the trouble
'the company gave me.'

"Did not you find ſome of the nations among
'which you travelled, leſs troubleſome to you than
'others?" ſaid Jones. 'O yes,' replied the old man;
'the Turks were much more tolerable to me than
'Chriſtians. For they are men of profound tacitur-
'nity, and never diſturb a ſtranger with queſtions.
'Now and then indeed they beſtow a ſhort curſe
'upon him, or ſpit in his face as he walks in the
'ſtreets, but then they have done with him; and a
'man may live an age in their country without
'hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the
'people I ever ſaw, Heaven defend me from the
'French. With their damned prat and civilities,
'and doing the honour of their nation to ſtrangers,
'(as they are pleaſed to call it), but indeed ſetting
'forth their own vanity, they are ſo troubleſome,
'that I had infinitely rather paſs my life with the
'Hottentots, than ſet my foot in Paris again. They
'are a naſty people, but their naſtineſs is moſtly
'without; whereas in France, and ſome other na-
'tions I won't name, it is all within, and makes
'them ſtink much more to my reaſon than that of
'Hottentots does to my noſe.

'Thus, Sir, I have ended the hiſtory of my life;
'for as to all that ſeries of years, during which I
'have lived retired here, it affords no variety to

'entertain you, and may be almoſt conſidered as 'one day. The retirement has been ſo complete, 'that I could hardly have enjoyed a more abſolute 'ſolitude in the deſerts of the Thebais, than here 'in the midſt of this populous kingdom. As I have 'no eſtate, I am plagued with no tenants or ſte-'wards; my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, 'as indeed it ought to be; for it is much leſs than 'what I might have expected, in return for what 'I gave up. Viſits I admit none; and the old wo-'man who keeps my houſe knows, that her place 'entirely depends upon her ſaving me all the trou-'ble of buying the things that I want, keeping off 'all ſolicitations or buſineſs from me, and holding 'her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my 'walks are all by night, I am pretty ſecure in this 'wild, unfrequented place from meeting any com-'pany. Some few perſons I have met by chance, 'and ſent them home heartily frightened, as, from 'the oddneſs of my dreſs and figure, they took me 'for a ghoſt or a hobgoblin. But what has hap-'pened to-night ſhews, that, even here, I cannot be 'ſafe from the villainy of men; for without your 'aſſiſtance I had not only been robbed, but very 'probably murdered.'

JONES thanked the ſtranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his ſtory, and then expreſſed ſome wonder how he could poſſibly endure a life of ſuch ſolitude; 'In which,' ſays he, 'you may well 'complain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am 'aſtoniſhed how you have filled up, or rather killed 'ſo much of your time.'

'I AM not at all ſurpriſed,' anſwered the other, 'that to one whoſe affections and thoughts are fixed 'on the world, my hours ſhould appear to have 'wanted employment in this place; but there is 'one ſingle act, for which the whole life of man is 'infinitely too ſhort. What time can ſuffice for the 'contemplation and worſhip of that glorious, im-'mortal, and eternal Being, among the works of 'whoſe ſtupendous creation, not only this globe, but 'even thoſe numberleſs luminaries which we may 'here behold ſpangling all the ſky, though they

'ſhould many of them be ſuns lighting diſierent 'ſyſtems of worlds, may poſſibly appear but as a 'few atoms, oppoſed to the whole earth which we 'inhabit? Can a man, who, by divine meditations, 'is admitted, as it were, into the converſation of 'this ineffable, incomprehenſible Majeſty, think 'days, or years, or ages, too long for the continu-'ance of ſo raviſhing an honour? ſhall the trifling 'amuſements, the palling pleaſures, the ſilly buſi-'neſs of the world, roll away our hours too ſwiftly 'from us? and ſhall the pace of time ſeem ſluggiſh 'to a mind exerciſed in ſtudies ſo high, ſo impor-'tant, and ſo glorious! As no time is ſufficient, ſo no 'place is improper for this great concern. On what 'object can we caſt our eyes, which may not inſpire 'us with ideas of his power, of his wiſdom, and of 'his goodneſs? It is not neceſſary, that the riſing 'ſun ſhould dart his fiery glories over the eaſtern 'horizon; nor that the boiſterous winds ſhould ruſh 'from their caverns, and ſhake the lofty foreſt; nor 'that the opening clouds ſhould pour their deluges 'on the plains; it is not neceſſary, I ſay, that any 'of theſe ſhould proclaim his majeſty; there is not 'an inſect, not a vegetable, of ſo low an order in 'the creation as not to be honoured with bearing 'marks of the attributes of its great Creator; marks 'not only of his power, but of his wiſdom and 'goodneſs. Man alone, the king of this globe, the 'laſt and greateſt work of the ſupreme Being, be-'low the ſun; man alone hath baſely diſhonoured 'his own nature, and, by diſhoneſty, cruelty, ingra-'titude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's 'goodneſs in queſtion, by puzzling us to account 'how a benevolent Being ſhould form ſo fooliſh 'and ſo vile an animal: yet this is the being from 'whoſe converſation you think, I ſuppoſe, that I 'have been unfortunately reſtrained; and without 'whoſe bleſſed ſociety, life, in your opinion, muſt 'be tedious and inſipid.'

'In the former part of what you ſaid,' replied Jones, 'I moſt heartily and readily concur; but I be-'lieve, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which 'you expreſs for mankind, in the concluſion, is 'much too general. Indeed, you here fall into an

'error, which, in my little experience, I have obſerved to be a very common one, by taking the character of mankind from the worſt and baſeſt among them; whereas indeed, as an excellent writer obſerves, Nothing ſhould be eſteemed as characteriſtical of a ſpecies, but what is to be found among the beſt and moſt perfect individuals of that ſpecies. This error, I believe, is generally committed by thoſe who, from want of proper caution in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, have ſuffered injuries from bad and worthleſs men; two or three inſtances of which are very unjuſtly charged on all human nature.'

'I THINK I had experience enough of it,' anſwered the other. 'My firſt miſtreſs and my firſt friend betrayed me in the baſeſt manner, and in matters which threatened to be of the worſt of conſequences, even to bring me to a ſhameful death.'

'BUT you will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'if I deſire you to reflect who that miſtreſs and who that friend were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected in love derived from the ſtews, or in friendſhip firſt produced and nouriſhed at the gaming table! To take the characters of women from the former inſtance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjuſt as to aſſert that air is a nauſeous and unwholeſome element, becauſe we find it ſo in a jakes. I have lived but a ſhort time in the world, and yet have known men worthy of the higheſt friendſhip, and women of the higheſt love.'

'ALAS! young man,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'you have lived, you confeſs, but a very ſhort time in the world; I was ſomewhat older than you when I was of the ſame opinion.'

'YOU might have remained ſo ſtill,' replied Jones, 'if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to ſay incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was indeed much more wickedneſs in the world than there is, it would not prove ſuch general aſſertions againſt human nature, ſince much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none ſeem to have any title

'to aſſert human nature to be neceſſarily and uni-
'verſally evil, but thoſe whoſe own minds afford
'them one inſtance of this natural depravity;
'which is not, I am convinced, your caſe.'

'And ſuch,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'will be always
'the moſt backward to aſſert any ſuch thing. Knaves
'will no more endeavour to perſuade us of the baſe-
'neſs of mankind, than a highwayman will inform
'you that there are thieves on the road. This would
'indeed be a method to put you on your guard,
'and to defeat their own purpoſes: for which rea-
'ſon though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to
'abuſe particular perſons, yet they never caſt any
'reflection on human nature in general.' The old gentleman ſpoke this ſo warmly, that as Jones deſpaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no anſwer.

The day now began to ſend forth its firſt ſtreams of light, when Jones made an apology to the ſtranger for having ſtaid ſo long, and perhaps detained him from his reſt. The ſtranger anſwered, He never wanted reſt leſs than at preſent; for that day and night were indifferent ſeaſons to him, and that he commonly made uſe of the former for the time of his repoſe, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. 'However,' ſaid he, 'it is now a moſt
'lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer
'to be without your own reſt or food, I will gladly
'entertain you with the ſight of ſome very fine
'proſpects, which I believe you have not yet ſeen.'

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately ſet forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repoſe, juſt as the ſtranger had finiſhed his ſtory; for his curioſity was ſatisfied, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of ſleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this ſeaſon, glad of the ſame favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our hiſtory.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uſes for which I have thought proper to inſtitute theſe ſeveral introductory chapters, I have conſidered them as a kind of mark or ſtamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to diſtinguiſh what is true and genuine in this hiſtoric kind of writing, from what is falſe and counterfeit. Indeed it ſeems likely that ſome ſuch mark may ſhortly become neceſſary, ſince the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably ſerve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a ſwarm of fooliſh novels and monſtrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoveriſhing of bookſellers, or to the great loſs of time, and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the ſpreading of ſcandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honeſt people.

I QUESTION not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper, from the ſame conſideration of guarding againſt the purſuit of thoſe ſcribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-maſter, are yet no more afraid nor aſhamed to aſſume the ſame titles with the greateſt genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's ſkin.

BY the device therefore of this motto, it became impracticable for any man to preſume to imitate the Spectators, without underſtanding at leaſt one ſentence in the learned languages. In the ſame manner I have now ſecured myſelf from the imitation of thoſe who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whoſe learning is not equal to an eſſay.

I WOULD not here be underſtood to inſinuate, that the greateſt merit of ſuch hiſtorical productions can ever ly in theſe introductory chapters; but, in fact, thoſe parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than thoſe which are compoſed of obſervation and reflection. Here I mean ſuch imitators as Rowe was of Shakeſpeare, or as Horace hints ſome of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and ſour faces.

TO invent good ſtories, and to tell them well, are poſſibly very rare talents, and yet I have obſerved few perſons who have ſcrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that moſt of the authors would not have attempted to ſhew their teeth (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) in any other way of writing, nor could indeed have ſtrung together a dozen ſentences on any other ſubject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique paſſim**, may be more truly ſaid of the hiſtorian and biographer, than of any other ſpecies of writing: for all the arts and ſciences (even criticiſm itſelf)

* ———Each deſperate blockhead dares to write,
Verſe is the trade of every living wight. FRANCIS.

require ſome little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or ſomething like numbers; whereas to the compoſition of novels and romances, nothing is neceſſary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of uſing them. This, I conceive, their productions ſhew to be the opinion of the authors themſelves; and this muſt be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any ſuch.

HENCE we are to derive that univerſal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have caſt on all hiſtorical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehenſion of this contempt, that hath made us ſo cautiouſly avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwiſe have been well enough contented; though as we have good authority for all our characters, no leſs indeed than the vaſt authentic doomſday-book of nature, as is elſewhere hinted, our labours have ſufficient title to the name of hiſtory. Certainly they deſerve ſome diſtinction from thoſe works which one of the witti-eſt of men regarded only as proceeding from a pruritus, or indeed rather from a looſeneſs of the brain.

BUT beſides the diſhonour which is thus caſt on one of the moſt uſeful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is juſt reaſon to apprehend, that by encouraging ſuch authors, we ſhall propagate much diſhonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of ſociety; for the dulleſt writers, no more than the dulleſt companions, are always inoffenſive; they have both enough of language, to be indecent and abuſive. And ſurely, if the opinion juſt above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works ſo naſtily derived ſhould be naſty themſelves, or have a tendency to make others ſo.

To prevent, therefore, for the future ſuch intemperate abuſes of leiſure, of letters, and of the liberty of the preſs, eſpecially as the world ſeems at preſent to be more than uſually threatened with them, I ſhall here venture to mention ſome qualifications,

every one of which are in a pretty high degree neceſſary to this order of hiſtorians.

The firſt is genius, without a full vein of which, no ſtudy, ſays Horace, can avail us. By genius I would underſtand that power, or rather thoſe powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of diſtinguiſhing their eſſential differences. Theſe are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are thoſe gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many ſeem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally underſtood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove moſt romance-writers to have the higheſt pretenſions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more, (and ſo the word ſignifies), than diſcovery, or finding out; or, to explain it more at large, a quick and ſagacious penetration into the true eſſence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exiſt, without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be ſaid to have diſcovered the true eſſence of two things, without diſcerning their difference, ſeems to me hard to conceive. Now this laſt is the undiſputed province of judgment; and yet ſome few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in repreſenting theſe two to have been ſeldom or never the property of one and the ſame perſon.

But though they ſhould be ſo, they are not ſufficient for our purpoſe, without a good ſhare of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was neceſſary to prove that tools are of no ſervice to a workman, when they are not ſharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All theſe uſes are ſupplied by learning: for nature can only furniſh us with capacity, or, as I have choſe to illuſtrate it, with the tools of our profeſſion; learning muſt fit them for uſe, muſt direct them in it; and laſtly, muſt contribute, part at leaſt, of the materials. A competent

knowledge of hiſtory and of the Belles Lettres, is here abſolutely neceſſary; and without this ſhare of knowledge at leaſt, to affect the character of an hiſtorian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a houſe without timber or mortar, or brick or ſtone. Homer and Milton, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both hiſtorians of our order, and maſters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another ſort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to beſtow, and this is to be had by converſation. So neceſſary is this to the underſtanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than thoſe learned pedants, whoſe lives have been entirely conſumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquiſitely human nature may have been deſcribed by writers, the true practical ſyſtem can be learnt only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither phyſic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, muſt perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately ſoever the ingenious Mr Miller may have deſcribed the plant, he himſelf would adviſe his diſciple to ſee it in the garden. As we muſt perceive, that after the niceſt ſtrokes of a Shakeſpeare or a Johnſon, of a Wycherly or an Otway, ſome touches of nature will eſcape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive †, can convey to him; ſo on the real ſtage, the character ſhews himſelf in a ſtronger and bolder light, than he can be deſcribed. And if this be the caſe in thoſe fine and nervous deſcriptions, which great authors themſelves have taken from the life, how much more ſtrongly will it hold when the writer himſelf takes his lines not from nature, but from

† There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and theſe two moſt juſtly celebrated actreſſes in this place; as they have all formed themſelves on the ſtudy of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predeceſſors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the ſervile herd of imitators can never poſſibly arrive at.

books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the juſtneſs nor the ſpirit of an original.

Now this converſation in our hiſtorian muſt be univerſal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not inſtruct him in low, nor, *e converſo*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the ſuperior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may ſufficiently enable him to deſcribe at leaſt that in which he hath been converſant, yet he will even here fall greatly ſhort of perfection: for the follies in either rank do in reality illuſtrate each other. For inſtance, the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the ſimplicity of the low; and again, the rudeneſs and barbarity of this latter, ſtrikes with much ſtronger ideas of abſurdity, when contraſted with, and oppoſed to the politeneſs which controuls the former. Beſides, to ſay the truth, the manners of our hiſtorian will be improved by both theſe converſations: for in the one he will eaſily find examples of plainneſs, honeſty, and ſincerity; in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of ſpirit; which laſt quality I myſelf have ſcarce ever ſeen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my hiſtorian avail him, unleſs he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, ſays Horace, muſt firſt weep himſelf. In reality, no man can paint a diſtreſs well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the moſt pathetic and affecting ſcenes have been writ with tears. In the ſame manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unleſs it ſhould happen at any time, that inſtead of laughing with me, he ſhould be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the caſe at ſome paſſages in this chapter, from which apprehenſion I will here put an end to it.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very ſurpriſing adventure indeed, which Mr Jones *met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.*

AURORA now firſt opened her caſement, *Anglicé*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the ſtranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no ſooner gained the ſummit, than one of the moſt noble proſpects in the world preſented itſelf to their view; and which we would likewiſe preſent to the reader, but for two reaſons. Firſt, We deſpair of making thoſe who have ſeen this proſpect, admire our deſcription. Secondly, We very much doubt whether thoſe who have not ſeen it would underſtand it.

JONES ſtood for ſome minutes fixed in one poſture, and directing his eyes towards the ſouth; upon which the old gentleman aſked, what he was looking at with ſo much attention? 'Alas, Sir,' anſwered he with a ſigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my 'own journey hither. Good Heavens! what a di'ſtance is Glouceſter from us! What a vaſt tract of 'land muſt be between me and my own home.' 'Ay, ay, young gentleman,' cries the other, 'and, 'by your ſighing, from what you love better than 'your own home, or I am miſtaken. I perceive now 'the object of your contemplation is not within your 'ſight, and yet I fancy you have a pleaſure in look'ing that way.' Jones anſwered with a ſmile, 'I find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the 'ſenſations of your youth.—I own my thoughts 'were employed as you have gueſſed.'

THEY now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-weſt, and which hangs over a vaſt and extenſive wood. Here they were no ſooner arrived, than they heard at a diſtance the moſt violent ſcreams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones liſtened a moment, and then, without ſaying a word to his companion (for indeed the occaſion ſeemed ſufficiently preſſing) ran, or rather ſlid down the hill, and, without the leaſt apprehenſion or concern for his own ſafety, made directly to the thicket whence the ſound had iſſued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a moſt ſhocking ſight indeed, a woman ſtripped half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones aſked no queſtions at this interval; but fell inſtantly upon the villain, and made ſuch good uſe of his truſty oaken ſtick, that he laid him ſprawling on the ground, before he could defend himſelf, indeed almoſt before he knew he was attacked; nor did he ceaſe the proſecution of his blows, till the woman herſelf begged him to forbear, ſaying, ſhe believed he had ſufficiently done his buſineſs.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thouſand thanks for her deliverance: he preſently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleaſed with the extraordinary accident which had ſent him thither for her relief, where it was ſo improbable ſhe ſhould find any; adding, that Heaven ſeemed to have deſigned him as the happy inſtrument of her protection. 'Nay,' anſwered ſhe, 'I could almoſt conceive you to be ſome good an-'gel; and to ſay the truth, you look more like an 'angel than a man in my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure; and if a very fine perſon, and a moſt comely ſet of features, adorned with youth, health, ſtrength, freſhneſs, ſpirit, and good-nature, can make a man reſemble an angel, he certainly had that reſemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether ſo much of the human angelic ſpecies: ſhe ſeemed to be, at leaſt, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breaſts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they ſtood ſilent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter, which had been intended for another purpoſe, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he diſcovered, greatly to his ſurpriſe, and perhaps not a little to his ſatisfaction, this very perſon to be no other than

enſign Northerton. Nor had the enſign forgotten his former antagoniſt, whom he knew the moment he came to himſelf. His ſurpriſe was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleaſure was rather leſs on this occaſion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face, 'I fancy, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more 'in this world, and I confeſs I had as little expecta- 'tion to find you here. However, Fortune, I ſee, 'hath brought us once more together, and hath gi- 'ven me ſatisfaction for the injury I have received, 'even without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour indeed,' anſwered Northerton, 'to take ſatisfaction by knock- 'ing a man down behind his back. Neither am I 'capable of giving you ſatisfaction here, as I have 'no ſword; but if you dare behave like a gentle- 'man, let us go where I can furniſh myſelf with 'one, and I will do by you as a man of honour 'ought.'

'Doth it become ſuch a villain as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by aſſu- 'ming it? But I ſhall waſte no time in diſcourſe 'with you.——Juſtice requires ſatisfaction of you 'now, and ſhall have it.' Then turning to the wo- man, he aſked her, if ſhe was near her home; or if not, whether ſhe was acquainted with any houſe in the neighbourhood where ſhe might procure her- ſelf ſome decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a juſtice of the peace.

She anſwered, ſhe was an entire ſtranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himſelf, ſaid, he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero de- parted, ſat himſelf down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he, with great patience and unconcern, had attended the iſſue.

Jones then ſtepping without the wood, perceived the old man ſitting as we have juſt deſcribed him; he preſently exerted his utmoſt agility, and with ſurpriſing expedition aſcended the hill.

THE old man adviſed him to carry the woman to Upton, which he ſaid was the neareſt town, and there he would be ſure of furniſhing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and deſiring him to direct Partridge the ſame way, returned haſtily to the wood.

OUR hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had conſidered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purpoſes on the poor woman. Beſides, he knew he ſhould not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return ſoon enough to prevent any miſchief. He had, moreover, declared to the villain, that if he attempted the leaſt inſult, he would be himſelf immediately the executioner of vengeance on him: but Jones unluckily forgot that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the leaſt injunction on the priſoner, that he ſhould not make what uſe of theſe he pleaſed. Northerton, therefore, having given no parole of that kind, thought he might, without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal diſcharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whoſe eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his eſcape, or give herſelf any concern or trouble to prevent it.

JONES therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have ſpent ſome time in ſearching for Northerton, but ſhe would not permit him, earneſtly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. 'As to 'the fellow's eſcape,' ſaid ſhe, 'it gives me no uneaſineſs; for philoſophy and Chriſtianity both preach 'up forgiveneſs of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am 'concerned for the trouble I give you; nay, indeed, 'my nakedneſs may well make me aſhamed to look 'you in the face; and if it was not for the ſake of 'your protection, I ſhould wiſh to go alone.'

JONES offered her his coat, but, I know not for

what reaſon, ſhe abſolutely refuſed the moſt earneſt ſolicitations to accept of it. He then begged her to forget both the cauſes of her confuſion. 'With re-'gard to the former,' ſays he, 'I have done no more 'than my duty in protecting you; and as for the 'latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking be-'fore you all the way; for I would not have my 'eyes offend you, and I could not anſwer for my 'power of reſiſting the attractive charms of ſo 'much beauty.'

THUS our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the ſame manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was deſignedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as ſhe frequently wanted his aſſiſtance to help her over ſtiles, and had beſides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus, for he brought his companion, or rather follower, ſafe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr Jones, *with his lady, at the inn; with a very full deſcription of the battle of* Upton.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how ſhe fell into the hands of Mr Northerton, we muſt beg him to ſuſpend his curioſity for a ſhort time, as we are obliged, for ſome very good reaſons, which hereafter perhaps he may gueſs, to delay his ſatisfaction a little longer.

MR Jones and his fair companion no ſooner entered the town than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, preſented the faireſt appearance to the ſtreet. Here Jones having ordered a ſervant to ſhew a room above ſtairs, was aſcending, when the diſhevelled fair haſtily following, was laid hold on by the maſter of the houſe, who cried, 'Hey day, 'where is that beggar wench going? Stay below 'ſtairs, I deſire you.' But Jones at that inſtant thundered from above, 'Let the lady come up,' in ſo authoritative a voice, that the good man inſtantly

withdrew his hands, and the lady made the beſt of her way to the chamber.

HERE Jones wiſhed her joy of her ſafe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promiſed, to ſend the landlady up with ſome cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindneſs, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſhe would ſee him again ſoon, to thank him a thouſand times more. During this ſhort converſation ſhe covered her white boſom as well as ſhe could poſſibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid ſtealing a ſly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

OUR travellers had happened to take up their reſidence at a houſe of exceeding good repute, whither Iriſh ladies of ſtrict virtue, and many Northern laſſes of the ſame predicament, were accuſtomed to reſort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any converſation of a diſreputable kind to paſs under her roof. Indeed ſo foul and contagious are all ſuch proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent ſcenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad houſe, or of a houſe of ill repute, to all thoſe where they are ſuffered to be carried on.

NOT that I would intimate, that ſuch ſtrict chaſtity as was preſerved in the temple of Veſta can poſſibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for ſuch a bleſſing; nor would any of the ladies I have ſpoken of, or indeed any others of the moſt rigid note, have expected or inſiſted on any ſuch thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very ſtrictly adhered to; and this her virtuous gueſts, who did not travel in rags, would very reaſonably have expected of her.

NOW it required no very blameable degree of ſuſpicion, to imagine that Mr Jones and his ragged companion had certain purpoſes in their intention, which, though tolerated in ſome Chriſtian countries, connived at in others, and practiſed in all, are however as expreſly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is univerſally be-

lieved in thoſe countries. The landlady therefore had no ſooner received an intimation of the entrance of the above-ſaid perſons, than ſhe began to meditate the moſt expeditious means for their expulſion. In order to this, ſhe had provided herſelf with a long and deadly inſtrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demoliſh the labours of the induſtrious ſpider. In vulgar phraſe, ſhe had taken up the broom-ſtick, and was juſt about to ſally from the kitchen, when Jones accoſted her with a demand of a gown, and other veſtments, to cover the half-naked woman above ſtairs.

NOTHING can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue patience, than ſolicitations of extraordinary offices of kindneſs, on behalf of thoſe very perſons with whom we are highly incenſed. For this reaſon Shakeſpeare hath artfully introduced his Deſdemona ſoliciting favours for Caſſio of her huſband, as the means of enflaming not only his jealouſy, but his rage, to the higheſt pitch of madneſs; and we find the unfortunate Moor leſs able to command his paſſion on this occaſion, than even when he beheld his valued preſent to his wife in the hands of his ſuppoſed rival. In fact, we regard theſe efforts as inſults on our underſtanding; and to ſuch the pride of man is very difficultly brought to ſubmit.

MY landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I ſuppoſe, ſome of this pride in her compoſition; for Jones had ſcarce ended his requeſt, when ſhe fell upon him with a certain weapon, which though it be neither long, nor ſharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wiſe men; nay, by many brave ones; inſomuch that ſome who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandiſhed; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themſelves with making a moſt pitiful and ſneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

TO confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr Jones was

one of theſe; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforeſaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any reſiſtance; but in a moſt cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagoniſt to deſiſt from purſuing her blows: in plain Engliſh, he only begged her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to hear him; but before he could obtain his requeſt, my landlord himſelf entered into the fray, and embraced that ſide of the cauſe which ſeemed to ſtand very little in need of aſſiſtance.

THERE are a ſort of heroes who are ſuppoſed to be determined in their chuſing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the perſon whom they are to engage. Theſe are ſaid to know their men; and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been ſo ſubmiſſive to her, he was no ſooner attacked by her huſband, than he demonſtrated an immediate ſpirit of reſentment, and enjoined him ſilence under a very ſevere penalty; no leſs than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

THE huſband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, anſwered, 'You muſt pray firſt to 'be made able; I believe I am a better man than 'yourſelf; ay, every way, that I am;' and preſently proceeded to diſcharge half a dozen whores at the lady above ſtairs, the laſt of which had ſcarce iſſued from his lips, when a ſwinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand, aſſaulted him over the ſhoulders.

IT is a queſtion whether the landlord or the landlady was the moſt expeditious in returning this blow. My landlord, whoſe hands were empty, fell to with his fiſt, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewiſe, had not the deſcent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident, *viz.* by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the houſe at that inſtant (for fear had cauſed him to run every ſtep from the hill), and who ſeeing

the danger which threatened his maſter, or companion, (which you chuſe to call him), prevented ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandiſhed aloft in the air.

THE landlady ſoon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to reſcue her arm from the hands of Partridge, ſhe let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the diſcipline of her huſband, ſhe fell with the utmoſt fury on that poor fellow, who had already given ſome intimation of himſelf, by crying, 'Zounds! do you 'intend to kill my friend?'

PARTRIDGE, though not much addicted to battle, would not however ſtand ſtill when his friend was attacked; nor was he much diſpleaſed with that part of the combat which fell to his ſhare: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as ſoon as he received them; and now the fight was obſtinately maintained on all parts, and it ſeemed doubtful to which ſide Fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had liſtened at the top of the ſtairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, deſcended ſuddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion deſiſt, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found freſh ſuccours were arrived to his aſſiſtance.

VICTORY muſt now have fallen to the ſide of the travellers (for the braveſt troops muſt yield to numbers) had not Suſan the chambermaid come luckily to ſupport her miſtreſs. This Suſan was as two handed a wench (according to the phraſe) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thaleſtris herſelf, or any of her ſubject Amazons; for her form was robuſt and manlike, and every way made for ſuch encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great miſchief to an enemy, ſo was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herſelf: her noſe being already flat to her face; her lips were ſo large, that no ſwelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were ſo hard that a fiſt could hardly

make any impreſſion on them. Laſtly, her cheek-bones ſtood out, as if Nature had intended them for two baſtions to defend her eyes in thoſe encounters for which ſhe ſeemed ſo well calculated, and to which ſhe was moſt wonderfully well inclined.

THIS fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her miſtreſs maintained ſo unequal a fight with one of either ſex. Here ſhe preſently challenged Partridge to ſingle combat. He accepted the challenge, and a moſt deſperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let looſe, began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now Fortune taking her ſcales from her ſhelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, againſt the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her, when a good-natured accident put ſuddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already ſufficiently feaſted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately deſiſted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the ſame favour of their antagoniſts: but Suſan was not ſo kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and beſtrid her enemy, was now cuffing him luſtily with both her hands, without any regard to his requeſt of a ceſſation of arms, or to thoſe loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No ſooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the reſcue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately ſenſible of his deliverance; for he ſtill lay flat on the floor, gnarding his face with his hands, nor did he ceaſe roaring, till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

THE landlord who had no viſible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well ſcratched face with her handkerchief, ran both haſtily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid

now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary; for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A Serjeant and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently enquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes. But lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered herself with a pillowbeer which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which

he ſtedfaſtly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, ſaying, 'I aſk pardon, Madam, but I am certain I 'am not deceived, you can be no other perſon than 'captain Waters's lady.'

THE poor woman, who in her preſent diſtreſs had very little regarded the face of any perſon preſent, no ſooner looked at the ſerjeant, than ſhe preſently recollected him, and calling him by his name, anſwered, that ſhe was indeed the unhappy perſon he imagined her to be; but added, 'I wonder any one 'ſhould know me in this diſguiſe.' To which the ſerjeant replied, He was very much ſurpriſed to ſee her Ladyſhip in ſuch a dreſs, and was afraid ſome accident had happened to her. 'An accident hath 'happened to me, indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'and I am high-'ly obliged to this gentleman (pointing to Jones) 'that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now liv-'ing to mention it.' 'Whatever the gentleman hath 'done,' cries the ſerjeant, 'I am ſure the captain 'will make him amends for it; and if I can be of 'any ſervice, your Ladyſhip may command me, and 'I ſhall think myſelf very happy to have it in my 'power to ſerve your Ladyſhip; and ſo indeed may 'any one, for I know the captain will well reward 'them for it.'

THE landlady who heard from the ſtairs all that paſt between the ſerjeant and Mrs Waters, came haſtily down, and running directly up to her began to aſk pardon for the offences ſhe had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, 'Lud! Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'how ſhould 'I have imagined that a lady of your faſhion would 'appear in ſuch a dreſs? I am ſure, Madam, if I 'had once ſuſpected that your Ladyſhip was your 'ladyſhip, I would ſooner have burnt my tongue 'out, than have ſaid what I have ſaid: and I hope 'your Ladyſhip will accept of a gown, till you can 'get your own cloaths.'

'PRITHEE, woman,' ſays Mrs Waters, 'ceaſe 'your impertinence: how can you imagine I ſhould 'concern myſelf about any thing which comes from 'the lips of ſuch low creatures as yourſelf? But I

'am ſurpriſed at your aſſurance in thinking, after 'what is paſt, that I will condeſcend to put on any 'of your dirty things. I would have you know, 'creature, I have a ſpirit above that.'

HERE Jones interfered, and begged Mrs Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: 'For I muſt confeſs,' cries he, 'our appearance was 'a little ſuſpicious when we firſt came in: and I 'am well aſſured, all this good woman did, was, as 'ſhe profeſſed, out of regard to the reputation of 'her houſe.'

'YES, upon my truly was it,' ſays ſhe, 'the gen-'tleman ſpeaks very much like a gentleman, and 'I ſee very plainly is ſo; and to be certain the 'houſe is well known to be a houſe of as good re-'putation as any on the road, and though I ſay it, 'is frequented by gentry of the beſt quality, both 'Iriſh and Engliſh. I defy any body to ſay black is 'my eye, for that matter. And, as I was ſaying, 'if I had known your Ladyſhip to be your Ladyſhip, 'I would as ſoon have burnt my fingers as have af-'fronted your Ladyſhip; but truly where gentry 'come and ſpend their money, I am not willing 'that they ſhould be ſcandalized by a ſet of poor 'ſhabby vermin, that where-ever they go, leave more 'lice than money behind them; ſuch folks never 'raiſe my compaſſion: for to be certain, it is fool-'iſh to have any for them, and if our juſtices did 'as they ought, they would be all whipt out of the 'kingdom; for to be certain it is what is moſt fit-'ting for them. But as for your Ladyſhip, I am 'heartily ſorry your Ladyſhip hath had a misfortune, 'and if your Ladyſhip will do me the honour to 'wear my cloaths till you can get ſome of your 'Ladyſhip's own, to be certain the beſt I have is 'at your Ladyſhip's ſervice.'

WHETHER cold, ſhame, or the perſuaſions of Mr Jones prevailed moſt on Mrs Waters, I will not determine; but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be pacified by this ſpeech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herſelf in a decent manner.

MY landlord was likewiſe beginning his oration

to Jones, but was preſently interrupted by that generous youth, who ſhook him heartily by the hand, and aſſured him of entire forgiveneſs, ſaying, 'If 'you are ſatisfied, my worthy friend, I promiſe you 'I am:' and indeed, in one ſenſe, the landlord had the better reaſon to be ſatisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had ſcarce felt a ſingle blow.

PARTRIDGE, who had been all this time waſhing his bloody noſe at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the inſtant when his maſter and the landlord were ſhaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable diſpoſition, he was pleaſed with thoſe ſymptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore ſome marks of Suſan's fiſt, and many more of her nails, he rather choſe to be contented with his fortune in the laſt battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

THE heroic Suſan was likewiſe well contented with her victory, though it had coſt her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the firſt onſet. Between theſe two, therefore, a league was ſtruck; and thoſe hands which had been the inſtruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

MATTERS were thus reſtored to a perfect calm, at which the ſerjeant, though it may ſeem ſo contrary to the principles of his profeſſion, teſtified his approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly,' ſaid he; 'd—n me, I hate to ſee two people bear ill-will to 'one another, after they have had a tuſſel. The on'ly way when friends quarrel, is to ſee it out fairly 'in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either 'with a fiſt, or ſword, or piſtol, according as they 'like, and then let it be all over: for my own part, 'd—n me if ever I love my friend better than when 'I am fighting with him. To bear malice is more 'like a Frenchman than an Engliſhman.'

HE then propoſed a libation, as a neceſſary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well verſed in ancient hiſtory; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to ſupport the cuſtom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Moſt

likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, ſince he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

JONES no ſooner heard the propoſal, than immediately agreeing with the learned ſerjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor uſed on theſe occaſions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himſelf. He placed his right-hand in that of the landlord, and ſeizing the bowl with his left, uttered the uſual words, and then made his libation. After which the ſame was obſerved by all preſent. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in deſcribing the whole form, as it differed ſo little from thoſe libations of which ſo much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern tranſcribers. The principal difference lay in two inſtances; for, firſt, the preſent company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the ſerjeant, who officiated as prieſt, drank the laſt; but he preſerved, I believe, the antient form, in ſwallowing much the largeſt draught of the whole company, and in being the only perſon preſent who contributed nothing towards the libation, beſides his good offices in aſſiſting at the performance.

THE good people now ranged themſelves round the kitchen fire, where good humour ſeemed to maintain an abſolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his ſhameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirſt, and ſoon became extremely facetious. We muſt, however, quit this agreeable aſſembly for a while, and attend Mr Jones to Mrs Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now beſpoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all dreſt three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good ſtomachs, with a deſcription of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithſtanding the high ideas which, by the means of flatterers, they may entertain

of themſelves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at leaſt (which is much the major part of moſt), are liable to the worſt infirmities, and ſubject to the vileſt offices of human nature. Among theſe latter the act of eating, which hath by ſeveral wiſe men been conſidered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philoſophic dignity, muſt be, in ſome meaſure, performed by the greateſt prince, hero, or philoſopher upon earth; nay, ſometimes Nature hath been ſo frolicſome as to exact of theſe dignified characters a much more exorbitant ſhare of this office, than ſhe hath obliged thoſe of the loweſt order to perform.

To ſay the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, ſo none need be aſhamed of ſubmitting to what the neceſſities of man demand: but when thoſe great perſonages I have juſt mentioned condeſcend to aim at confining ſuch low offices to themſelves, as when, by hoarding or deſtroying, they ſeem deſirous to prevent any others from eating, they then ſurely become very low and deſpicable.

Now after this ſhort preface, we think it no diſparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this ſeaſon. Indeed it may be doubted whether Ulyſſes, who, by the way, ſeems to have had the beſt ſtomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyſſey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at leaſt of that fleſh which formerly had contributed to the compoſition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr Jones.

This particular we thought ourſelves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion, who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in conſiderations of a very different nature, which paſſed unobſerved by Jones, till he had entirely ſatisfied that appetite which a faſt of twenty-four hours had procured him: but his dinner was no ſooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with theſe matters,

therefore, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr Jones, of whoſe perſonal accompliſhments we have hitherto ſaid very little, was, in reality, one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world. His face, beſides being the picture of health, had in it the moſt apparent marks of ſweetneſs and good-nature. Theſe qualities were indeed ſo characteriſtical in his countenance, that while the ſpirit and ſenſibility in his eyes, though they muſt have been perceived by an accurate obſerver, might have eſcaped the notice of the leſs diſcerning, ſo ſtrongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almoſt every one who ſaw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complection, that his face had a delicacy in it almoſt inexpreſſible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a moſt maſculine perſon and mein; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was, beſides, active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal ſpirits which enlivened every converſation where he was preſent.

When the reader hath duly reflected on theſe many charms which all centred in our hero, and conſiders at the ſame time the freſh obligations which Mrs Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, becauſe ſhe conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever cenſures may be paſſed upon her, it is my buſineſs to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To ſpeak out boldly at once, ſhe was in love, according to the preſent univerſally received ſenſe of that phraſe, by which love is applied indiſcriminately to the deſirable objects of all our paſſions, appetites, and ſenſes, and is underſtood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to theſe ſeveral objects may poſſibly be one and the ſame in all caſes, its opera-

tions however muſt be allowed to be different: for how much ſoever we may be in love with an excellent ſirloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damaſk roſe, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never ſmile, nor ogle, nor dreſs, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the ſaid beef, *&c.* Sigh, indeed, we ſometimes may, but it isgenerally in the abſence, not in the preſence of the beloved object; for otherwiſe we might poſſibly complain of their ingratitude and deafneſs, with the ſame reaſon as Paſipæ doth of her bull, whom ſhe endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiſed with good ſucceſs in the drawing room, on the much more ſenſible, as well as tender hearts, of the fine gentlemen there.

THE contrary happens, in that love which operates between perſons of the ſame ſpecies, but of different ſexes. Here we are no ſooner in love than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpoſe indeed are our youth inſtructed in all the arts of rendering themſelves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I queſtion whether any of thoſe trades which deal in ſetting off and adorning the human perſon would procure a livelihood. Nay, thoſe great poliſhers of our manners, who are by ſome thought to teach what principally diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, even dancingmaſters themſelves, might poſſibly find no place in ſociety. In ſhort, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glaſs, they add of their own, are in reality thoſe very *ſpicula & facis amoris*, ſo often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are ſometimes called in our own language, The whole artillery of love.

NOW, Mrs Waters and our hero had no ſooner ſat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a deſcription hitherto uneſſayed, either in proſe or verſe, we think proper to invoke the aſſiſtance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occaſion.

SAY then, ye Graces, you that inhabit the heavenly manſions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her preſence, and well know all the arts of charming; ſay, what were the weapons now uſed to captivate the heart of Mr Jones?

FIRST, from two lovely blue eyes, whoſe bright orbs flaſhed lightning at their diſcharge, flew forth two pointed ogles; but, happily for our hero, hit only a vaſt piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmleſs ſpent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miſcarriage, and immediately from her fair boſom drew forth a deadly ſigh; a ſigh which none could have heard unmoved, and which was ſufficient at once to have ſwept off a dozen beaus; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo tender, that the inſinuating air muſt have found its ſubtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarſe bubbling of ſome bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did ſhe aſſay; but the god of eating (if there be any ſuch deity; for I do not confidently aſſert it) preſerved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the preſent ſecurity of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preſerves from the attacks of hunger, ſo may hunger poſſibly, in ſome caſes, defend us againſt love.

THE fair one, enraged at her frequent diſappointments, determined on a ſhort ceſſation of arms; which interval ſhe employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner ſhould be over.

No ſooner then was the cloth removed, than ſhe again began her operations. Firſt, having planted her right eye ſide-ways againſt Mr Jones, ſhe ſhot from its corner a moſt penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was ſpent before it reached our hero, did not vent itſelf abſolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, haſtily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if ſhe was concerned for what ſhe had done; though by this means ſhe deſigned only to draw him

from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, thro' which she intended to surprise his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to feel their success. A parley now was set on foot between the parties; during which the artful fair so slily and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our hero, before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory.

Here the graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly conclusion.

While our lovers were entertaining themselves in the manner which is partly described in the foregoing chapter, they were likewise furnishing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen: and this in a double sense, by affording them matter for their conversation, and, at the same time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occa-

ſionally went backward and forward, Mr Partridge, the ſerjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

PARTRIDGE having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the ſituation in which Mrs Waters had been found by Jones, the ſerjeant proceeded to that part of her hiſtory which was known to him. He ſaid, ſhe was the wife of Mr Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. 'Some folks,' ſays he, 'uſed indeed to 'doubt whether they were lawfully married in a 'church or no; but, for my part, that's no buſineſs 'of mine: I muſt own, if I was put to my corporal 'oath, I believe ſhe is little better than one of us; 'and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when 'the ſun ſhines upon a rainy day. But if he does, 'that is neither here nor there; for he won't want 'company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, 'is a very good ſort of lady, and loves the cloth, 'and is always deſirous to do ſtrict juſtice to it; 'for ſhe hath begged off many a poor ſoldier, and, 'by her good-will, would never have any of them 'puniſhed. But yet, to be ſure, Enſign Northerton 'and ſhe were very well acquainted together, at 'our laſt quarters, that is the very right and truth 'of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing 'about it; and as long as there is enough for him 'too, what does it ſignify? He loves her not a bit 'the worſe, and I am certain would run any man 'through the body that was to abuſe her; therefore 'I won't abuſe her for my part. I only repeat what 'other folks ſay; and to be certain, what every bo-'dy ſays, there muſt be ſome truth in.' 'Ay, ay, 'a great deal of truth, I warrant you,' cries Partridge; '*Veritas odium parit.*' 'All a parcel of ſcan-'dalous ſtuff,' anſwered the miſtreſs of the houſe. 'I am ſure, now ſhe is dreſt, ſhe looks like a very 'good ſort of lady, and ſhe behaves herſelf like one; 'for ſhe gave me a guinea for the uſe of my cloaths.' 'A very good lady indeed,' cries the landlord; 'and if you had not been a little too haſty, you 'would not have quarrelled with her as you did at

'first.' 'You need mention that, with my truly,' answered she; 'if it had not been for your non-'sense, nothing had happened. You must be med-'dling with what did not belong to you, and throw 'in your fool's discourse.' 'Well, well,' answered he, 'what's past cannot be mended, so there's an 'end of the matter.' 'Yes,' cries she, 'for this once; 'but will it be mended ever the more hereafter? 'This is not the first time that I have suffered for 'your numscull's pate. I wish you would always 'hold your tongue in the house, and meddle only in 'matters without doors which concern you. Don't 'you remember what happened about seven years 'ago?'—'Nay, my dear,' returned he, 'don't rip up 'old stories. Come, come, all's well, and I am sorry 'for what I have done.' The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

THE serjeant asked Partridge, whither he and his master were travelling? 'None of your magisters,' answered Partridge; 'I am no man's servant, I as-'sure you; for though I have had misfortunes in 'the world, I write gentleman after my name; and 'as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have 'taught grammar-school in my time. *Sed hei mihi! 'non sum quod fui.*' 'No offence, I hope, Sir,' said the serjeant; 'where then, if I may venture to be 'so bold, may you and your friend be travelling?' —'You have now denominated us right,' says Partridge. '*Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend 'is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom,' (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears); 'he is the heir of Squire All-'worthy.' 'What, the Squire who doth so much 'good all over the country?' cries my landlady. 'Even he,' answered Partridge. 'Then I warrant,' says she, 'he'll have a swinging great estate here-'after.' Most certainly,' answered Partridge. 'Well,' replied the landlady, 'I thought the first moment I 'saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman;

'but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than any 'body.' 'I own, my dear,' cries he, 'it was a mi- 'stake.' 'A mistake indeed!' answered she; 'but 'when did you ever know me to make such mi- 'stakes?'—'But how comes it, Sir,' cries the land- lord, 'that such a great gentleman walks about the 'country a-foot?' 'I don't know,' returned Par- tridge; 'great gentlemen have humours sometimes. 'He hath now a dozen horses and servants at Glou- 'cester; and nothing would serve him, but last 'night, it being very hot weather, he must cool 'himself with a walk to yon high hill, whither I 'likewise walked with him to bear him company; 'but if ever you catch me there again; for I was 'never so frightened in all my life. We met with 'the strangest man there.' 'I'll be hanged,' cries the landlord, 'if it was not the Man of the Hill, as 'they call him, if indeed he be a man; but I know 'several people who believe it is the devil that lives 'there.' 'Nay, nay, like enough,' says Partridge; 'and now you put me in the head of it, I verily 'and sincerely believe it was the devil; though I 'could not perceive his cloven foot, but perhaps he 'might have the power given him to hide that, since 'evil spirits can appear in what shapes they please.' 'And pray, Sir,' says the serjeant, 'no offence I 'hope; but pray, what sort of a gentleman is the 'devil? for I have heard some of our officers say, 'there is no such person; and that it is only a trick 'of the parsons, to prevent their being broke; for 'if it was publicly known that there was no devil, 'the parsons would be of no more use than we are 'in time of peace.' 'Those officers,' says Partridge, 'are very great scholars, I suppose.' 'Not much of 'schollards neither,' answered the serjeant; 'they 'have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and 'to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, not- 'withstanding what they said, though one of them 'was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myself, 'if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent 'to him? and I have read all that upon a book.' 'Some of your officers,' quoth the landlord, 'will 'find there is a devil, to their shame, I believe. I

'don't queſtion but he'll pay off ſome old ſcores, 'upon my account. Here was one quartered upon 'me half a year, who had the conſcience to take 'up one of my beſt beds, though he hardly ſpent a 'ſhilling a day in the houſe, and ſuffered his men 'to roaſt cabbages at the kitchen fire, becauſe I 'would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every 'good Chriſtian muſt deſire there ſhould be a devil, 'for the puniſhment of ſuch wretches.' 'Harkee, 'landlord,' ſaid the ſerjeant, 'don't abuſe the cloth; 'for I won't take it.' 'D—n the cloth,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have ſuffered enough by them.' 'Bear witneſs, gentlemen,' ſays the ſerjeant, 'he 'curſes the king, and that's high treaſon.' 'I curſe 'the king! you villain,' ſaid the landlord. 'Yes, you 'did,' cries the ſerjeant, 'you curſed the cloth, and 'that's curſing the king. Its all one and the ſame; 'for every man who curſes the cloth, would curſe 'the king if he durſt; ſo for matter o'that it's all one 'and the ſame thing.' 'Excuſe me there, Mr Ser-'jeant,' quoth Partridge, 'that's a *non ſequitur*.' 'None of your outlandiſh linguo,' anſwered the ſerjeant, leaping from his ſeat; 'I will not ſit ſtill and 'hear the cloth abuſed.'—'You miſtake me, friend,' cries Partridge, 'I did not mean to abuſe the cloth; 'I only ſaid your concluſion was a *non ſequitur* *.' 'You are another,' cries the ſerjeant, 'an you come 'to that. No more a *ſequitur* than yourſelf. You 'are a pack of raſcals, and I'll prove it; for I will 'fight the beſt man of you all for twenty pound.' This challenge effectually ſilenced Partridge, whoſe ſtomach for drubbing did not ſo ſoon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whoſe bones were leſs ſore, and appetite for fighting was ſomewhat ſharper, did not ſo eaſily brook the affront, of which he conceived ſome part at leaſt fell to his ſhare. He ſtarted therefore from his ſeat, and advancing to the ſerjeant, ſwore he looked on himſelf to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The mi-

* This word, which the ſerjeant unhappily miſtook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the concluſion doth not follow from the premiſſes.

litary man accepted the combat, but refuſed the wager; upon which both immediately ſtript and engaged, till the driver of horſes was ſo well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhauſt his ſmall remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

THE young lady was now deſirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was diſabled from performing his office for that evening. An antient heathen would perhaps have imputed this diſability to the god of drink, no leſs than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had ſacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To ſpeak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better ſituation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other veſſel in his houſe.

THE miſtreſs of the inn being ſummoned to attend Mr Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing ſcene; and at the ſame time expreſſed great concern for the young lady, 'who,' ſhe ſaid, 'was 'under the utmoſt uneaſineſs at being prevented 'from purſuing her journey. She is a ſweet pretty 'creature,' added ſhe, 'and I am certain I have 'ſeen her face before. I fancy ſhe is in love, and 'running away from her friends. Who knows but 'ſome young gentleman or other may be expecting 'her, with a heart as heavy as her own?'

JONES fetched a hearty ſigh at theſe words; of which, though Mrs Waters obſerved it, ſhe took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, ſhe could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her ſuſpecting ſome very dangerous rival in his affections. The aukward behaviour of Mr Jones on this occaſion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct anſwer to any of her queſtions; but ſhe was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the diſcovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as ſhe could not ſee his heart, ſhe gave herſelf no concern about it.

She could feaſt heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that ſome other already had been, or hereafter might be, feaſted with the ſame repaſt. A ſentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in ſubſtance; and is leſs capricious, and perhaps leſs ill-natured and ſelfiſh, than the deſires of thoſe females who can be contented enough to abſtain from the poſſeſſion of their lovers, provided they are ſufficiently ſatisfied that no one elſe poſſeſſes them.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs Waters, *and by what means ſhe came into that diſtreſsful ſituation from which ſhe was reſcued by* Jones.

THOUGH Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal ſhare either of curioſity or vanity in every human compoſition, there is perhaps no individual to whom ſhe hath not allotted ſuch a proportion of both, as requires much arts and pains too, to ſubdue and keep under. A conqueſt, however, abſolutely neceſſary to every one who would in any degree deſerve the characters of wiſdom or good-breeding.

As Jones, therefore, might very juſtly be called a well-bred man, he had ſtifled all that curioſity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs Waters muſt be ſuppoſed to have occaſioned. He had indeed at firſt thrown out ſome few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her induſtriouſly avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without ſuſpicion that there were ſome circumſtances which muſt have raiſed her bluſhes, had ſhe related the whole truth.

Now, ſince it is poſſible that ſome of our readers may not ſo eaſily acquieſce under the ſame ignorance, and as we are very deſirous to ſatisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourſelves of the real fact, with the relation of which we ſhall conclude this book.

THIS lady, then, had lived ſome years with one

Captain Waters, who was a captain in the ſame regiment to which Mr Northerton belonged. She paſſed for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the ſerjeant ſaid, there were ſome doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we ſhall not at preſent take upon us to reſolve.

Mrs Waters, I am ſorry to ſay it, had for ſome time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned enſign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That ſhe had a remarkable fondneſs for that young fellow is moſt certain; but whether ſhe indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not ſo extremely clear, unleſs we will ſuppoſe that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one alſo.

The diviſion of the regiment to which Captain Waters belonged had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr Northerton was the enſign; ſo that the former had reached Worceſter the very day after the unfortunate re-encounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs Waters and the captain, that ſhe would accompany him in his march as far as Worceſter, where they were to take their leave of each other, and ſhe was thence to return to Bath, where ſhe was to ſtay till the end of the winter's campaign againſt the rebels.

With this agreement Mr Northerton was made acquainted. To ſay the truth, the lady had made him an aſſignation at this very place, and promiſed to ſtay at Worceſter till his diviſion came thither; with what view, and for what purpoſe, muſt be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature, by any comments to the diſadvantage of the loveliеſt part of the creation.

Northerton no ſooner obtained a releaſe from his captivity, as we have ſeen, than he haſted away to overtake Mrs Waters; which as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the laſt-mentioned city, ſome few hours after Captain Waters had left her. At his firſt arrival he made no ſcruple of acquaint-

ing her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at leaſt in a court of honour, though he left ſome circumſtances which might be queſtionable in a court of law.

WOMEN, to their glory be it ſpoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently diſintereſted paſſion of love, which ſeeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs Waters, therefore, was no ſooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was expoſed, than ſhe loſt every conſideration beſides that of his ſafety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate ſubject of debate between them.

AFTER much conſultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould go a-croſs the country to Hereford, whence he might find ſome conveyance to one of the ſea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his eſcape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs Waters declared ſhe would bear him company; and for which ſhe was able to furniſh him with money, a very material article to Mr Northerton, ſhe having then in her pocket three bank-notes to the amount of 90 l. beſides ſome caſh, and a diamond ring, of pretty conſiderable value, on her finger: all which ſhe with the utmoſt confidence revealed to this wicked man, little ſuſpecting ſhe ſhould by theſe means inſpire him with a deſign of robbing her. Now as they muſt, by taking horſes from Worceſter, have furniſhed any purſuers with the means of hereafter diſcovering their rout, the enſign propoſed, and the lady preſently agreed, to make their firſt ſtage on foot; for which purpoſe the hardneſs of the froſt was very ſeaſonable.

THE main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and ſhe had nothing with her at preſent beſides a very ſmall quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being ſettled in the evening, they aroſe early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worceſter, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at

full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom, consequently, a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility; and as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine: but being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption, he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs Waters that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes, by which means Mr Jones came to her relief, at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's

hands, with no other loſs than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

THUS, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy ſatisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a ſcene of folly, as well as villainy, which we could ſcarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of, had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly perſuaded that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded, therefore, that his only ſafety lay in flight, he thought the poſſeſſing himſelf of this poor woman's money and ring would make him amends for the additional burthen he was to lay on his conſcience.

AND here, reader, we muſt ſtrictly caution thee, that thou doſt not take any occaſion, from the miſbehaviour of ſuch a wretch as this, to reflect on ſo worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleaſed to conſider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper perſon to be enrolled among the number of ſuch. If, therefore, his baſeneſs can juſtly reflect on any beſides himſelf, it muſt be only on thoſe who gave him his commiſſion.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the History goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be: for perhaps thou mayst be as learned in human nature as Shakespeare himself was; and, perhaps, thou mayst be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions, that thou mayst not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connect-

ed, and before he comes to the final cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous abſurdity. The alluſion and metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occaſion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to expreſs the difference between an author of the firſt rate, and a critic of the loweſt.

ANOTHER caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a reſemblance between certain characters here introduced: as for inſtance, between the landlady who appears in the ſeventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteriſtics, in which moſt individuals of every profeſſion and occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe characteriſtics, and at the ſame time to diverſify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice diſtinction between two perſons actuated by the ſame vice or folly, is another; and as this laſt talent is found in very few writers, ſo is the true diſcernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the obſervation of this forms a very principal pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the diſcovery. Every perſon, for inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir Epicure Mammon and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquiſite judgment; for want of which, vulgar ſpectators of plays very often do great injuſtice in the theatre, where I have ſometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worſe evidence than the reſemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the ſtage would run the hazard of being condemned as a ſervile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouſe critics underſtand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

IN the next place, we muſt admoniſh thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, becauſe it is not perfectly a good one. If thou doſt delight in theſe models of perfection, there are

books enow written to gratify thy taſte; but as we have not, in the courſe of our converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the truth, I a little queſtion whether mere man ever arrived at this conſummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a monſter bad enough to verify that

——*Nulla virtute redemtum*
A vitiis——*

in Juvenal: nor do I indeed conceive the good purpoſes ſerved by inſerting characters of ſuch angelic perfection, or ſuch diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; ſince, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with ſorrow and ſhame, than to draw any good uſes from ſuch patterns: for in the former inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and, in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy ſenſations at ſeeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodneſs in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-diſpoſed mind, tho' there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our compaſſion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral uſe than the imperfections which are ſeen in examples of this kind, ſince ſuch form a kind of ſurpriſe more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked perſons. The foibles and vices of men in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects, from the virtues which contraſt them, and ſhew their deformity; and when we find ſuch vices attended with their evil conſequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own ſake, but to hate them for the miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

* Whoſe vices are not allayed with a ſingle virtue.

And now, my friend, having given you theſe few admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Iriſh *gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which enſued at the inn.*

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking place, ſports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on ſome hollow tree the owl, ſhrill choriſter of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of ſome modern connoiſſeurs in muſic: now, in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he ſtaggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, Fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honeſt watchmen faſt aſleep: in plain Engliſh, it was now mid-night, and the company at the inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Suſan Chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the kitchen before ſhe retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hoſtler.

In this poſture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there poſt. He immediately alighted from his horſe, and coming up to Suſan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed manner, being almoſt out of breath with eagerneſs, whether there was any lady in the houſe. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who ſtared very wildly all the time, a little ſurpriſed Suſan, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any anſwer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true information, ſaying, he had loſt his wife, and was come in purſuit of her. 'Upon my ſhoul,' cries he, 'I have been near 'catching her already in two or three places, if I had 'not found her gone juſt as I came up with her. 'If ſhe be in the houſe, do carry me up in the dark,

'and ſhew her to me; and if ſhe be gone away be-
'fore me, do tell me which way I ſhall go after her
'to meet her, and upon my ſhoul, I will make you
'the richeſt poor woman in the nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a ſight which would have bribed perſons of much greater conſequence than this poor wench, to much worſe purpoſes.

SUSAN, from the account ſhe had received of Mrs Waters, made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe was the very identical ſtray whom the right owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reaſon, that ſhe never could get money in an honeſter way than by reſtoring a wife to her huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of aſſuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the houſe; and was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promiſes, and ſome earneſt paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs Waters.

IT hath been a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite world, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſons, that a huſband ſhall never enter his wife's apartment without firſt knocking at the door. The many excellent uſes of this cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world; for by this means the lady hath time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable object out of the way: for there are ſome ſituations, in which nice and delicate women would not be diſcovered by their huſbands.

To ſay the truth, there are ſeveral ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarſer judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of ſubſtance in them by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the cuſtom above mentioned been obſerved by our gentleman in the preſent inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of thoſe gentle raps which is uſual on ſuch occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with ſuch violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no ſooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewiſe, appeared—— with ſhame and ſorrow are we obliged to proceed— our hero himſelf, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a miſtake, and was going to aſk pardon and retreat, when, on a ſudden, as the moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his eyes on ſtays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, ſtockings, garters, ſhoes, clogs, *&c.* all which lay in a diſordered manner on the floor. All theſe operating on the natural jealouſy of his temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all power of ſpeech; and, without returning any anſwer to Jones he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediatly interpoſing, a fierce contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to blows on both ſides. And now Mrs Waters (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her ſleep, and ſeeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent manner, crying out, murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe words of exclamation are uſed by ladies in a fright, as fa, ia, la, ra, da, *&c.* are in muſic, only as the vehicles of ſound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was depoſited the body of an Iriſh gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of thoſe whom the Iriſh call a calaballaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpoſe he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs Behn's novels; for he had been inſtructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himſelf to the ladies than the improving his underſtanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the

violent uproar in the next room than he leapt from his bolſter, and taking his ſword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs Waters's chamber.

If the ſight of another man in his ſhirt at firſt added ſome ſhock to the decency of the lady, it made her preſently amends, by conſiderably abating her fears; for no ſooner had the calaballaro entered the room, than he cried out, 'Mr Fitzpatrick, 'what the devil is the meaning of this?' Upon which the other immediately anſwered, 'O, Mr 'Macklachlan, I am rejoiced you are here.—This 'villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into 'bed with her.'——'What wife?' cries Macklachlan; 'do not I know Mrs Fitzpatrick very well, and 'don't I ſee that the lady, whom the gentleman 'who ſtands here in his ſhirt is lying in bed with, 'is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpſe he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate miſtake, began to aſk many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones ſaid, 'I would have you take notice I do not aſk your 'pardon, for you have bate me; for which I am re'ſolved to have your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr Macklachlan anſwered, 'Indeed, Mr Fitz'patrick, you may be aſhamed of your own ſelf to 'diſturb people at this time of night: if all the 'people in the inn were not aſleep, you would have 'awakened them as you have me. The gentleman 'has ſerved you very rightly. Upon my conſcience, 'though I have no wife, if you had treated her ſo, 'I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was ſo confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own aſſurance, ſhe anſwered,

'I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to 'none of you. Help! rape! murder! rape!'—And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs Waters fell upon her with the utmoſt virulence, ſaying, 'She thought herſelf in a ſober inn, and not in a 'bawdyhouſe; but that a ſet of villains had broke 'into her room, with an intent upon her honour, 'if not upon her life; and both, ſhe ſaid, were 'equally dear to her.'

THE landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, 'She was undone, and that the reputation of her 'houſe, which was never blown upon before, was ut-'terly deſtroyed.' Then turning to the men, ſhe cried, 'What, in the devil's name, is the reaſon of 'all this diſturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, 'that he 'had committed a miſtake, for which he heartily 'aſked pardon,' and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly aſſerted, That he had run to her aſſiſtance upon hearing the door broke open; with what deſign he could not conceive, unleſs of robbing the lady; which if they intended, he ſaid, he had the good fortune to prevent. 'I never had a robbery committed in my 'houſe ſince I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I 'would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no high-'waymen here; I ſcorn the word, thof I ſay it. 'None but honeſt, good gentlefolks, are welcome 'to my houſe; and, I thank good luck, I have al-'ways had enow of ſuch cuſtomers; indeed as many 'as I could entertain. Here hath been my Lord '——,' and then ſhe repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inſerting.

JONES, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs Waters, for having appeared before her in his ſhirt, aſſuring her, That nothing but a concern for her ſafety could have prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himſelf of her anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the ſcene, by conſi-

dering the ſituation which ſhe affected, it being that of a modeſt lady, who was awakened out of her ſleep by three ſtrange men in her chamber. This was the part which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our theatrical actreſſes could exceed her in any of their performances either on or off the ſtage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair ſex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thouſand who is capable of making a good actreſs; and even among theſe we rarely ſee two who are equally able to perſonate the ſame character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well thoſe individuals who have it not as thoſe who poſſeſs it, can all act it to the utmoſt degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs Waters recovering from her fear, recovered likewiſe from her anger, and ſpoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not ſo readily quit her concern for the reputation of the houſe, in favour of which ſhe began again to number the many great perſons who had ſlept under her roof; but the lady ſtopt her ſhort, and having abſolutely acquitted her of having had any ſhare in the paſt diſturbance, begged to be left to her repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped to enjoy unmoleſted during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many court'ſies, took her leave.

CHAP. III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Suſan *the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their ſervants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach perſons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.*

The landlady remembering that Suſan had been the only perſon out of bed when the door was burſt open, reſorted preſently to her, to enquire into the firſt occaſion of the diſturbance, as well as who

the ſtrange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

SUSAN related the whole ſtory, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in ſome circumſtances, as ſhe ſaw convenient, and totally concealing the money which ſhe had received. But whereas her miſtreſs had, in the preface to her enquiry, ſpoken much in compaſſion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Suſan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her miſtreſs ſeemed to be under on that account, by ſwearing heartily ſhe ſaw Jones leap out from her bed.

THE landlady fell into a violent rage at theſe words. 'A likely ſtory truly,' cried ſhe, 'that a woman ſhould cry out, and endeavour to expoſe herſelf, if that was the caſe! I deſire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witneſs for her ſhe did. I beg, Madam, you would ſpread no ſuch ſcandal of any of my gueſts; for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the houſe; and I am ſure no vagabonds nor wicked beggarly people come here.'

'WELL,' ſays Suſan, 'then I muſt not believe my own eyes.' 'No indeed muſt you not always, anſwered her miſtreſs; 'I would not have believed my own eyes againſt ſuch good gentlefolks. I have not had a better ſupper ordered this half year than they ordered laſt night; and ſo eaſy and good-humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worceſterſhire perry, which I ſold them for Champaigne; and to be ſure it is as well taſted, and as wholeſome as the beſt Champaigne in the kingdom, otherwiſe I would ſcorn to give it 'em, and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of ſuch ſober good ſort of people.'

SUSAN being thus ſilenced, her miſtreſs proceeded to other matters. 'And ſo you tell me,' continued ſhe, 'that the ſtrange gentleman came poſt, and there is a footman without with the horſes; why then, he is certainly ſome of your great gentlefolks too. Why did not you aſk him whether he'd have

'any ſupper? I think he is in the other gentle-
'man's room; go up and aſk whether he called.
'Perhaps he'll order ſomething when he finds any
'body ſtirring in the houſe to dreſs it. Now don't
'commit any of your uſual blunders, by telling him
'the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if he ſhould
'order mutton, don't blab out that we have none.
'The butcher, I know, killed a ſheep juſt before I
'went to bed, and he never refuſes to cut it up warm
'when I deſire it. Go; remember there's all ſorts of
'mutton and fowls; go, open the door, with gentle-
'men d'ye call; and if they ſay nothing, aſk what
'his Honour will be pleaſed to have for ſupper.
'Don't forget his Honour. Go; if you don't mind
'all theſe matters better, you'll never come to any
'thing.'

SUSAN departed, and ſoon returned with an account, that the two gentlemen were got both into the ſame bed. 'Two gentlemen,' ſays the landlady, 'in the ſame bed! that's impoſſible; they are two 'errant ſcrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, 'young Squire Allworthy gueſſed right, that the 'fellow intended to rob her ladyſhip: for if he had 'broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked 'deſigns of a gentleman, he would never have 'ſneaked away to another room to ſave the expence 'of a ſupper and a bed to himſelf. They are cer-'tainly thieves, and their ſearching after a wife is 'nothing but a pretence.'

IN theſe cenſures, my landlady did Mr Fitzpatrick great injuſtice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few blemiſhes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a ſneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handſome fortune with his wife, he had now ſpent every penny of it, except ſome little pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch cruelty, that together with his jealouſy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

THIS gentleman then, being well tired with his

long journey from Cheſter in one day, with which, and ſome good dry blows he had received in the ſcuffle, his bones were ſo ſore, that, added to the ſoreneſs of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being ſo violently diſappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's inſtance, he had miſtaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head that ſhe might, nevertheleſs, be in the houſe, though he had erred in the firſt perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the diſſuaſions of his friend from ſearching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and poſt-boy were in a different diſpoſition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real truth of the caſe, and that Mr Fitzpatrick was no thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greedineſs, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the hurry which we have before ſeen; and when he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his pillow, a ſcreech-owl had given him ſuch a ſerenade at his window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her reſt: for ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two gueſts to the care of Suſan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily anſwered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Iriſh footman was retired to bed, and the poſt-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to ſtay and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The ſchoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the company of my landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that

of the boy, in whoſe preſence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another poſt-boy at the gate; upon which Suſan being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding-habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that Partridge and the poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her curt'ſies, and her ladyſhips, with great eagerneſs.

The lady in the rich habit ſaid, with a ſmile of great condeſcenſion, 'If you will give me leave, 'Madam, I will warm myſelf a few minutes at your 'kitchen fire, for it is really very cold; but I muſt 'inſiſt on diſturbing no one from his ſeat.' This was ſpoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, ſtruck with the utmoſt awe and aſtoniſhment at the ſplendor of the lady's dreſs. Indeed ſhe had a much better title to reſpect than this; for ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earneſtly deſired Partridge to return to his ſeat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and diſplayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of ſnow in them except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewiſe pulled off her gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact reſemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wish, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your Lady-'ſhip would not think of going any farther to-'night. I am terribly afraid your Ladyſhip will 'not be able to bear the fatigue.'

'Why ſure,' cries the landlady, 'her Ladyſhip's 'Honour can never intend it. O bleſs me, farther 'to-night indeed! let me beſeech your Ladyſhip 'not to think on't.—But, to be ſure, your Ladyſhip 'can't. What will your Honour be pleaſed to have 'for ſupper? I have mutton of all kinds, and ſome 'nice chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' ſaid the lady, 'it would be 'rather breakfaſt than ſupper; but I can't eat any 'thing; and if I ſtay, ſhall only ly down for an hour 'or two. However, if you pleaſe, Madam, you

'may get me a little ſack-whey made very ſmall 'and thin.'

'YES, Madam,' cries the miſtreſs of the houſe, 'I have ſome excellent white-wine.' 'You have no 'ſack then,' ſays the lady. 'Yes, an't pleaſe your 'Honour, I have; I may challenge the country for 'that,—but let me beg your Ladyſhip to eat ſome-'thing.'

'UPON my word, I can't eat a morſel,' anſwered the lady; 'and I ſhall be much obliged to you, if 'you will pleaſe to get my apartment ready as ſoon 'as poſſible; for I am reſolved to be on horſeback 'again in three hours.'

'WHY, Suſan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire 'lit yet in the Wild-gooſe?——I am ſorry, Madam, 'all my beſt rooms are full. Several people of 'the firſt quality are now in bed. Here's a great 'young ſquire, and many other great gentlefolks 'of quality.'

SUSAN anſwered, That the Iriſh gentlemen were got into the Wild-gooſe.

'WAS ever any thing like it!' ſays the miſtreſs; 'why the devil would you not keep ſome of the 'beſt rooms for the quality, when you know ſcarce 'a day paſſes without ſome calling here?—If they 'be gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it 'is for her ladyſhip, they will get up again.'

'NOT upon my account,' ſays the lady; 'I will 'have no perſon diſturbed for me. If you have a 'room that is commonly decent, it will ſerve me 'very well, tho' it be never ſo plain. I beg, Ma-'dam, you will not give yourſelf ſo much trouble 'on my account.' 'O, Madam,' cries the other, 'I have ſeveral very good rooms for that matter, 'but none good enough for your Honour's Ladyſhip. 'However, as you are ſo condeſcending to take up 'with the beſt I have, do, Suſan, get a fire in the 'Roſe this minute. Will your Ladyſhip be pleaſed 'to go up now, or ſtay till the fire is lighted?' 'I 'think, I have ſufficiently warmed myſelf,' anſwered the lady; 'ſo if you pleaſe I will go now: I 'am afraid I have kept people, and particularly 'that gentleman (meaning Partridge) too long in

'the cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think 'of keeping any perſon from the fire in this dread-'ful weather.' She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

WHEN that good woman returned, the converſation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almoſt can withſtand: for my landlady, though ſhe was not pleaſed at the negative given to the ſupper, declared ſhe had never ſeen ſo lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying ſome compliments to the gold lace on her habit: the poſt-boy ſung forth the praiſes of her goodneſs, which were likewiſe echoed by the other poſt-boy, who was now come in. 'She's a true good lady, I warrant her,' ſays he; 'ſhe hath mercy upon dumb creatures; 'for ſhe aſked me every now and tan upon the 'journey, if I did not think ſhe ſhould hurt the 'horſes by riding too faſt; and when ſhe came in, 'ſhe charged me to give them as much corn as ever 'they would eat.'

SUCH charms are there in affability, and ſo ſure is it to attract the praiſes of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs Huſſey *. 'Tis equally ſure to ſet off every female perfection to the higheſt advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A ſhort reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath ſeen the lovelineſs of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contraſt it, by ſhewing the reverſe.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible noſtrums for procuring univerſal diſeſteem and hatred.

THE lady had no ſooner laid herſelf on her pillow than the waiting-woman returned to the

* A celebrated mantuamaker in the Strand, famous for ſetting off the ſhapes of women.

kitchen, to regale with ſome of thoſe dainties which her miſtreſs had refuſed.

THE company, at her entrance, ſhewed her the ſame reſpect which they had before paid to her miſtreſs, by riſing, but ſhe forgot to imitate her, by deſiring them to ſit down again. Indeed it was ſcarce poſſible they ſhould have done ſo; for ſhe placed her chair in ſuch a poſture, as to occupy almoſt the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that inſtant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now, though the ſaid chicken was then at rooſt in the ſtable, and required the ſeveral ceremonies of catching, killing, and pickling, before it was brought to the grid-iron, my landlady would, nevertheleſs, have undertaken to do all within the time; but the gueſt being unfortunately admitted behind the ſcenes, muſt have been witneſs to the fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the houſe; 'but, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can get any kind of mutton in an inſtant from 'the butcher's.'

'Do you think then,' anſwered the waiting gentlewoman, 'that I have the ſtomach of a horſe 'to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you 'people that keep inns imagine your betters are like 'yourſelves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at 'this wretched place. I wonder my lady would 'ſtop at it: I ſuppoſe none but tradeſmen and gra-'ſiers ever call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her houſe; however ſhe ſuppreſſed her temper, and contented herſelf with ſaying, Very good quality frequented it, ſhe thanked Heaven! 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of qua-'lity! I believe I know more of people of quality 'than ſuch as you.—But, prithee, without trou-'bling me with any of your impertinence, do tell 'me what I can have for ſupper; for though I can-'not eat horſefleſh, I am really hungry.' 'Why 'truly, Madam,' anſwered the landlady, 'you 'could not take me again at ſuch a diſadvantage: 'for I muſt confeſs I have nothing in the houſe, un-'leſs a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentle-

'man's footman and the poſt-boy have almoſt clear-
'ed to the bone.' 'Woman,' ſaid Mrs Abigal, (ſo for ſhortneſs we will call her), 'I entreat you not 'to make me ſick. If I had faſted a month I could 'not eat what had been touched by the fingers of 'ſuch fellows. Is there nothing neat or decent to 'be had in this horrid place?' 'What think you 'of ſome eggs and bacon, Madam?' ſaid the land-lady. 'Are your eggs new laid? are you certain 'they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon 'cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any 'thing that's groſs.—Prithee, try if you can do a 'little tolerably for once, and don't think you have 'a farmer's wife, or ſome of thoſe creatures in the 'houſe.'—The landlady began to handle her knife; but the other ſtopped her, ſaying, 'Good woman, 'I muſt inſiſt upon your firſt waſhing your hands; 'for I am extremely nice, and have been always 'uſed from my cradle to have every thing in the 'moſt elegant manner.'

THE landlady, who governed herſelf with much difficulty, began now the neceſſary preparations; for as to Suſan, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch diſdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to reſtrain her hands from violence as her miſtreſs had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Suſan did not entirely: for though ſhe literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'Mar-'ry-come-ups, as good fleſh and blood as yourſelf,' with other ſuch indignant phraſes.

WHILE the ſupper was preparing, Mrs Abigail began to lament ſhe had not ordered a fire in the parlour, but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'How-'ever,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have novelty to recommend a 'kitchen; for I do not believe I ever ate in one be-'fore.' Then turning to the poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, 'why they were not in the ſtable with their 'horſes? If I muſt eat my hard fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the landlady, 'I beg the kitchen may be 'kept clear, that I may not be ſurrounded with all 'the blackguards in town: as for you, Sir,' ſays ſhe to Partridge, 'you look ſomewhat like a gentleman, 'and may ſit ſtill if you pleaſe; I don't deſire to 'diſturb any body but mob.'

'YES, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.*' This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; but 'you don't shew yourself as one, to talk Latin to a 'woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

THE supper being now on the table, Mrs Abigail ate very heartily for so delicate a person, and while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, 'And so, Madam, you tell me, your 'house is frequented by people of great quality?'

THE landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, 'There were a great many very good quality 'and gentlefolks in it now. There's young Squire 'Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.'

'AND pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young Squire Allworthy?' said Abigail.

'WHO should he be,' answered Partridge, 'but 'the son and heir of the great Squire Allworthy of 'Somersetshire?'

'UPON my word,' said she, 'you tell me strange 'news: for I know Mr Allworthy of Somersetshire 'very well, and I know he hath no son alive.'

THE landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, it is true, every body doth not know him to 'be Squire Allworthy's son, for he was never mar-'ried to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and 'will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is 'Jones.' At that word Abigail let drop the bacon which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You surprise me, Sir. Is it possible Mr Jones 'should be now in the house!' '*Quare non?*' answered Partridge; it is possible, and it is certain.'

ABIGAIL now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady and her unamiable maid were.

AS in the month of June the damaſk roſe, which Chance hath planted among the lilies with their candid hue mixes his vermilion; or ſome playſome heifer in the pleaſant month of May diffuſes her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, conſtant dove, perched on ſome fair bough, ſits meditating on her mate; ſo looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many ſweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and as innocent as her face was beautiful, Sophia (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand when her maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who 'doth your Ladyſhip think is in the houſe?' Sophia ſtarting up, cried, 'I hope my father hath not over-'taken us.' 'No, Madam, it it one worth a hun-'dred fathers; Mr Jones himſelf is here at this very 'inſtant.' 'Mr Jones,' ſays Sophia, 'it is impoſ-'ſible; I cannot be ſo fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was preſently detached by her miſtreſs to order him to be called, for ſhe ſaid ſhe was reſolved to ſee him immediately.

MRS Honour had no ſooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before ſeen, than the landlady fell ſeverely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for ſome time, and now it ſcoured out of her mouth as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewiſe ſhovelled in his ſhare of calumny; and, what may ſurpriſe the reader, not only beſpattered the maid, but attempted to ſully the lily-white character of Sophia herſelf. 'Never a barrel the better herring,' cries he. '*No-'ſcitur a ſocio* is a true ſaying. It muſt be confeſ-'ſed, indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is 'the civiler of the two, but I warrant neither of 'them are a bit better than they ſhould be. A couple

'of Bath trulls, I'll anſwer for them; your quality 'don't ride about at this time o'night without ſer- 'vants.' 'Sbodlikins, and that's true,' cries the landlady, 'you have certainly hit upon the very 'matter; for quality don't come into a houſe with- 'out beſpeaking a ſupper, whether they eat or no.'

While they were thus diſcourſing, Mrs Honour returned and diſcharged her commiſſion, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to ſpeak with him. The land- lady referred her to Partridge, ſaying, he was the Squire's friend; but, for her part, ſhe never called menfolks, eſpecially gentlemen, and then walked ſullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herſelf to Partridge, but he refuſed; 'for my friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very late, and he would be very 'angry to be diſturbed ſo ſoon.' Mrs Honour in- ſiſted ſtill to have him called, ſaying, She was ſure, inſtead of being angry, that he would be to the high- eſt degree delighted when he knew the occaſion. 'Another time perhaps he might,' cries Partridge; 'but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. One woman is 'enough at once for a reaſonable man.' 'What do 'you mean by one woman, ſellow?' cries Honour. 'None of your ſellow,' anſwered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made uſe of an ex- preſſion too indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs Honour, that ſhe called him jacka- napes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mi- ſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the ſucceſs of her errand, and with the account ſhe had received, which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with Jones as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She diſ- charged a torrent of abuſe on the maſter, and ad- viſed her miſtreſs to quit all thoughts of a man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the ſtory of Molly Seagrim, and gave the moſt malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent incident not a little countenanced.

The ſpirits of Sophia were too much diſſipated

by concern to enable her to ſtop the torrent of her maid. At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying, 'I never can believe this; ſome villain hath belied 'him. You ſay you had it from his friend; but 'ſurely it is not the office of a friend to betray ſuch 'ſecrets.' 'I ſuppoſe,' cries Honour, 'the fellow is 'his pimp; for I never ſaw ſo ill-looked a villain. 'Beſides, ſuch profligate rakes as Mr Jones are ne-'ver aſhamed of theſe matters.'

To ſay the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcuſable; but he had not ſlept off the effect of the doſe which he ſwallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt ſpirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which Nature deſigned for the reſervoir of drink being very ſhallow, a ſmall quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the ſluices of his heart, ſo that all the ſecrets there depoſited run out. Theſe ſluices were indeed naturally very ill ſecured. To give the beſt-natured turn we can to his diſpoſition, he was a very honeſt man; for as he was the moſt inquiſitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the ſecrets of others, ſo he very faithfully paid them, by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what reſolution to take, Suſan arrived with the ſack-whey. Mrs Honour immediately adviſed her miſtreſs, in a whiſper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child; now anſwer me truly what 'I am going to aſk you, and I promiſe you I will 'very well reward you. Is there a young gentle-'man in this houſe, a handſome young gentleman 'that——' Here Sophia bluſhed, and was confounded—'A young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came 'hither in company with that ſaucy raſcal who is 'now in the kitchen?' Suſan anſwered, 'there 'was.'——'Do you know any thing of any lady?' continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't aſk you whe-'ther ſhe is handſome or no; perhaps ſhe is not;

'that's nothing to the purpoſe; but do you know 'of any lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries Honour, 'you 'will make a very bad examiner. Harkee, child,' ſays ſhe, 'is not that very young gentleman now in 'bed with ſome naſty trull or other?' Here Suſan ſmiled, and was ſilent. 'Anſwer the queſtion, child, ſays Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A 'guinea! Madam,' cries Suſan; La, what's a gui-'nea? If my miſtreſs ſhould know it, I ſhall certain-'ly loſe my place that very inſtant.' 'Here's ano-'ther for you,' ſays Sophia, 'and I promiſe you faith-'fully your miſtreſs ſhall never know it.' Suſan, after a very ſhort heſitation, took the money, and told the whole ſtory, concluding with ſaying, 'If you 'have any great curioſity, Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly 'into his room, and ſee whether he be in his own 'bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's deſire, and returned with an anſwer in the negative.

SOPHIA now trembled and turned pale. Mrs Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of ſo worthleſs a fellow. 'Why there,' ſays Suſan, 'I hope, Madam, your Ladyſhip won't 'be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your Lady-'ſhip's name Madam Sophia Weſtern?' 'How is it 'poſſible you ſhould know me?' anſwered Sophia. 'Why that man that the gentlewoman ſpoke of, who 'is in the kitchen, told about you laſt night. But 'I hope your Ladyſhip is not angry with me.' 'In-'deed, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not; pray tell me 'all, and I promiſe you I'll reward you.' 'Why, 'Madam,' continued Suſan, 'that man told us all 'in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Weſtern—In-'deed I don't know how to bring it out.'——Here ſhe ſtopped, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently preſſed by Mrs Honour, ſhe proceeded thus:—'He told us, Madam, 'though to be ſure it is all a lie, that your Ladyſhip 'was dying for love of the young Squire, and that 'he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I 'thought to myſelf, then, he was a falſe-hearted 'wretch; but now to ſee ſuch a fine, rich, beau-'tiful lady as you be forſaken for ſuch an ordinary 'woman, (for to be ſure ſo ſhe is, and another man's

'wife into the bargain), it is such a strange un-
'natural thing, in a manner——'

SOPHIA gave her a third guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her friend if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

BEING now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting woman, That she never was more easy than at present. 'I am now convinced,' said she, 'he is not only a villain, but a low despicable 'wretch. I can forgive all, rather than his exposing 'my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders 'him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I 'am now easy. I am indeed. I am very easy;' and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

AFTER a short interval spent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

THE reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night, and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper, which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

THEN having paid for what Mrs Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, *the madneſs of* Jones, *and the folly of* Fitzpatrick.

IT was now paſt five in the morning, and other company began to riſe and come to the kitchen, among whom were the ſerjeant and the coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the Engliſh phraſe, drank a hearty cup together.

IN this drinking, nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the ſerjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word king; nor could he be brought to utter more: for though he was going to fight againſt his own cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

MR Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we muſt beg to be excuſed from relating), ſummoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himſelf as follows:

'IT is, Sir, an old ſaying, and a true one, that a 'wiſe man may ſometimes learn counſel from a fool; 'I wiſh, therefore, I might be ſo bold as to offer you 'my advice, which is, to return home again, and 'leave theſe *horrida bella*, theſe bloody wars, to fel'lows who are contented to ſwallow gunpowder, 'becauſe they have nothing elſe to eat. Now every 'body knows your Honour wants for nothing at 'home; when that's the caſe, why ſhould any man 'travel abroad.'

'PARTRIDGE,' cries Jones, 'thou art certainly a 'coward; I wiſh, therefore, thou wouldſt return 'home thyſelf, and trouble me no more.'

'I ASK your Honour's pardon,' cries Partridge, 'I 'ſpoke on your account more than my own; for as 'to me, Heaven knows my circumſtances are bad 'enough, and I am ſo far from being afraid, that I 'value a piſtol, or a blunderbuſs, or any ſuch thing,

'no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die 'once, and what signifies the manner how? besides, 'perhaps, I may come off with the loss only of an 'arm or a leg. I assure you, Sir, I was never less 'afraid in my life; and so, if your Honour is resol-'ved to go on, I am resolved to follow you. But, 'in that case, I wish I might give my opinion. To 'be sure it is a scandalous way of travelling for a 'great gentleman like you to walk a-foot. Now 'here are two or three good horses in the stable, 'which the landlord will certainly make no scruple 'of trusting you with; but if he should, I can ea-'sily contrive to take them, and let the worst come 'to the worst; the king would certainly pardon 'you, as you are going to fight in his cause.'

Now, as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters, saying, he believed they were then in a bawdyhouse, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from disturbing his Honour in the middle of the night. 'Heyday!' says he, 'I believe they got into your chamber whe-'ther I would or no; for here lyes the muff of one 'of them on the ground.' Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now

took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed; but his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words Sophia Western upon the paper that was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'O heavens! how came this muff here!' 'I know no more than your Honour,' cried Partridge; 'but I saw it upon the arm of one of the 'women who would have disturbed you, if I would 'have suffered them.' 'Where are they?' cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. 'Many miles off, I believe, by this time,' said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was sufficiently assured, that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentleman arose, and came down stairs, both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horseflesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road; by

which means they may, perhaps, have the pleaſure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this hiſtory.

THE coachman, having but two paſſengers, and hearing Mr Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hoſtler, who ſaid, that the horſe which Mr Maclachlan had hired from Worceſter would be much more pleaſed with returning to his friends there than to proſecute a long journey; for that the ſaid horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

MR Machlachlan immediately cloſed with the propoſal of the coachman, and, at the ſame time, perſuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the ſoreneſs of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horſe; and being well aſſured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no conſequence.

MACHLACHLAN, who was much the ſharper man of the two, no ſooner heard that this lady came from Cheſter, with the other circumſtances which he learned from the hoſtler, than it came into his head that ſhe might poſſibly be his friend's wife; and preſently acquainted him with this ſuſpicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himſelf. To ſay the truth, he was one of thoſe compoſitions which Nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains in their head.

Now it happens to this ſort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a dog of ſagacity open his mouth than they immediately do the ſame, and, without the guidance of any ſcent, run directly forwards as faſt as they are able. In the ſame manner, the very moment Mr Machlachlan had mentioned his apprehenſion, Mr Fitzpatrick inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up ſtairs to ſurpriſe his wife before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as Fortune loves to play tricks with thoſe gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her conduct), ran his head againſt ſeveral doors and poſts to no purpoſe Much

kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that ſimile of the hounds, juſt before inſerted; ſince the poor wife may, on theſe occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal ſhe pricks up her ears to liſten after the voice of her purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the end.

THIS was not however the caſe at preſent; for after a long fruitleſs ſearch, Mr Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was juſt alighted from his horſe, and many attendants at his heels.

HERE, reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this information thou ſhalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

IN the firſt place then, this gentleman juſt arrived was no other perſon than Squire Weſtern himſelf, who was come hither in purſuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for ſuch was the wife of Mr Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the cuſtody of that ſage lady Madam Weſtern.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the ſame time with Sophia: for having been waked by the voice of her huſband, ſhe had ſent up for the landlady, and, being by her appriſed of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furniſh her with horſes for her eſcape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the miſtreſs would have turned away her maid for a corrupt huſſy, if ſhe had known as much as the reader, yet ſhe was no more proof againſt corruption herſelf than poor Suſan had been.

Mr Weſtern and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen match, and conſequently an unnatural one, in the opinion of the good Squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his preſence.

The kitchen was now a ſcene of univerſal confuſion, Weſtern enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As ſoon as Weſtern ſaw Jones, he ſet up the ſame holla as is uſed by ſportſmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the dog-fox, I war-'rant the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for ſome minutes, where many ſpoke different things at the ſame time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo would it be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr Weſtern off, and ſome of the company having interfered between them, our hero proteſted his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when Parſon Supple ſtepped up, and ſaid, 'It is folly to deny it; for 'why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will 'myſelf aſſeverate, and bind it by an oath, that the 'muff thou bearеſt in thy hand belongeth unto 'Madam Sophia; for I have frequently obſerved 'her, of later days, to bear it about her.' 'My 'daughter's muff,' cries the Squire, in a rage. 'Hath he got my daughter's muff? bear witneſs the 'goods are found upon him. I'll have him before 'a juſtice of the peace this inſtant. Where is my 'daughter, villain?' 'Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I beg you 'would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is 'the young lady's; but upon my honour, I have ne-'ver ſeen her.' At theſe words Weſtern loſt all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the ſervants had acquainted Fitzpatrick

who Mr Weſtern was. The good Iriſhman, therefore, thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of ſervice to his uncle, and by that means might poſſibly obtain his favour, ſtept up to Jones, and cried out, 'Upon my conſcience, Sir, you may be aſhamed of denying your having ſeen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together.' Then turning to Weſtern, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs Waters's chamber, which they entered with no leſs violence than Mr Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady ſtarted from her ſleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bedſide a figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of Bedlam. Such wildneſs and confuſion were in the looks of Mr Weſtern; who no ſooner ſaw the lady, than he ſtarted back, ſhewing ſufficiently by his manner, before he ſpoke, that this was not the perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their perſons, that though the latter ſeemed now in more danger than before, yet as the former was ſecure, the lady ſcreamed not with ſuch violence as ſhe had done on the other occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone than ſhe abandoned all thoughts of further repoſe; and as ſhe had ſufficient reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible expedition.

Mr Weſtern now proceeded to ſearch the whole houſe, but to as little purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs Waters. He then returned diſconſolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the cuſtody of his ſervants.

This violent uproar had raiſed all the people in the houſe, though it was yet ſcarcely day-light. Among theſe was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Worceſter; of which Mr Weſtern was no ſooner informed than he offered to lay his complaint

before him. The juſtice declined executing his office, as he ſaid he had no clerk preſent, nor no book about juſtice buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about ſtealing away daughters, and ſuch ſort of things.

HERE Mr Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his aſſiſtance, informing the company that he had been himſelf bred to the law. (And indeed he had ſerved three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chuſing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his maſter, came over to England, and ſet up that buſineſs which requires no apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded, as hath been already partly mentioned.)

MR Fitzpatrick declared, that the law concerning daughters was out of the preſent caſe; that ſtealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the perſon, were ſufficient evidence of the fact.

THE magiſtrate, upon the encouragement of ſo learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent interceſſion of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the chair of juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones ſtill held in his hand, and upon the parſon's ſwearing it to be the property of Mr Weſtern, he deſired Mr Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

JONES now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr Partridge as to the finding it; but what was ſtill more, Suſan depoſed, that Sophia herſelf had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr Jones had found it.

WHETHER a natural love of juſtice, or the extraordinary comelineſs of Jones, had wrought on Suſan to make the diſcovery, I will not determine, but ſuch were the effects of her evidence, that the magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his chair, declared, that the matter was now altogether as clear on the ſide of the priſoner as it had been before againſt him; with which the parſon concurred, ſaying, The

Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent perſon to durance. The juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the priſoner, and broke up the court.

Mr Weſtern now gave every one preſent a hearty curſe, and immediately ordering his horſes, departed in purſuit of his daughter, without taking the leaſt notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any anſwer to his claim of kindred, notwithſtanding all the obligations he had juſt received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I ſay luckily; for he would have died on the ſpot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his friend Partridge, ſet forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in queſt of his lovely Sophia, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take leave of Mrs Waters; of whom he deteſted the very thoughts, as ſhe had been, tho' not deſignedly, the occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal conſtancy.

As for Mrs Waters, ſhe took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place ſhe ſet out in company with the two Iriſh gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her cloaths; in return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr Fitzpatrick, who was a very handſome fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the abſence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somerſetſhire angel.

CHAP. VIII.

In which the hiſtory goes backward.

Before we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to

account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

THE reader may be pleaſed to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the ſeventh book of our hiſtory, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cauſe, as it uſually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

THIS debate had ariſen, as we have there ſhewn, from a viſit which her father had juſt before made her, in order to force her conſent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had underſtood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, 'that ſhe neither muſt 'nor could refuſe any abſolute command of his.'

NOW from this viſit the Squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the ſucceſs he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a ſocial diſpoſition, and willing to have partakers in his happineſs, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen, ſo that before eleven in the evening there was not a ſingle perſon ſober in the houſe, except only Mrs Weſtern herſelf and the charming Sophia.

EARLY in the morning a meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr Blifil: for though the Squire imagined that young gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was with the former averſion of his daughter, as he had not, however, yet received her conſent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herſelf would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning ſave one.

BREAKFAST was now ſet forth in the parlour, where Mr Blifil attended, and where the Squire and his ſiſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O SHAKESPEARE, had I thy pen! O Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor ſerving man, who, with pale countenance, ſtaring eyes, chattering teeth, faultering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd),

entered the room, and declared,—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'NOT to be found!' cries the Squire, starting from his chair: 'Zounds and d——nation! blood and 'fury! Where, when, how, what——Not to be 'found! Where?'

'LA! Brother,' said Mrs Western, with true political coldness, 'you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My 'niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that 'it is impossible to live in the house with you.'

'NAY, nay,' answered the Squire, returning as suddenly to himself as he had gone from himself, 'if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; 'but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me when the 'fellow said she was not to be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

NO two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and the sister, in most instances, particularly in this, that as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened, so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples; and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive: for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

THIS was not, however, the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

THE Squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice as whilome did Hercules that of

Hylas; and as the poet tells us, that the whole ſhore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; ſo did the houſe, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, reſound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarſe voices of the men, and in the ſhrill pipes of the women; while Echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the beloved ſound, that if there is really ſuch a perſon, I believe Ovid hath belied her ſex.

NOTHING reigned for a long time but confuſion; till at laſt the Squire having ſufficiently ſpent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs Weſtern and Mr Bliſil, and threw himſelf, with the utmoſt dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

HERE Mrs Weſtern began to apply the following conſolation.

'BROTHER, I am ſorry for what hath happened; 'and that my niece ſhould have behaved herſelf in 'a manner ſo unbecoming her family; but it is all 'your own doings, and you have nobody to thank 'but yourſelf. You know ſhe hath been educated 'always in a manner directly contrary to my ad'vice, and now you ſee the conſequence. Have I 'not a thouſand times argued with you about gi'ving my niece her own will? but you know I ne'ver could prevail upon you; and when I had ta'ken ſo much pains to eradicate her head-ſtrong 'opinions, and to rectify your errors in policy, you 'know ſhe was taken out of my hands; ſo that I 'have nothing to anſwer for. Had I been truſted 'entirely with the care of her education, no ſuch 'accident as this had ever befallen you: ſo that you 'muſt comfort yourſelf by thinking it was all your 'own doing; and indeed what elſe could be expect'ed from ſuch indulgence?'——

'ZOUNDS! ſiſter,' anſwered he, 'you are enough 'to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have 'I given her her will?——It was no longer ago 'than laſt night that I threatned, if ſhe diſobeyed 'me, to confine her to her chamber, upon bread 'and water, as long as ſhe lived.——You would 'provoke the patience of Job.'

'DID ever mortal hear the like?' replied ſhe,

'Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, 'you would make me forget all decency and de-'corum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg 'you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole con-'duct to me? You have defeated all the operations 'of the campaign by one falſe ſtep. Would any 'man in his ſenſes have provoked a daughter by 'ſuch threats as theſe? How often have I told you, 'that Engliſh women are not to be treated like Ci-'racaſſian * ſlaves. We have the protection of the 'world; we are to be won by gentle means only, 'and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into 'compliance. I thank Heaven, no Salique law go-'verns here. Brother, you have a roughneſs in your 'manner which no woman but myſelf would bear. 'I do not wonder my niece was frightened and 'terrified into taking this meaſure; and, to ſpeak 'honeſtly, I think my niece will be juſtified to the 'world for what ſhe hath done. I repeat it to you 'again, brother, you muſt comfort yourſelf, by re-'membering that it is all your own fault. How of-'ten have I adviſed—' Here Weſtern roſe haſtily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his ſiſter expreſſed more bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid; but excuſed all the faults of Mr Weſtern, 'as they muſt be conſi-'dered,' he ſaid, 'to have proceeded from the too 'inordinate fondneſs of a father, which muſt be 'allowed the name of an amiable weakneſs.' 'So 'much the more inexcuſable,' anſwered the lady; 'for whom doth he ruin by his fondneſs but his own 'child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs Weſtern then began to expreſs great confuſion on the account of Mr Blifil, and of the uſage which he had received from a family to which he intended ſo much honour. On this ſubject ſhe treated the folly of her niece with great ſeverity; but

* Poſſibly Circaſſian.

concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent: 'But he was,' says she, 'always of a violent 'headstrong temper; and I can scarce forgive my-'self for all the advice I have thrown away upon 'him.'

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which however the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate lovers bear these kind of evils.

CHAP. IX.

The escape of Sophia.

It is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of Time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.—In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practise to display their fears on every little occasion, (almost as many as the other sex uses to conceal theirs), certainly there is a degree of courage which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is indeed the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character: for who can

read the ſtory of the juſtly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleneſs and tenderneſs, as of her fortitude? At the ſame time, perhaps many a woman who ſhrieks at a mouſe or a rat, may be capable of poiſoning a huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

SOPHIA, with all the gentleneſs which a woman can have, had all the ſpirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore, ſhe came to the place of appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, ſaw a man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out nor fainted away: not that her pulſe then beat with its uſual regularity; for ſhe was at firſt under ſome ſurpriſe and apprehenſion; but theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the man pulling of his hat, aſked her, in a very ſubmiſſive manner, If her Ladyſhip did not expect to meet another lady? And then proceeded to inform her, that he was ſent to conduct her to that lady.

SOPHIA could have no poſſible ſuſpicion of any falſehood in this account: ſhe therefore mounted reſolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her ſafe to a town about five miles diſtant, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding the good Mrs Honour: for as the ſoul of the waiting-woman was wrapped up in thoſe very habiliments which uſed to enwrap her body, ſhe could by no means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her ſight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept guard in perſon, while ſhe detached the aforeſaid fellow after her miſtreſs, having given him all proper inſtructions.

THEY now debated what courſe to take, in order to avoid the purſuit of Mr Weſtern, who, they knew, would ſend after them in a few hours. The London road had ſuch charms for Honour, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alledging, that as Sophia could not be miſſed till eight or nine the next morning, her purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way ſhe had gone. But Sophia had too much at ſtake to venture any thing to chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender limbs, in a conteſt which was to be decided only by ſwiftneſs: ſhe reſolved, therefore,

to travel acroſs the country for at leaſt twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So having hired horſes to go twenty miles one way, when ſhe intended to go twenty miles the other, ſhe ſet forward, with the ſame guide behind whom ſhe had ridden from her father's houſe; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely burthen, being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide ornaments by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conqueſts, and finally to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt turning which led towards Briſtol.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles: I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf; but the fidelity of an hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted: The horſe, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full ſtop, and expreſſed an unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural cauſe ſeems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment deſiſted from a conſtant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one ſpur), it is more than poſſible that this omiſſion alone might occaſion the beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horſe, it had very little on the rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, 'That meaſter had ordered 'him to go a different way, and that he ſhould loſe 'his place, if he went any other way than that he 'ordered.'

Sophia finding all her perſuaſions had no effect,

began now to add irreſiſtible charms to her voice; charms which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible force which the acients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, ſhe promiſed ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt expectation.

THE lad was not totally deaf to theſe promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: for though, perhaps, he had never heard that word, yet that in fact was his objection. He ſaid, 'Gentlevolks did 'not conſider the caſe of poor volks; that he had 'like to have been turned away the other day, for 'riding about the country with a gentleman from 'Squire Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he 'ſhould have done.'

'WITH whom?' ſays Sophia, eagerly—'With a 'gentleman from Squire Allworthy's,' repeated the 'lad; 'the Squire's ſon, I think, they call 'un.'—'Whither, which way did he go?' ſays Sophia. 'Why a little o'one ſide o'Briſtol, about twenty 'miles off,' anſwered the lad.—'Guide me,' ſays Sophia, 'to the ſame place, and I'll give thee a gui-'nea, or two, if one is not ſufficient.' 'To be cer-'tain,' ſaid the boy, 'it is honeſtly worth two, when 'your Ladyſhip conſiders what a riſk I run; but 'however, if your Ladyſhip will promiſe me the two 'guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be certain it is a ſin-'ful thing to ride about my maſter's horſes; but 'one comfort is, I can only be turned away, and 'two guineas will partly make me amends.'

THE bargain being thus ſtruck, the lad turned aſide into the Briſtol road, and Sophia ſet forward in purſuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonſtrances of Mrs Honour, who had much more deſire to ſee London than to ſee Mr Jones: for indeed ſhe was not his friend with her miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by cuſtom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more eſpecially in thoſe of a clandeſtine kind. This we impute rather to the careleſſneſs of his temper than to any want of generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the

latter motive: certain it is, that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that account, and reſolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame town and inn whence Jones had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe in having ſtumbled on the ſame guide, and on this accidental diſcovery which Sophia had made.

OUR travellers arrived at Hambrook * at the break of day, where Honour was, againſt her will, charged to enquire the route which Mr Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himſelf could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reaſon, never aſked him the queſtion.

WHEN Mrs Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured ſome indifferent horſes, which brought her to the inn where Jones had been confined, rather by the misfortune of meeting with a ſurgeon than by having met with a broken head.

HERE Honour being again charged with a commiſſion of enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the landlady, and had deſcribed the perſon of Mr Jones, than that ſagacious woman began, in the vulgar phraſe, to ſmell a rat. When Sophia, therefore, entered the room, inſtead of anſwering the maid, the landlady addreſſing herſelf to the miſtreſs, began the following ſpeech. 'Good-lack a-day! 'why there now, who would have thought it? I 'proteſt the loveliеſt couple that ever eye beheld. 'I-fackins, Madam, it is no wonder the Squire run 'on ſo about your Ladyſhip. He told me, indeed, you 'was the fineſt lady in the world, and to be ſure ſo 'you be. Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepitied him, 'ſo I did, when he uſed to hug his pillow, and call 'it his dear Madam Sophia.——I did all I could to 'diſſuade him from going to the wars: I told him 'there were men enow that were good for nothing 'elſe but to be killed, that had not the love of ſuch 'fine ladies.' 'Sure, ſays Sophia, 'the good woman 'is diſtracted.' 'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am 'not diſtracted. What, doth your Ladyſhip think

* This was the village where Jones met the Quaker.

'I don't know then? I assure you he told me all.' 'What saucy fellow,' cries Honour, 'told you any 'thing of my lady?' 'No saucy fellow,' answered the landlady, 'but the young gentleman you en- 'quired after, and a very pretty young gentleman 'he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Western to the 'bottom of his soul.' 'He love my lady! I'd have 'you to know, woman, she is meat for his master.' ——'Nay, Honour,' said Sophia, interrupting her, 'don't be angry with the good woman; she intends 'no harm.' 'No, marry don't I,' answered the landlady, emboldened by the soft accents of Sophia, and then launched into a long narrative, too tedious to be here set down, in which some passages dropped, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her mistress the moment they were alone together, saying, That he must be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, whose name he would thus prostitute in an alehouse.

Sophia did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn without seeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to stay no longer than till her horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task, (for indeed she used great freedom), and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of pursuing a young fellow, she at

laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: 'For 'Heaven's ſake, Madam, conſider what you are 'about, and whither you are going.'

THIS advice to a lady, who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs Honour, by the hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this, I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers who have, I make no doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the purpoſe of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

BUT, in reality, this was not the caſe: Sophia had been lately ſo diſtracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Bliſil, her compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the truth?) her love for Jones; which laſt the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of Jones himſelf, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confuſed ſtate, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the conſequence of either.

THE prudent and ſage advice of her maid produced, however, ſome cool reflection; and ſhe at length determined to go to Glouceſter, and thence to proceed directly to London.

BUT unluckily, a few miles before ſhe entered that town, ſhe met the hack-attorney who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs Honour, ſtopped and ſpoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

BUT having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Glouceſter, and hearing of the great expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had overheard Mrs Honour inform him, that they were going to Glouceſter, ſhe began to fear leſt her father might, by this fellows means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if ſhe

ſhould there ſtrike into the London road, ſhe apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore already altered her reſolution; and having hired horſes to go a week's journey, a way which ſhe did not intend to travel, ſhe again ſet forward, after a light refreſhment, contrary to the deſires and earneſt entreaties of her maid, and to the no leſs vehement remonſtrances of Mrs Whitefield, who from good breeding, or perhaps from good nature, (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued), preſſed her very heartily to ſtay that evening at Glouceſter.

HAVING refreſhed herſelf only with ſome tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horſes were getting ready, ſhe reſolutely left Mrs Whitefield's about eleven at night, and ſtriking directly into the Worceſter road, within leſs than four hours arrived at that very inn where we laſt ſaw her.

HAVING thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we ſhall, in a very few words, bring her father to the ſame place; who having received the firſt ſcent from the poſt-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very eaſily traced her afterwards to Glouceſter; whence he purſued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr Jones had taken that route, (for Partridge, to uſe the Squire's expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong ſcent behind him) and he doubted not in the leaſt but Sophia travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame way. He uſed indeed a very coarſe expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as fox-hunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A cruſt for the critics.

IN our laſt initial chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of men, who are called critics, with more freedom than becomes us, ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condeſcenſion from Authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the reaſons of our conduct to this auguſt body; and here we ſhall, perhaps, place them in a light in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

THIS word *critic* is of Greek derivation, and ſignifies judgment. Hence I preſume ſome perſons, who have not underſtood the original, and have ſeen the Engliſh tranſlation of the primitive, have concluded, that it meant judgment in the legal ſenſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to condemnation.

I AM the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greateſt number of critics hath of late years been found amongſt the lawyers. Many of theſe

gentlemen, from deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the bench in Weſtminſter-hall, have placed themſelves on the benches at the playhouſe, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

THE gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another officer of juſtice, of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote reſemblance.

BUT, in reality, there is another light, in which theſe modern critics may, with great juſtice and propriety, be ſeen; and this is that of a common ſlanderer. If a perſon who pries into the characters of others, with no other deſign but to diſcover their faults, and to publiſh them to the world, deſerves the title of a ſlanderer of the reputations of men, why ſhould not a critic, who reads with the ſame malevolent view, be as properly ſtyled the ſlanderer of the reputation of books?

VICE hath not, I believe, a more abject ſlave; ſociety produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him than the ſlanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monſter with half the abhorrence which he deſerves; and I am more afraid to aſſign the reaſon of this criminal lenity ſhewn towards him; yet it is certain, that the thief looks innocent in the compariſon; nay, the murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in competition with his guilt: for ſlander is a more cruel weapon than a ſword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here diſclaimed againſt, and that is poiſon: a means of revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our laws from

all other murders, in the peculiar ſeverity of the puniſhment.

BESIDES the dreadful miſchiefs done by ſlander, and the baſeneſs of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumſtances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal mind may propoſe a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and miſery of another.

SHAKESPEARE hath nobly touched this vice, when he ſays,

Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

WITH all this my good reader will doubtleſs agree: but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the ſlanderer of books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked diſpoſition of mind, and are alike void of the excuſe of temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the injury done this way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a book as the Author's offſpring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

THE reader who hath ſuffered his muſe to continue hitherto in a virgin ſtate, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff, "Alas! thou haſt written no book." But the author whoſe muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic ſtrain, perhaps will accompany me with tears, (eſpecially if his darling be already no more), while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big muſe bears about her burden; the painful labour with which ſhe produces it; and, laſtly, the care, the fondneſs, with which the tender father nouriſhes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

NOR is there any paternal fondneſs which ſeems leſs to ſavour of abſolute inſtinct, and which may ſo

well be reconciled to worldly wiſdom, as this. Theſe children may moſt truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have, with true filial piety, fed their parent in his old age: ſo that not only the affection, but the intereſt of the author, may be highly injured by theſe ſlanderers, whoſe poiſonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

LASTLY, the ſlander of a book is, in truth, the ſlander of the author: for as no one can call another baſtard, without calling the mother a whore, ſo neither can any one give the names of ſad ſtuff, horrid nonſenſe, *&c.* to a book, without calling the author a blockhead; which though, in a moral ſenſe, it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly intereſt.

NOW, however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the ſubject with decent ſolemnity; but ſurely a man may ſpeak truth with a ſmiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured office; and a moroſe ſnarling critic may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad man.

I WILL therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to ſhew what criticiſm I here intend to obviate: for I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of thoſe noble critics, to whoſe labours the learned world are ſo greatly indebted. Such were Ariſtotle, Horace, and Longinus among the Ancients, Dacier and Boſſu among the French, and ſome perhaps among us, who have certainly been duly authoriſed to execute at leaſt a judicial authority in *foro literario*.

BUT without aſcertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the cenſures of any one paſt upon works which he hath not himſelf

read. Such cenſurers as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own gueſs or ſuſpicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the reputation of the book they condemn.

SUCH may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this character, who, without aſſigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; ſuch as vile, dull, d—n'd ſtuff, *&c.* and particularly by the uſe of the monoſyllable LOW; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

AGAIN, though there may be ſome faults juſtly aſſigned in the work, yet if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential parts, or, if they are compenſated by greater beauties, it will ſavour rather of the malice of a ſlanderer than of the judgment of a true critic, to paſs a ſevere ſentence upon the whole, merely on account of ſome vicious part. This is directly contrary to the ſentiments of Horace.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura——

But where the beauties, more in number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual line,
(That with ſome trivial faults unequal flows),
A careleſs hand, or human frailty ſhows.

Mr FRANCIS.

FOR as Martial ſays, *Aliter non fit, avite, liber.* No book can be otherwiſe compoſed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if ſuch a work as this hiſtory, which hath employed ſome thouſands of hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous ſentence upon books ſupported by ſuch objections, which, if they were rightly taken, (and that they are not always), do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre eſpecially,

a ſingle expreſſion which doth not coincide with the taſte of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one ſcene which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within ſuch ſevere rules as theſe, is as impoſſible as to live up to ſome ſplenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the ſentiments of ſome critics, and of ſome Chriſtians, no author will be ſaved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia *met with after her leaving* Upton.

OUR hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we ſhall now, therefore, purſue the ſteps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

SOPHIA having directed her guide to travel thro' by roads acroſs the country, they now paſſed the Severn, and had ſcarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral horſes coming after on full ſpeed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and ſhe called to the guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

HE immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and as the horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumſtance for poor Sophia; whoſe fears, joined to her fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her ſpirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt manner, and with the utmoſt civility. This greeting, Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the higheſt ſatisfaction to herſelf, returned.

THE travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her ſuch terror, conſiſted, like her own com-

pany, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurpriſed that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral turnings), accoſted the ſtrange lady in a moſt obliging tone, and ſaid, She was very happy to find they were both travelling the ſame way. The other, who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, That the happineſs was entirely hers; that ſhe was a perfect ſtranger in that country, and was ſo overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own ſex, that ſhe had, perhaps, been guilty of an impertinence which required great apology, in keeping pace with her. More civilities paſſed between theſe two ladies; for Mrs Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the ſtranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curioſity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the ſame by-roads with herſelf, nay, tho' this gave her ſome uneaſineſs; yet fear, or modeſty, or ſome other conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the queſtion.

The ſtrange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almoſt below the dignity of hiſtory to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not leſs than five times within the laſt mile; nor could ſhe come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a handkerchief for this purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the management of her horſe, for the beaſt now unluckily making a falſe ſtep, fell upon his fore legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Tho' Sophia came head-foremoſt to the ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt damage; and the ſame circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preſerved her from confuſion; for the lane which they were then paſſing was narrow, and very much over-grown with trees, ſo that

the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a cloud, that it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe means the young lady's modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from injury as her limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her ſaddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

DAY-LIGHT at length appeared in its full luſtre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common, ſide by ſide, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

THIS unexpected encounter ſurpriſed the ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange lady could be no other than Mrs Fitzpatrick, the couſin of Miſs Weſtern, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the ſurpriſe and joy which theſe two couſins conceived at this meeting, (for they had formerly been moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Weſtern), that it is impoſſible to recount half the congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going.

THIS at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs Fitzpatrick; but eaſy and natural as the queſtion may ſeem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain anſwer. She begged her couſin, therefore, to ſuſpend all curioſity till they arrived at ſome inn, 'which, I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can hardly be far diſtant; and believe me, Harriet, I ſuſpend as much curioſity on my ſide: for indeed I believe our aſtoniſhment is pretty equal.'

THE converſation which paſſed between theſe ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewiſe began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleaſure of diſcourſe,

the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this poſture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, ſoon brought them to a very fair promiſing inn, where they all alighted; but ſo fatigued was Sophia, that, as ſhe had ſat her horſe during the laſt five or ſix miles with great difficulty, ſo was ſhe now incapable of diſmounting from him without aſſiſtance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horſe, preſently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her ſaddle, and ſhe too readily accepted the tender of his ſervice. Indeed Fortune ſeems to have reſolved to put Sophia to the bluſh that day, and the ſecond malicious attempt ſucceeded better than the firſt; for my landlord had no ſooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very ſeverely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the ſame time, with no leſs dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himſelf under his charming burden, ſo that he alone received any bruiſe from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia was a violent ſhock given to her modeſty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her riſing from the ground, ſhe obſerved in the countenances of moſt of the by-ſtanders. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate, for the indulgence of thoſe readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate idea of the modeſty of a beautiful young woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a ſatisfaction as can ariſe from laughter.

This fright and ſhock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent conſtitution of Sophia, and ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength ſufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here ſhe was no ſooner ſeated than ſhe called for a glaſs of water; but Mrs Honour very judiciouſly, in my opinion, changed it into a glaſs of wine.

Mrs Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two laſt nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome ſleep. She was yet a ſtranger to her hiſtory, or her apprehenſions; but had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame advice: for reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their long journey through by-roads ſo entirely removed all danger of purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the counſel of her friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her maid. Mrs Fitzpatrick likewiſe offered to bear her couſin company, which Sophia, with much complaiſance, accepted.

The miſtreſs was no ſooner in bed than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her ſiſter Abigail for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a place as an inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a nap as herſelf, and deſired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a ſhare of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many curtſies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, poſtboys, and others, into the names of all his gueſts; what their eſtate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumſtances which attended our travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to ſleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an hour as ten in the morning, ſhould excite his curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little ſatisfaction; on the contrary, they rather enflamed his curioſity than extinguiſhed it.

This landlord had the character, among all his

neighbours, of being a very ſagacious fellow. He was thought to ſee farther and deeper into things than any man in the pariſh, the parſon himſelf not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this ſomething wonderfully wiſe and ſignificant, eſpecially when he had a pipe in his mouth, which, indeed, he ſeldom was without. His behaviour, likewiſe, greatly aſſiſted in promoting the opinion of his wiſdom. In his deportment he was ſolemn, if not ſullen; and when he ſpoke, which was ſeldom, he always delivered himſelf in a ſlow voice; and though his ſentences were ſhort, they were ſtill interrupted with many hum's and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives, ſo that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory geſtures, ſuch as ſhaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore finger, he generally left his hearers to underſtand more than he expreſſed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to diſcloſe. This laſt circumſtance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wiſdom, ſince men are ſtrangely inclined to worſhip what they do not underſtand: a grand ſecret, upon which ſeveral impoſers on mankind have totally relied for the ſucceſs of their frauds.

THIS polite perſon now taking his wife aſide, aſked her, what ſhe thought of the ladies lately arrived? 'Think of them?' ſaid the wife, 'why, what ſhould 'I think of them?' 'I know,' anſwered he 'what I 'think. The guides tell ſtrange ſtories. One pre-'tends to be come from Glouceſter, and the other 'from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can 'find, can tell whither they are going. But what 'people ever travel acroſs the country from Upton 'hither, eſpecially to London? And one of the 'maid-ſervants, before ſhe alighted from her horſe, 'aſked, if this was not the London road? Now I 'have put all theſe circumſtances together, and 'whom do you think I have found them out to be?' 'Nay,' anſwered ſhe, 'you know I never pretend 'to gueſs at your diſcoveries.'—'It is a good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin; 'I muſt

'own you have always ſubmitted to my knowledge 'of theſe matters. Why, then, depend upon it; 'mind what I ſay,—depend upon it they are cer- 'tainly ſome of the rebel ladies, who, they ſay, 'travel with the young Chevalier, and have taken 'a round-about way to eſcape the Duke's army.'

'HUSBAND,' quoth the wife, 'you have certainly 'hit it; for one of them is dreſs'd as fine as any 'princeſs; and, to be ſure, ſhe looks for all the 'world like one.—But yet, when I conſider one 'thing'—'When you conſider!' cries the landlord contemptuouſly——'Come, pray let's hear what 'you conſider.'—'Why it is,' anſwered the wife, 'that ſhe is too humble to be any very great lady; 'for while our Betty was warming the bed, ſhe call- 'ed her nothing but child, and my dear, and ſweet- 'heart; and when Betty offered to pull off her 'ſhoes and ſtockings, ſhe would not ſuffer her, ſay- 'ing, She would not give her the trouble.'

'PUGH!' anſwered the huſband, 'that is no- 'thing. Doſt think, becauſe you have ſeen ſome 'great ladies rude and uncivil to perſons below 'them, that none of them know how to behave 'themſelves when they come before their inferiors? 'I think I know people of faſhion when I ſee them. 'I think I do. Did not ſhe call for a glaſs of water 'when ſhe came in? Another ſort of woman would 'have called for a dram; you know they would. 'If ſhe be not a woman of very great quality, tell 'me for a fool; and, I believe, thoſe who buy me 'will have a bad bargain. Now, would a woman 'of her quality travel without a footman, unleſs 'upon ſome ſuch extraordinary occaſion?' 'Nay, 'to be ſure, huſband,' cries ſhe, 'you know theſe 'matters better than I, or moſt folk.' 'I think I 'do know ſomething,' ſaid he. 'To be ſure,' an- ſwered the wife, 'the poor little heart looked ſo pi- 'teous, when ſhe ſat down in the chair, I proteſt I 'could not help having a compaſſion for her, almoſt 'as much as if ſhe had been a poor body. But 'what's to be done, huſband? If an ſhe be a rebel, 'I ſuppoſe you intend to betray her up to the court. 'Well, ſhe's a ſweet-tempered, good-humoured lady,

'be ſhe what ſhe will; and I ſhall hardly refrain 'from crying, when I hear ſhe is hanged or behead-'ed.' 'Pooh!' anſwered the huſband;—'But as to 'what's to be done, it is not ſo eaſy a matter to 'determine. I hope, before ſhe goes away, we ſhall 'have the news of a battle: for if the Chevalier 'ſhould get the better, ſhe may gain us intereſt at 'court, and make our fortunes without betraying 'her.' 'Why, that's true,' replied the wife; 'and 'I heartily hope ſhe will have it in her power. Cer-'tainly ſhe's a ſweet good lady; it would go hor-'ribly againſt me to have her come to any harm.' 'Pooh!' cries the landlord, 'women are always ſo 'tender hearted. Why, you would not harbour re-'bels, would you?' 'No certainly,' anſwered the wife; 'and as for betraying her, come what will 'on't, nobody can blame us; it is what any body 'would do in our caſe.'

WHILE our politic landlord, who had not, we ſee, undeſervedly the reputation of great wiſdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himſelf, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the Duke the ſlip, and had got a day's march towards London; and ſoon after arrived a famous Jacobite ſquire, who, with great joy in his countenance, ſhook the landlord by the hand, ſaying, 'All's our own, boy; ten thouſand honeſt 'Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England 'for ever! ten thouſand French, my brave lad! I 'am going to tap away directly.'

THIS news determined the opinion of the wiſe man, and he reſolved to make his court to the young lady when ſhe aroſe; for he had now (he ſaid) diſcovered ſhe was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herſelf.

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort chapter, in which however is a ſun, a moon, a ſtar, and an angel.

THE ſun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been ſome time retired

to reſt, when Sophia aroſe, greatly refreſhed by her ſleep; which, ſhort as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occaſioned: for though ſhe had told her maid, and perhaps herſelf too, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy when ſhe left Upton, yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the reſtleſs ſymptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very diſtemper which phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the ſpirits.

Mrs Fitzpatrick likewiſe left her bed at the ſame time; and, having ſummoned her maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty woman, and had ſhe been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs Honour, of her own accord, attended, (for her miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked), and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-ſtar, and had preceded greater glories, ſhared the fate of that ſtar, and were totally eclipſed the moment thoſe glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who, when ſhe deſcended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, ſhe was now above ſtairs.

Sophia had acquainted her couſin with her deſign to go to London; and Mrs Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her huſband at Upton had put an end to her deſign of going to Bath, or to her aunt Weſtern. They had therefore no ſooner finiſhed their tea, than Sophia propoſed to ſet out, the moon then ſhining extremely bright, and as for the froſt, ſhe defied it: nor had ſhe any of thoſe apprehenſions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for ſhe had, as we have before obſerved, ſome little degree of natural courage; and this her preſent ſenſations, which bordered ſomewhat on deſpair, greatly increaſed. Beſides, as ſhe had already travelled

twice with ſafety, by the light of the moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third time.

THE diſpoſition of Mrs Fitzpatrick was more timorous: for though the greater terrors had conquered the leſs, and the preſence of her huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an hour from Upton, yet being now arrived at a place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his purſuit, theſe leſſer terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her couſin to ſtay till the next morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of travelling by night.

SOPHIA, who was yielding to an exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her couſin out of theſe apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had ſhe known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to Jones, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it: though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this wiſh from the reader; as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous emotions of the ſoul, to which the reaſon is often a ſtranger.

WHEN our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who deſired to know what their ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that ſhe raviſhed the landlady to the higheſt degree; and that good woman, concluding that ſhe had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a ſtaunch Jacobite, and wiſhed heartily well to the young Pretender's cauſe, from the great ſweetneſs and affability with which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed miſtreſs.

THE two couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curioſity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both ſides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected meeting. At laſt Mrs Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promiſe of

communicating likewiſe in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is deſirous to know her hiſtory, may read in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The hiſtory of Mrs Fitzpatrick.

MRS Fitzpatrick, after a ſilence of a few moments, fetching a deep ſigh, thus began:

'IT is natural to the unhappy to feel a ſecret 'concern in recollecting thoſe periods of their lives 'which have been moſt delightful to them. The 'remembrance of paſt pleaſures affects us with a 'kind of tender grief, like what we ſuffer for de'parted friends; and the ideas of both may be ſaid 'to haunt our imaginations.

'FOR this reaſon, I never reflect without ſorrow 'on thoſe days (the happieſt far of my life) which 'we ſpent together, when both were under the care 'of my aunt Weſtern. Alas! why are Miſs Grave'airs and Miſs Giddy no more? You remember, I 'am ſure, when we knew each other by no other 'names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation 'with too much cauſe. I have ſince experienced 'how much I deſerved it. You, my Sophia, was 'always my ſuperior in every thing, and I heartily 'hope you will be ſo in your fortune. I ſhall never 'forget the wiſe and matronly advice you once 'gave me, when I lamented being diſappointed of 'a ball, though you could not be then fourteen 'years old.——O my Sophy, how bleſt muſt have 'been my ſituation, when I could think ſuch a diſ'appointment a misfortune, and when, indeed, it 'was the greateſt I had ever known!'

'AND yet my dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'it 'was then a ſerious matter with you. Comfort 'yourſelf therefore with thinking, that whatever 'you now lament may hereafter appear as trifling 'and contemptible as a ball would at this time.'

'ALAS, my Sophia,' replied the other lady, 'you 'yourſelf will think otherwiſe of my preſent ſitua'tion; for greatly muſt that tender heart be alter'ed, if my misfortunes do not draw many a ſigh,

'nay, many a tear from you. The knowledge of 'this ſhould perhaps deter me from relating what 'I am convinced will ſo much affect you.'——Here Mrs Fitzpatrick ſtopt, till, at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, ſhe thus proceeded:

'THOUGH you muſt have heard much of my 'marriage, yet as matters may probably have been 'miſrepreſented, I will ſet out from the very com-'mencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with 'my preſent huſband, which was at Bath, ſoon af-'ter you left my aunt, and returned home to your 'father.

'AMONG the gay young fellows who were at this 'ſeaſon at Bath, Mr Fitzpatrick was one. He was 'handſome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his 'dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, my dear, if 'you was unluckily to ſee him now, I could deſcribe 'him no better than by telling you he was the very 'reverſe of every thing which he is: for he hath 'ruſticated himſelf ſo long, that he is become an ab-'ſolute wild Iriſhman. But to proceed in my ſtory: 'the qualifications which he then poſſeſſed ſo well 'recommended him, that though the people of qua-'lity at that time lived ſeparate from the reſt of 'the company, and excluded them from all their 'parties, Mr Fitzpatrick found means to gain ad-'mittance. It was perhaps no eaſy matter to avoid 'him; for he required very little or no invitation: 'and as, being handſome and genteel, he found it 'no very difficult matter to ingratiate himſelf with 'the ladies; ſo, he having frequently drawn his 'ſword, the men did not care publicly to affront 'him. Had it not been for ſome ſuch reaſon, I be-'lieve he would have been ſoon expelled by his 'own ſex; for ſurely he had no ſtrict title to be 'preferred to the Engliſh gentry, nor did they 'ſeem inclined to ſhew him any extraordinary fa-'vour. They all abuſed him behind his back, which 'might probably proceed from envy; for by the 'women he was well received, and very particular-'ly diſtinguiſhed by them.

'MY aunt, though no perſon of quality herſelf, 'as ſhe had always lived about the court, was en-

'rolled in that party: for by whatever means you 'get into the polite circle, when you are once 'there, it is ſufficient merit for you that you are 'there. This obſervation, young as you was, you 'could ſcarce avoid making from my aunt, who 'was free, or reſerved, with all people, juſt as they 'had more or leſs of this merit.

'And this merit, I believe, it was, which princi-'pally recommended Mr Fitzpatrick to her favour; 'in which he ſo well ſucceeded, that he was always 'one of her private parties. Nor was he backward 'in returning ſuch diſtinction; for he ſoon grew 'ſo very particular in his behaviour to her, that the 'ſcandal-club firſt began to take notice of it, and 'the better diſpoſed perſons made a match between 'them. For my own part, I confeſs I made no doubt 'but that his deſigns were ſtrictly honourable, as 'the phraſe is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune 'by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceive, nei-'ther young enough nor handſome enough, to at-'tract much wicked inclination; but ſhe had ma-'trimonial charms in great abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this opinion from 'the extraordinary reſpect which he ſhewed to my-'ſelf, from the firſt moment of our acquaintance. 'This I underſtood as an attempt to leſſen, if poſ-'ſible, that diſinclination which my intereſt might 'be ſuppoſed to give me towards the match; and I 'know not but in ſome meaſure it had that effect: 'for as I was well contented with my own fortune, 'and of all people the leaſt a ſlave to intereſted 'views, ſo I could not be violently the enemy of a 'man with whoſe behaviour to me I was greatly 'pleaſed; and the more ſo, as I was the only object 'of ſuch reſpect: for he behaved at the ſame time 'to many women of quality without any reſpect at 'all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he ſoon changed it 'into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps 'more ſo. He now put on much ſoftneſs and ten-'derneſs, and languiſhed and ſighed abundantly. 'At times indeed, whether from art or nature I will 'not determine, he gave his uſual looſe to gaiety

'and mirth; but this was always in general company, and with other women; for even in a country-dance, when he was not my partner, he became grave, and put on the ſofteſt look imaginable, the moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all things ſo very particular towards me, that I muſt have been blind not to have diſcovered it. And, and, and—' 'And you was more pleaſed ſtill, my dear Harriet,' cries Sophia; 'you need not be aſhamed,' added ſhe ſighing; 'for ſure there are irreſiſtible charms in tenderneſs, which too many men are able to affect.' 'True,' anſwered her couſin, 'men, who in all other inſtances want common ſenſe, are very Machiavals in the art of loving. I wiſh I did not know an inſtance.——' Well, ſcandal now began to be as buſy with me as it had before been with my aunt; and ſome good ladies did not ſcruple to affirm, that Mr Fitzpatrick had an intrigue with us both.

'But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing; my aunt never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect that which was viſible enough, I believe, from both our behaviours. One would indeed think, that love quite puts out the eyes of an old woman; in fact, they ſo greedily ſwallow the addreſſes which are made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are not at leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others at the ſame table. This I have obſerved in more caſes than my own; and this was ſo ſtrongly verified by my aunt, that, though ſhe often found us together at her return from the pump, the leaſt canting word of his, pretending impatience at her abſence, effectually ſmothered all ſuſpicion. One artifice ſucceeded with her to admiration; this was his treating me like a little child, and never calling me by any other name in her preſence but that of pretty miſs. This indeed did him ſome diſſervice with your humble ſervant; but I ſoon ſaw through it, eſpecially as in her abſence he behaved to me, as I have ſaid, in a different manner. However, if I was not greatly diſobliged by a conduct of which I had diſcovered the deſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely for it; for my

'aunt really conceived me to be what her lover (as 'she thought him) called me, and treated me, in all 'respects, as a perfect infant. To say the truth, I 'wonder she had not insisted on my again wearing 'leading-strings.

'At last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper, 'in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which 'I had known long before. He now placed all the 'love which he had pretended to my aunt to my ac-'count. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the 'encouragement she had given him, and made a 'high merit of the tedious hours in which he had 'undergone her conversation.—What shall I tell 'you, my dear Sophia?—Then I will confess the 'truth; I was pleased with my man; I was pleased 'with my conquest. To rival my aunt delighted 'me; to rival so many other women charmed me. 'In short, I am afraid, I did not behave as I should 'do, even upon the very first declaration——I wish 'I did not almost give him positive encouragement 'before we parted.

'The Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say, 'roared against me. Several young women affected 'to shun my acquaintance, not so much perhaps 'from any real suspicion, as from a desire of banish-'ing me from a company, in which I too much en-'grossed their favourite man. And here I cannot 'omit expressing my gratitude to the kindness in-'tended me by Mr Nash, who took me one day 'aside, and gave me advice, which if I had follow-'ed, I had been a happy woman. "Child," says he, "I am sorry to see the familiarity which subsists 'between you and a fellow who is altogether un-'worthy of you, and I am afraid will prove your 'ruin. As for your old stinking aunt, if it was to be 'no injury to you and my pretty Sophia Western, '(I assure you I repeat his words), I should be hear-'tily glad that the fellow was in possession of all that 'belongs to her. I never advise old women; for if 'they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it 'is no more possible than worth while to keep them 'from him. Innocence, and youth, and beauty, are 'worthy a better fate, and I would save them from

'his clutches. Let me adviſe you therefore, dear 'child, never ſuffer this fellow to be particular with 'you again."—'Many more things he ſaid to me, 'which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attend-'ed very little to them at that time: for inclina-'tion contradicted all he ſaid; and beſides, I could 'not be perſuaded, that women of quality would 'condeſcend to familiarity with ſuch a perſon as 'he deſcribed.

'But I am afraid, my dear, I ſhall tire you with 'a detail of ſo many minute circumſtances. To be 'conciſe therefore, imagine me married; imagine 'me with my huſband, at the feet of my aunt, and 'then imagine the maddeſt woman in Bedlam in a 'raving fit, and your imagination will ſuggeſt to 'you no more than what really happened.

'The very next day my aunt left the place, 'partly to avoid ſeeing Mr Fitzpatrick or myſelf, 'and as much perhaps to avoid ſeeing any one elſe: 'for, though I am told ſhe hath ſince denied every 'thing ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then a little con-'founded at her diſappointment. Since that time 'I have written to her many letters, but never could 'obtain an anſwer, which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat 'the heavier, as ſhe herſelf was, though undeſign-'edly, the occaſion of all my ſufferings: for had it 'not been under the colour of paying his addreſſes 'to her, Mr Fitzpatrick would never have found 'ſufficient opportunies to have engaged my heart, 'which, in other circumſtances, I ſtill flatter myſelf 'would not have been an eaſy conqueſt to ſuch a 'perſon. Indeed, I believe I ſhould not have erred 'ſo groſsly in my choice, if I had relied on my own 'judgment; but I truſted totally to the opinion of 'others, and very fooliſhly took the merit of a man 'for granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally well re-'ceived by the women. What is the reaſon, my 'dear, that we who have underſtandings equal to 'the wiſeſt and greateſt of the other ſex, ſo often 'make choice of the ſilliеſt fellows for our compa-'nions and favourites? It raiſes my indignation to 'the higheſt pitch, to reflect on the numbers of wo-'men of ſenſe who have been undone by fools

Here ſhe pauſed a moment; but Sophia making no anſwer, ſhe proceeded, as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory of Mrs Fitzpatrick *is continued.*

'WE remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after our wedding: for as to any reconciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; and of my fortune, not one farthing could be touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted more than two years. My huſband, therefore, was reſolved to ſet out for Ireland; againſt which I remonſtrated very earneſtly, and inſiſted on a promiſe, which he had made me before our marriage, that I ſhould never take this journey againſt my conſent; and indeed I never intended to conſent to it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me for that reſolution; but this, however, I never mentioned to my huſband, and petitioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obſtinately adhered.

'THE evening before our departure, as we were diſputing this point with great eagerneſs on both ſides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, ſaying, he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the houſe when I ſaw a paper lying on the floor, which, I ſuppoſe, he had careleſsly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding it to be a letter, I made no ſcruple to open and read it; and indeed I read it ſo often, that I can repeat it to you almoſt word for word. This then was the letter.

To Mr BRIAN FITZPATRICK.

'SIR,

'YOURS received, and am ſurpriſed you ſhould uſe me in this manner, as have never ſeen any of your caſh, unleſs for one linſey-woolſey coat, and your bill now is upwards of 150 l. Conſider, Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your being ſhortly to be married to this lady, and t'other

'lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promiſes, 'nor will my woollen-draper take any ſuch in pay-'ment. You tell me you are ſecure of having ei-'ther the aunt or the niece, and that you might 'have married the aunt before this, whoſe jointure, 'you ſay, is immenſe, but that you prefer the niece 'on account of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take 'a fool's advice for once, and marry the firſt you 'can get. You will pardon my offering my advice, 'as you know I ſincerely wiſh you well. Shall 'draw on you *per* next poſt, in favour of Meſſieurs 'John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, 'which doubt not your honouring, and am,

'SIR,

'Your humble ſervant.

'SAM. COSGRAVE.'

'THIS was the letter word for word. Gueſs, 'my dear girl, gueſs how this letter affected me. 'You prefer the niece on account of her ready mo-'ney! If every one of theſe words had been a dag-'ger, I could with pleaſure have ſtabbed them into 'his heart; but I will not recount my frantic beha-'viour on the occaſion. I had pretty well ſpent my 'tears before his return home; but ſufficient re-'mains of them appeared in my ſwollen eyes. He 'threw himſelf ſullenly into his chair, and for a 'long time we were both ſilent. At length, in a 'haughty tone, he ſaid, "I hope, Madam, your ſer-'vants have packed up all your things; for the 'coach will be ready by ſix in the morning." My 'patience was totally ſubdued by this provocation, 'and I anſwered, No, Sir, there is a letter ſtill re-'mains unpacked; and then throwing it on the 'table, I fell to upbraiding him with the moſt bit-'ter language I could invent.

'WHETHER guilt, or ſhame, or prudence re-'ſtrained him, I cannot ſay; but though he is the 'moſt paſſionate of men, he exerted no rage on this 'occaſion. He endeavoured, on the contrary, to pa-'ciſy me by the moſt gentle means. He ſwore, the 'phraſe in the letter to which I principally object-

'ed was not his, nor had he ever written any ſuch. 'He owned, indeed, the having mentioned his mar'riage, and that preference which he had given to 'myſelf, but denied with many oaths the having 'aſſigned any ſuch reaſon. And he excuſed the 'having mentioned any ſuch matter at all, on ac'count of the ſtraits he was in for money, ariſing, 'he ſaid, from his having too long neglected his 'eſtate in Ireland. And this, he ſaid, which he 'could not bear to diſcover to me, was the only 'reaſon of his having ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on our 'journey. He then uſed ſeveral very endearing ex'preſſions, and concluded by a very fond careſs, 'and many violent proteſtations of love.

'THERE was one circumſtance, which, though 'he did not appeal to it, had much weight with me 'in his favour, and that was the word jointure in 'the tailor's letter, whereas my aunt never had 'been married, and this Mr Fitzpatrick well knew. '—As I imagined, therefore, that the fellow muſt 'have inſerted this of his own head, or from hear'ſay, I perſuaded myſelf he might have ventured 'likewiſe on that odious line on no better autho'rity. What reaſoning was this, my dear? was I 'not an advocate rather than a judge?—But why 'do I mention ſuch a circumſtance as this, or ap'peal to it for the juſtification of my forgiveneſs? '—In ſhort, had he been guilty of twenty times as 'much, half the tenderneſs and fondneſs which he 'uſed, would have prevailed on me to have for'given him. I now made no farther objections 'to our ſetting out, which we did the next morn'ing, and in a little more than a week arrived at 'the ſeat of Mr Fitzpatrick.

'YOUR curioſity will excuſe me from relating any 'occurrences which paſt during our journey: for it 'would indeed be highly diſagreeable to travel it 'over again, and no leſs ſo to you to travel it over 'with me.

'THIS ſeat, then, is an ancient manſion-houſe: 'if I was in one of thoſe merry humours in which 'you have ſo often ſeen me, I could deſcribe it to 'you ridiculouſly enough. It looked as if it had

'been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here 'was room enough, and not the leſs room on ac-'count of the furniture; for indeed there was 'very little in it. An old woman, who ſeemed co-'eval with the building, and greatly reſembled 'her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, re-'ceived us at the gate, and in a howl ſcarce human, 'and to me unintelligible, welcomed her maſter 'home. In ſhort, the whole ſcene was ſo gloomy 'and melancholy, that it threw my ſpirits into the 'loweſt dejection; which my huſband diſcerning, 'inſtead of relieving, increaſed by two or three 'malicious obſervations.' "There are good houſes, 'Madam," ſays he, "as you find, in other places 'beſides England; but perhaps you had rather be 'in a dirty lodgings at Bath."

'HAPPY, my dear, is the woman who, in any 'ſtate of life, hath a chearful good-natured com-'panion to ſupport and comfort her: but why do 'I reflect on happy ſituations only to aggravate my 'own miſery! My companion, far from clearing 'up the gloom of ſolitude, ſoon convinced me, that 'I muſt have been wretched with him in any place, 'and in any condition. In a word, he was a ſurly 'fellow, a character perhaps you have never ſeen: 'for indeed no woman ever ſees it exemplified but 'in a father, a brother, or a huſband; and though 'you have a father, he is not of that character. 'This ſurly fellow had formerly appeared to me 'the very reverſe, and ſo he did ſtill to every other 'perſon. Good Heaven! how is it poſſible for a man 'to maintain a conſtant lie in his appearance 'abroad, and in company, and to content himſelf 'with ſhewing diſagreeable truth only at home? 'Here, my dear, they make themſelves amends for 'the uneaſy reſtraint which they put on their tem-'pers in the world; for I have obſerved, the more 'merry, and gay, and good-humoured my huſband 'hath at any time been in company, the more ſullen 'and moroſe he was ſure to become at our next 'private meeting. How ſhall I deſcribe his barba-'rity? To my fondneſs he was cold and inſenſible,

'My little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, 'and which others have called ſo agreeable, he 'treated with contempt. In my moſt ſerious mo- 'ments he ſung and whiſtled; and whenever I was 'thoroughly dejected and miſerable, he was angry 'and abuſed me: for though he was never pleaſed 'with my good humour, nor aſcribed it to my ſatiſ- 'faction in him, yet my low ſpirits always offended 'him, and thoſe he imputed to my repentance of 'having (as he ſaid) married an Iriſhman.

'You will eaſily conceive, my dear Graveairs, '(I aſk your pardon, I really forgot myſelf), that 'when a woman makes an imprudent match in the 'ſenſe of the world, that is, when ſhe is not an ar- 'rant proſtitute to pecuniary intereſt, ſhe muſt ne- 'ceſſarily have ſome inclination and affection for 'her man. You will as eaſily believe that this af- 'fection may poſſibly be leſſened; nay, I do aſſure 'you, contempt will wholly eradicate it. This con- 'tempt I now began to entertain for my huſband, 'whom I now diſcovered to be—I muſt uſe the ex- 'preſſion—an arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will 'wonder I did not make this diſcovery long before; 'but women will ſuggeſt a thouſand excuſes to 'themſelves for the folly of thoſe they like: be- 'ſides, give me leave to tell you, it requires a moſt 'penetrating eye to diſcern a fool through the diſ- 'guiſes of gaiety and good-breeding.

'It will be eaſily imagined, that when I once de- 'ſpiſed my huſband, as I confeſs to you I ſoon did, 'I muſt conſequently diſlike his company; and in- 'deed I had the happineſs of being very little trou- 'bled with it; for our houſe was now moſt elegant- 'ly furniſhed, our cellars well ſtocked, and dogs 'and horſes provided in great abundance. As my 'gentleman therefore entertained his neighbours 'with great hoſpitality, ſo his neighbours reſorted 'to him with great alacrity; and ſports and drink- 'ing conſumed ſo much of his time, that a ſmall 'part of his converſation, that is to ſay, of his ill- 'humours, fell to my ſhare.

'Happy would it have been for me, if I could as 'eaſily have avoided all other diſagreeable compa-

'ny; but alas! I was confined to ſome which con-
'ſtantly tormented me; and the more, as I ſaw no
'proſpect of being relieved from them. Theſe com-
'panions were my own racking thoughts, which
'plagued, and in a manner haunted me night and
'day. In this ſituation I paſt through a ſcene, the
'horrors of which can neither be painted nor ima-
'gined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to
'yourſelf what I muſt have undergone. I became
'a mother by the man I ſcorned, hated, and deteſt-
'ed. I went through all the agonies and miſeries
'of a lying-in, (ten times more painful in ſuch a
'circumſtance than the worſt labour can be, when
'one endures it for a man one loves), in a deſert, or
'rather indeed a ſcene of riot and revel, without a
'friend, without a companion, or without any of
'thoſe agreeable circumſtances which often alle-
'viate, and perhaps ſometimes more than compen-
'ſate the ſufferings of our ſex at that ſeaſon.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the miſtake of the landlord throws Sophia *into a dreadful conſternation.*

MRS Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raiſed her anxiety, and left her no appetite but what Mrs Fitzpatrick was to ſatisfy by her relation.

THE landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the ſame reſpect in his countenance and addreſs which he would have put on had the ladies arrived in a coach and ſix.

THE married lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own misfortunes than was her couſin; for the former ate very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a morſel. Sophia likewiſe ſhewed more concern and ſorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having obſerved theſe ſymptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'Perhaps all may yet end better than 'either you or I expect.'

OUR landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Lady-'ſhip can't eat, for to be ſure you muſt be hungry 'after ſo long faſting. I hope your Ladyſhip is not 'uneaſy at any thing; for, as madam there ſays, all 'may end better than any body expects. A gentle-'man who was here juſt now brought excellent 'news; and perhaps ſome folks who have given 'other folks the ſlip, may get to London before they 'are overtaken, and if they do, I make no doubt 'but they will find people who will be very ready 'to receive them.'

ALL perſons under the apprehenſion of danger convert whatever they ſee and hear into the objects of that apprehenſion. Sophia therefore immediately concluded, from the foregoing ſpeech, that ſhe was known and purſued by her father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of ſpeech, which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the landlord to ſend his ſervants out of the room, and then addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid, 'I perceive, Sir, you 'know who we are; but I beſeech you—nay, I am 'convinced, if you have any compaſſion or goodneſs, 'you will not betray us.'

'I BETRAY your Ladyſhip!' quoth the landlord; 'no, (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty oaths); 'I would ſooner be cut into ten thouſand pieces. I 'hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one 'in my life yet, and I am ſure I ſhall not begin 'with ſo ſweet a lady as your Ladyſhip. All the 'world would very much blame me if I ſhould, 'ſince it will be in your Ladyſhip's power ſo ſhortly 'to reward me. My wife can witneſs for me, I knew 'your Ladyſhip the moment you came into the 'houſe: I ſaid it was your Honour before I lifted 'you from your horſe, and I ſhall carry the bruiſes 'I got in your Ladyſhip's ſervice to the grave; but 'what ſignified that, as long as I ſaved your Lady-'ſhip. To be ſure ſome people this morning would 'have thought of getting a reward; but no ſuch 'thought ever entered into my head. I would

'ſooner ſtarve than take any reward for betraying 'your Ladyſhip.'

'I PROMISE you, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'if it be ever 'in my power to reward you, you ſhall not loſe by 'your generoſity.'

'ALACK-A-DAY, Madam!' anſwered the landlord, 'in your Ladyſhip's power! Heaven put it as much 'into your will. I am only afraid your Honour will 'forget ſuch a poor man as an innkeeper; but if 'your Ladyſhip ſhould not, I hope you will remem-'ber what reward I refuſed——refuſed! that is, I 'would have refuſed, and to be ſure it may be call-'ed refuſing; for I might have had it certainly; and 'to be ſure you might have been in ſome houſes;— 'but, for my part, I would not, methinks, for the 'world have your Ladyſhip wrong me ſo much as 'to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even 'before I heard the good news.'

'WHAT news pray?' ſays Sophia, ſomething eagerly.

'HATH not your Ladyſhip heard it then?' cries the landlord: 'nay, like enough; for I heard it only 'a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, 'may the devil fly away with me this inſtant, if I 'would have betrayed your Honour; no, if I would 'may I'——Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful im-precations, which Sophia at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news. He was going to anſwer when Mrs Honour came run-ning into the room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we are all undone, all ruined, 'they are come, they are come!' Theſe words al-moſt froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs Fitzpa-trick aſked Honour who were come?—'Who!' an-ſwered ſhe, 'why, the French; ſeveral hundred 'thouſands of them are landed, and we ſhall be all 'murdered and ravimed!'

As a miſer, who hath in ſome well-built city a cottage, value twenty ſhillings, when at a diſtance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale, and trembles at his loſs; but when he finds the beau-tiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf, and

ſmiles at his good fortune: or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former ſimile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehenſion that her darling boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs, and almoſt dead, with conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little maſter is ſafe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and ſenſe again return, maternal fondneſs enjoys the ſudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence which, at another time, would have deeply felt the dreadful cataſtrophe, lyes faſt aſleep in her mind:

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found ſuch immediate ſatisfaction from the relief of thoſe terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French ſcarce made any impreſſion on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which ſhe had thrown her, and ſaid, She was glad it was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared ſomebody elſe was come.

'AY, ay,' quoth the landlord ſmiling, 'her Lady-'ſhip knows better things; ſhe knows the French 'are our very beſt friends, and come over hither 'only for our good. They are the people who are 'to make old England flouriſh again. I warrant 'her Honour thought the Duke was coming, and 'that was enough to put her into a fright. I was 'going to tell your Ladyſhip the news.——His Ho-'nour's Majeſty's, Heaven bleſs him, hath given the 'Duke the ſlip, and is marching as faſt as he can 'to London, and ten thouſand French are landed 'to join him on the road.'

SOPHIA was not greatly pleaſed with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her, (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any ſuſpicion of the real truth), ſhe durſt not ſhew any diſlike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

THE mind of Sophia was not at all eaſy under the ſuppoſition of being known at this houſe; for

ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many things which the landlord had addreſſed to Jenny Cameron; ſhe therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her perſon, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the horſes to be in readineſs by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs Fitzpatrick promiſed to bear her company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that lady to continue her ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs Fitzpatrick *concludes her hiſtory.*

WHILE Mrs Honour, in purſuance of the commands of her miſtreſs, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

'MOST of the officers who were quartered at a 'town in our neighbourhood were of my huſband's 'acquaintance. Among theſe was a lieutenant, a 'very pretty ſort of a man, and who was married 'to a woman ſo agreeable both in her temper and 'converſation, that from our firſt knowing each 'other, which was ſoon after my lying-in, we were 'almoſt inſeparable companions; for I had the good 'fortune to make myſelf equally agreeable to her.

'THE lieutenant, who was neither a ſot nor a 'ſportſman, was frequently of our parties; indeed 'he was very little with my huſband, and no more 'than good breeding conſtrained him to be, as he 'lived almoſt conſtantly at our houſe. My huſband 'often expreſſed much diſſatisfaction at the lieu-'tenant's preferring my company to his; he was 'very angry with me on that account, and gave 'me many a hearty curſe for drawing away his 'companions; ſaying, "I ought to be d—n'd for 'having ſpoiled one of the prettieſt fellows in the 'world, by making a milkſop of him."

'YOU will be miſtaken, my dear Sophia, if you 'imagine that the anger of my huſband aroſe from 'my depriving him of a companion; for the lieu-

'tenant was not a perſon with whoſe ſociety a fool 'could be pleaſed; and if I ſhould admit the poſ-'ſibility of this, ſo little right had my huſband to 'place the loſs of his companion to me, that I am 'convinced it was my converſation alone which in-'duced him ever to come to the houſe. No, child, 'it was envy, the worſt and moſt rancorous kind of 'envy, the envy of ſuperiority of underſtanding. 'The wretch could not bear to ſee my converſation 'preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not 'entertain the leaſt jealouſy. O my dear Sophy, 'you are a woman of ſenſe; if you marry a man, 'as is moſt probable you will, of leſs capacity than 'yourſelf, make frequent trials of his temper before 'marriage, and ſee whether he can bear to ſubmit 'to ſuch a ſuperiority ——Promiſe me, Sophy, you 'will take this advice; for you will hereafter find its 'importance. "It is very likely I ſhall never marry 'at all," anſwered Sophia; "I think, at leaſt, I ſhall 'never marry a man in whoſe underſtanding I ſee 'any defects before marriage; and I promiſe you I 'would rather give up my own than ſee any ſuch 'afterwards."—'Give up your underſtanding!' re-plied Mrs Fitzpatrick, 'Oh fy, child, I will not be-'lieve ſo meanly of you. Every thing elſe I might 'myſelf be brought to give up, but never this. 'Nature would not have allotted this ſuperiority to 'the wife in ſo many inſtances, if ſhe had intended 'we ſhould all of us have ſurrendered it to the huſ-'band. This, indeed, men of ſenſe never expect of 'us; of which the lieutenant I have juſt mentioned 'was one notable example: for though he had a 'very good underſtanding, he always acknowledged '(as was really true) that his wife had a better. 'And this, perhaps, was one reaſon of the hatred 'my tyrant bore her.

'BEFORE he would be ſo governed by a wife, he 'ſaid, eſpecially ſuch an ugly b—, (for indeed ſhe 'was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and 'extremely genteel), he would ſee all the women 'upon earth at the devil, which was a very uſual 'phraſe with him. He ſaid, he wondered what I 'could ſee in her to be ſo charmed with her compa-

'ny; ſince this woman, ſays he, hath come among 'us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which 'you pretended to like ſo much, that you could not 'afford time to return the viſits of the ladies in this 'country: and I muſt confeſs I had been guilty of 'a little rudeneſs this way; for the ladies there are 'at leaſt no better than the mere country ladies 'here, and I think I need make no other excuſe to 'you for declining any intimacy with them.

'THIS correſpondence however continued a whole 'year, even all the while the lieutenant was quar-'tered in that town; for which I was contented to 'pay the tax of being conſtantly abuſed in the 'manner above mentioned by my huſband, I mean, 'when he was at home; for he was frequently ab-'ſent a month at a time at Dublin, and once made 'a journey of two months to London; in all which 'journies I thought it a very ſingular happineſs that 'he never once deſired my company; nay, by his 'frequent cenſures on men who could not travel, as 'he phraſed it, without a wife tied up to their tail, 'he ſufficiently intimated, that had I been never ſo 'deſirous of accompanying him, my wiſhes would 'have been in vain; but, Heaven knows, ſuch wiſhes 'were very far from my thoughts.

'AT length my friend was removed from me, 'and I was again left to my ſolitude, to the tor-'menting converſation with my own reflections, and 'to apply to books for my only comfort. I now 'read almoſt all day long ——How many books do 'you think I read in three months?' "I can't gueſs 'indeed couſin," anſwered Sophia.—"Perhaps, half 'a ſcore." 'Half a ſcore! half a thouſand, child,' anſwered the other. 'I read a good deal in Daniel's 'Engliſh Hiſtory of France; a great deal in Plu-'tarch's Lives; the Atalantas; Pope's Homer, Dry-'den's Plays, Chillingworth, the Counteſs D'Anois, 'and Locke's Human Underſtanding.

'DURING this interval I wrote three very ſuppli-'cating, and I thought, moving letters to my aunt; 'but as I received no anſwer to any of them, my 'diſdain would not ſuffer me to continue my appli-'cation.'—Here ſhe ſtopped, and looking earneſtly

at Sophia, ſaid, 'Methinks, my dear, I read ſome-
'thing in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect
'in another place, where I ſhould have met with a
'kinder return.' 'Indeed, dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'your ſtory is an apology for any neglect;
'but indeed I feel that I have been guilty of a re-
'miſſneſs, without ſo good an excuſe.—Yet, pray
'proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear
'the end.'

THUS then Mrs Fitzpatrick reſumed her narrative.
'My huſband now took a ſecond journey to England,
'where he continued upwards of three months;
'during the greater part of this time, I led a life
'which nothing but having led a worſe could make
'me think tolerable; for perfect ſolitude can never
'be reconciled to a ſocial mind, like mine, but when
'it relieves you from the company of thoſe you
'hate. What added to my wretchedneſs was the
'loſs of my little infant: not that I pretend to have
'had for it that extravagant tenderneſs of which I
'believe I might have been capable under other
'circumſtances, but I reſolved in every inſtance to
'diſcharge the duty of the tendereſt mother; and
'this care prevented me from feeling the weight
'of that heavieſt of all things, when it can be at
'all ſaid to ly heavy on our hands.

'I HAD ſpent full ten weeks almoſt entirely by
'myſelf, having ſeen no body all that time, except
'my ſervants and a very few viſitors, when a young
'lady, a relation to my huſband, came from a di-
'ſtant part of Ireland to viſit me. She had ſtaid
'once before a week at my houſe, and then I gave
'her a preſſing invitation to return; for ſhe was a
'very agreeable woman, and had improved good
'natural parts by a proper education. Indeed ſhe
'was to me a moſt welcome gueſt.

'A FEW days after her arrival, perceiving me in
'very low ſpirits, without enquiring the cauſe,
'which indeed ſhe very well knew, the young lady
'fell to compaſſionating my caſe. She ſaid,
"Though politeneſs had prevented me from com-
'plaining to my huſband's relations of his behavi-
'our; yet they all were very ſenſible of it, and felt

'great concern upon that account; but none more 'than herſelf:" 'and after ſome more general diſ- 'courſe on this head, which, I own I could not for- 'bear countenancing, at laſt, after much previous 'precaution, and enjoined concealment, ſhe com- 'municated to me as a profound ſecret—that my 'huſband kept a miſtreſs.

'YOU will certainly imagine I heard this news 'with the utmoſt inſenſibility—Upon my word, if 'you do, your imagination will miſlead you. Con- 'tempt had not ſo kept down my anger to my huſ- 'band, but that hatred roſe again on this occaſion. 'What can be the reaſon of this? Are we ſo abo- 'minably ſelfiſh, that we can be concerned at others 'having poſſeſſion even of what we deſpiſe? or are 'we not rather abominably vain, and is not this 'the greateſt injury done to our vanity? What 'think you, Sophia?

"I DON'T know, indeed," anſwered Sophia, "I 'have never troubled myſelf with any of theſe deep 'contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill 'in communicating to you ſuch a ſecret."

'AND yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,' re- plied Mrs Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have ſeen 'and read as much as myſelf, you will acknowledge 'it to be ſo.'

"I AM ſorry to hear it is natural," returned So- phia; "for I want neither reading nor experience 'to convince me, that it is very diſhonourable and 'very ill-natured; nay, it is ſurely as ill-bred to 'tell a huſband or wife of the faults of each other, 'as to tell them of their own."

'WELL,' continued Mrs Fitzpatrick, 'my huſ- 'band at laſt returned; and if I am thoroughly 'acquainted with my own thoughts, I hated him 'now more than ever; but I deſpiſed him rather 'leſs: for certainly nothing ſo much weakens our 'contempt as an injury done to our pride or our 'vanity.

'HE now aſſumed a carriage to me, ſo very diffe- 'rent from what he had lately worn, and ſo nearly 'reſembling his behaviour the firſt week of our 'marriage, that had I now any ſpark of love re-

'maining, he might, poſſibly, have rekindled my 'fondneſs for him. But though hatred may ſucceed 'to contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of 'it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the paſ-'ſion of love is too reſtleſs to remain contented, 'without the gratification which it receives from 'its object; and one can no more be inclined to 'love without loving, than we can have eyes with-'out ſeeing. When a huſband, therefore, ceaſes 'to be the object of this paſſion, it is moſt probable 'ſome other man—I ſay, my dear, if your huſband 'grows indifferent to you—if you once come to de-'ſpiſe him—I ſay,—that is—if you have the paſ-'ſion of love in you—Lud! I have bewildered my-'ſelf ſo—but one is apt, in theſe abſtracted conſi-'derations, to loſe the concatenation of ideas, as 'Mr Locke ſays.——In ſhort, the truth is,——in 'ſhort, I ſcarce know what it is; but, as I was ſay-'ing, my huſband returned, and his behaviour, at 'firſt, greatly ſurpriſed me; but he ſoon acquainted 'me with the motive, and taught me to account 'for it. In a word, then, he had ſpent and loſt all 'the ready money of my fortune; and as he could 'mortgage his own eſtate no deeper, he was now 'deſirous to ſupply himſelf with caſh for his extra-'vagance, by ſelling a little eſtate of mine, which 'he could not do without my aſſiſtance; and to ob-'tain this favour was the whole and ſole motive of 'all the fondneſs which he now put on.

'WITH this I peremptorily refuſed to comply. I 'told him, and I told him truly, that had I been 'poſſeſſed of the Indies at our firſt marriage, he 'might have commanded it all; for it had been a 'conſtant maxim with me, that where a woman diſ-'poſes of her heart, ſhe ſhould always depoſit her 'fortune: but as he had been ſo kind, long ago, 'to reſtore the former into my poſſeſſion, I was re-'ſolved likewiſe to retain what little remained of 'the latter.

'I WILL not deſcribe to you the paſſion into 'which theſe words, and the reſolute air in which 'they were ſpoken, threw him; nor will I trouble 'you with the whole ſcene which ſucceeded between

'us. Out came, you may be well aſſured, the ſtory 'of the miſtreſs; and out it did come, with all the 'embelliſhments which anger and diſdain could be-'ſtow on it.

'Mr Fitzpatrick ſeemed a little thunderſtruck 'with this, and more confuſed than I had ſeen him; 'though his ideas are always confuſed enough, 'Heaven knows. He did not, however, endeavour 'to exculpate himſelf; but took a method which 'almoſt equally confounded me. What was this 'but recrimination! He affected to be jealous.— 'He may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to 'jealouſy in his natural temper; nay, he muſt have 'had it from nature, or the devil muſt have put it 'into his head; for I defy all the world to caſt a 'juſt aſperſion on my character; nay, the moſt 'ſcandalous tongues have never dared to cenſure 'my reputation. My fame, I thank Heaven, hath 'been always as ſpotleſs as my life, and let falſe-'hood itſelf accuſe that if it dare. No, my dear 'Graveairs, however provoked, however ill treated, 'however injured in my love, I have firmly reſolved 'never to give the leaſt room for cenſure on this 'account.—And yet, my dear, there are ſome people 'ſo malicious, ſome tongues ſo venomous, that no 'innocence can eſcape them. The moſt undeſigned 'word, the moſt accidental look, the leaſt familia-'rity, the moſt innocent freedom, will be miſcon-'ſtrued and magnified into I know not what, by 'ſome people; but I deſpiſe, my dear Graveairs, I 'deſpiſe all ſuch ſlander. No ſuch malice, I aſſure 'you, ever gave me an uneaſy moment. No, no, 'I promiſe you I am above all that.——But where 'was I? O let me ſee, I told you my huſband was 'jealous—And of whom pray?—Why, of whom but 'the lieutenant I mentioned to you before? He was 'obliged to reſort above a year and more back, to 'find any object for this unaccountable paſſion, if 'indeed he really felt any ſuch, and was not an 'arrant counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

'But I have tired you already with too many 'particulars; I will now bring my ſtory to a very 'ſpeedy concluſion. In ſhort, then, after many

'ſcenes, very unworthy to be repeated, in which 'my couſin engaged ſo heartily on my ſide, that 'Mr Fitzpatrick at laſt turned her out of doors, 'when he found I was neither to be ſoothed nor 'bullied into a compliance, he took a very violent 'method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat 'me; but this, though he hath approached very 'near to it, he never actually did: he confined me 'to my room, without ſuffering me to have either 'pen, ink, paper, or book, and a ſervant every day 'made my bed, and brought me my food.

'WHEN I had remained a week under this impri-'ſonment, he made me a viſit, and, with the voice of 'a ſchoolmaſter, or, what is often much the ſame, 'of a tyrant, aſked me, "If I would yet comply?" 'I anſwered very ſtoutly, That I would die firſt. "Then ſo you ſhall, and be d—n'd," cries he: "for "you ſhall never go alive out of this room."

'HERE I remained a fortnight longer; and, to 'ſay the truth, my conſtancy was almoſt ſubdued, 'and I began to think of ſubmiſſion; when one 'day, in the abſence of my huſband, who was gone 'abroad for ſome ſhort time, by the greateſt good 'fortune in the world, an accident happened.—— 'I—at a time when I began to give way to the ut-'moſt deſpair—every thing would be excuſable at 'ſuch a time—at that very time I received—But it 'would take up an hour to tell you all particulars. '—In one word, then, (for I will not tire you with 'circumſtances), gold, the common key to all pad-'locks, opened my door, and ſet me at liberty.

'I NOW made haſte to Dublin, where I immedi-'ately procured a paſſage to England, and was pro-'ceeding to Bath, in order to throw myſelf into the 'protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any 'relation who would afford it me. My huſband over-'took me laſt night, at the inn where I lay, and 'which you left a few minutes before me; but I 'had the good luck to eſcape him, and to follow 'you.

'AND thus, my dear, ends my hiſtory: a tragical 'one, I am ſure, it is to myſelf; but, perhaps, I 'ought rather to apologize to you for its dulneſs.'

Sophia heaved a deep ſigh, and anſwered, 'Indeed, Harriet, I pity you from my ſoul!—But what could you expect? Why, why would you marry an Iriſhman?'

'Upon my word,' replied her couſin, 'your cenſure is unjuſt. There are among the Iriſh men of as much worth and honour as any among the Engliſh; nay, to ſpeak the truth, generoſity of ſpirit is rather more common among them. I have known ſome examples there too of good huſbands; and, I believe, theſe are not very plenty in England. Aſk me rather what I could expect when I married a fool, and I will tell you a ſolemn truth, I did not know him to be ſo.' Can no man,' ſaid Sophia, in a very low and altered voice, 'do you think, make a bad huſband who is not a fool?' 'That,' anſwered the other, 'is too general a negative; but none, I believe, ſo likely as a fool to prove ſo. Among my acquaintance, the ſilleſt fellows are the worſt huſbands; and I will venture to aſſert, as a fact, that a man of ſenſe rarely behaves very ill to a wife who deſerves very well.'

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs Fitzpatrick.

Sophia now, at the deſire of her couſin, related —not what follows, but what hath gone before in this hiſtory; for which reaſon the reader will, I ſuppoſe, excuſe me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that ſhe made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no ſuch perſon alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuſe. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of diſhoneſty, it ſeems the more inexcuſable, from the apparent openneſs and explicit ſincerity of the other lady.——But ſo it was.

Juſt as Sophia arrived at the concluſion of her ſtory, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were ſitting, a noiſe, not unlike in loudneſs to that

of a pack of hounds juſt let out from their kennel; nor in ſhrilneſs to cats, when caterwauling; or to ſcreech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can reſemble a human voice?) to thoſe ſounds which, in the pleaſant manſions of that gate, which ſeems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, iſſue from the mouths, and ſometimes from the noſtrils of thoſe fair river nymphs ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue tranſlated oyſter-wenches: for when, inſtead of the ancient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich diſtillation from the juniper-berry, or, perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, ſhould any daring tongue, with unhallowed licence, profane, *i. e.* depreciate the delicate fat Milton oyſter, the plaice ſound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the ſhrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treaſures which thoſe water-deities, who fiſh the ſea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices, and the profane wretch is ſtruck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noiſe which now burſt from one of the rooms below; and ſoon the thunder, which long had rattled at a diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having aſcended by degrees up ſtairs, it at laſt entered the apartment where the ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs Honour having ſcolded violently below ſtairs, and continued the ſame all the way up, came in to her miſtreſs in a moſt outrageous paſſion, crying out, 'What doth your Ladyſhip think? would 'you imagine that this impudent villain, the ma'ſter of this houſe, hath had the impudence to tell 'me, nay, to ſtand it out to my face, that your 'Ladyſhip is that naſty, ſtinking wh—re, (Jenny 'Cameron they call her), that runs about the coun'try with the Pretender? nay, the lying, ſaucy vil'lain had the aſſurance to tell me, that your La'dyſhip had owned yourſelf to be ſo: but I have 'clawed the raſcal; I have left the marks of my

'nails in his impudent face.—My lady!' says I, 'you saucy scoundrel; my lady is meat for no Pre-'tenders. She is a young lady of as good fashion, 'and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire. 'Did you never hear of the great Squire Western, 'sirrah? She is his only daughter; she is;——and 'heiress to all his great estate. My lady to be call-'ed a nasty Scotch wh—re by such a varlet!—To 'be sure I wish I had knocked his brains out with 'the punch-bowl.'

THE principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having, in her passion, discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour, and she cried, 'In-'deed, Madam, I did not think your Ladyship would 'have made a laughing matter of it: to be called 'whore by such an impudent low rascal. Your La-'dyship may be angry with me, for ought I know, 'for taking your part, since proffered service, they 'say, stinks; but, to be sure, I could never bear to 'hear a lady of mine called whore.—Nor will I 'bear it. I am sure your Ladyship is as virtuous a 'lady as ever sat foot on English ground, and I will 'claw any villain's eyes out who dares for to offer 'to presume for to say the least word to the con-'trary. No body ever could say the least ill of the 'character of any lady that ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have, that is to say—But besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, her's likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

ON this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. The famous Nell Gwynn, step-

ping one day from a houſe where ſhe had made a ſhort viſit into her coach, ſaw a great mob aſſembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow being aſked by his miſtreſs the reaſon of his being in that condition, anſwered, 'I have been 'fighting, Madam, with an impudent raſcal who 'called your Ladyſhip a wh—e.' 'You blockhead,' replied Mrs Gwynn, 'at this rate you muſt fight 'every day of your life. Why, you fool, all the 'world knows it.' 'Do they?' cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after ſhe had ſhut the coach door, 'They ſhan't call me a whore's footman for 'all that.'

THUS the paſſion of Mrs Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cauſe of her anger; for which we muſt beg leave to remind our reader of a circumſtance mentioned in the above ſimile. There are, indeed, certain liquors, which being applied to our paſſions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverſe of thoſe produced by water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not, therefore, without reaſon, that the learned Dr Cheney uſed to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

NOW Mrs Honour had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the ſmoke of it began to aſcend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her reſidence, while the fire itſelf from the ſtomach eaſily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble paſſion of pride. So that upon the whole, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman, though, at firſt ſight, we muſt confeſs the cauſe ſeems inadequate to the effect.

SOPHIA, and her couſin both, did all in their power to extinguiſh theſe flames, which had roared ſo loudly all over the houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one ſtep farther, the fire having conſumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at laſt went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was reſtored above ſtairs, it was not ſo below; where my landlady highly reſenting the injury done to the beauty of her huſband, by the fleſh-ſpades of Mrs Honour, called aloud for revenge and juſtice. As to the poor man who had principally ſuffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he loſt might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewiſe her fiſt to his noſtrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his miſtake; but indeed nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his reſentment, as the manner in which he now diſcovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: buthewas now aſſured by a perſon of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of faſhion, and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this perſon the landlord now aſcended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below deſired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this meſſage, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithſtanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a juſtice of peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight circumſtance, without examining the evidence on both ſides.

To eaſe the reader's curioſity, therefore, rather than his apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an Iriſh peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman having ſallied from his ſupper at the hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the attendant of Mrs Fitzpatrick, and, upon a ſhort enquiry, was informed that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up ſtairs with compliments rather civiller than thoſe which were delivered.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herſelf was not the meſſenger employed on this occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for ſo the landlord choſe to call the diſtillation from malt) had baſely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to reſiſt the attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical ſcene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged, by that hiſtoric integrity which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a matter which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many hiſtorians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the reader to find out theſe little circumſtances in the dark, and ſometimes to his great confuſion and perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs fright, by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To ſay truth, it was by his aſſiſtance that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her huſband; for this nobleman had the ſame gallant diſpoſition with thoſe renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic ſtory, and had delivered many an impriſoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the ſavage authority too often exerciſed, by huſbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other ſex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to ſay truth, I have often ſuſpected that thoſe very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the huſbands of theſe days; and matrimony itſelf was perhaps the inchanted caſtle in which the nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This nobleman had an eſtate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for ſome time acquainted with the lady. No ſooner, therefore, did he hear of her confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her liberty; which he pre-

ſently effected, not by ſtorming the caſtle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irreſiſtible than either lead or ſteel.

THIS circumſtance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather choſe to leave him a while under a ſuppoſition that ſhe had found, or coined, or by ſome very extraordinary, perhaps ſupernatural means, had poſſeſſed herſelf of the money with which ſhe had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what ſeemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

THE peer, after a ſhort converſation, could not forbear expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined ſhe had been gone to Bath. Mrs Fitzpatrick very freely anſwered, That ſhe had been prevented in her purpoſe by the arrival of a perſon ſhe need not mention. 'In ſhort,' ſays ſhe, 'I was 'overtaken by my huſband (for I need not affect to 'conceal what the world knows too well already). 'I had the good fortune to eſcape in a moſt ſurpri-'ſing manner, and am now going to London with 'this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, 'and who hath eſcaped from as great a tyrant as 'my own.'

HIS lordſhip concluding that this tyrant was likewiſe a huſband, made a ſpeech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives againſt his own ſex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique glances at the matrimonial inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt powers given by it to man over the more ſenſible and more meritorious part of the ſpecies. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and ſix, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs Fitzpatrick, and at laſt, upon her perſuaſions, by Sophia.

MATTERS being thus adjuſted, his Lordſhip took his leave, and the ladies retired to reſt, where Mrs

Fitzpatrick entertained her couſin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondneſs for his wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only perſon of high rank who was entirely conſtant to the marriage-bed. 'Indeed,' added ſhe, 'my 'dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue amongſt 'men of condition. Never expect it when you 'marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will cer-'tainly be deceived.'

A GENTLE ſigh ſtole from Sophia at theſe words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleaſant kind; but as ſhe never revealed this dream to any one, ſo the reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in ſome pretty writing. A ſtage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. *Her generoſity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at* London; *with ſome remarks for the uſe of travellers.*

THOSE members of ſociety who are born to furniſh the bleſſings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to purſue their daily labours, for the uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe bleſſings. The ſturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, ſpring from their hard matreſs; and now the bonny houſe-maid begins to repair the diſordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that diſorder, in broken interrupted ſlumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the hardneſs of down diſquieted their repoſe.

IN ſimple phraſe, the clock had no ſooner ſtruck ſeven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and, at their deſire, his lordſhip and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

AND now a matter of ſome difficulty aroſe; and this was how his lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: for though in ſtage-coaches, where paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much luggage, the inge-

nious coachman ſtows half a dozen with perfect eaſe into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hoſteſs, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the ſlim miſs, or taper maſter; it being the nature of guts, when well-ſqueezed, to give way, and to ly in a narrow compaſs; yet in theſe vehicles, which are called, for diſtinction-ſake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordſhip would have put a ſhort end to the difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his horſe; but Mrs Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails ſhould by turns relieve each other on one of his lordſhip's horſes, which was preſently equipped with a ſide-ſaddle for that purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the inn, the ladies diſcharged their former guides, and Sophia made a preſent to the landlord, partly to repair the bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on account of what he had ſuffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia firſt diſcovered a loſs which gave her ſome uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their laſt meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable trifle, was all the treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her things to no purpoſe, the bill was not to be found: and ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded that ſhe had loſt it from her pocket, when ſhe had the misfortune of tumbling from her horſe in the dark lane, as before recorded. A fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected ſome diſcompoſure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her handkerchief the very inſtant before her fall, in order to relieve the diſtreſs of Mrs Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a mind in which there is any ſtrength, without the aſſiſtance of avarice. Sophia therefore,

though nothing could be worſe timed than this accident, at ſuch a ſeaſon, immediately got the better of her concern, and with her wonted ſerenity and chearfulneſs of countenance, returned to her company. His lordſhip conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewiſe Mrs Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred importunities of her ſiſter Abigail, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt ride in the coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole journey, had not her miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horſeback.

THE coach now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many ſervants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the vehicle upon a much leſs worthy occaſion than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the honour of his lordſhip's company, and for the convenience of his table.

MY landlord was ſo pleaſed with the preſent he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in, than regretted his bruiſe or his ſcratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this preſent, but we cannot ſatisfy his curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; 'For, 'to be ſure,' ſays he, 'one might have charged eve-'ry article double, and ſhe would have made no 'cavil at the reckoning.'

HIS wife however was far from drawing this concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any injury done to her huſband more than he did himſelf, I will not ſay; certain it is, ſhe was much leſs ſatisfied with the generoſity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries ſhe, 'my 'dear, the lady knows better how to diſpoſe of her 'money than you imagine. She might very well

'think we ſhould not put up ſuch a buſineſs without ſome ſatisfaction, and the law would have coſt her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take.' 'You are always ſo bloodily wiſe,' quoth the huſband: 'it would have coſt her more, would it? doſt fancy I don't know that as well as thee? but would any of that more, or ſo much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if ſon Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put ſuch a pretty buſineſs into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why ſhould I go to law for the benefit of ſtrangers!' 'Nay, to be ſure,' anſwered ſhe, 'you muſt know beſt.' 'I believe I do,' replied he. 'I fancy when money is to be got, I can ſmell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I ſay; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.' The wife then joined in the applauſe of her huſband's ſagacity: and thus ended the ſhort dialogue between them on this occaſion.

WE will therefore take our leave of theſe good people, and attend his lordſhip and his fair companions, who made ſuch good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the ſecond evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this hiſtory to relate. Our pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the expedition which it deſcribes, and our hiſtory ſhall keep pace with the travellers who are its ſubject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this inſtance, who always proportions his ſtay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curioſities which it affords. At Eſhur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eſtbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too ſhort for the raviſhed imagination, while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In ſome of theſe, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to

triumph. Here Nature appears in her richeſt attire, and Art, dreſſed with the modeſteſt ſimplicity, attends her benignant miſtreſs. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this world; and here human nature preſents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ſame taſte, the ſame imagination, which luxurioufly riots in theſe elegant ſcenes, can be amuſed with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorſet, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace; which delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy heath of Bagſhot, or that pleaſant plain which extends itſelf weſtward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one ſingle tree only in ſixteen miles preſents itſelf to the view, unleſs the clouds, in compaſſion to our tired ſpirits, kindly open their variegated manſions to our proſpect.

Not ſo travels the money-meditating tradeſman, the ſagacious juſtice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dullneſs. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horſes meaſuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmoſt exactneſs; the eyes of the beaſt and of his maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame objects in the ſame manner. With equal rapture the good rider ſurveys the proudeſt boaſts of the architect, and thoſe fair buildings with which ſome unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to ſhew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haſte to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy ſagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to thoſe Authors who are their oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this occaſion; for though we will always lend thee proper aſſiſtance in difficult places,

as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the arts of divination to diſcover our meaning, yet we ſhall not indulge thy lazineſs where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy ſagacity nothing to do; or that, without ſometimes exerciſing this talent, thou wilt be able to travel thro' our pages with any pleaſure or profit to thyſelf.

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning ſuſpicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were ſet down at his Lordſhip's houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the fatigue of their journey, ſervants were diſpatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyſhip was not then in town, Mrs Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to accept a bed in the manſion of the peer.

SOME readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous; but we muſt make allowances for her ſituation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the malice of cenſorious tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an exceſs on the right ſide, and which every woman who is in the ſelf-ſame ſituation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may, perhaps, in very abſtracted conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than virtue itſelf without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular caſes, for every woman to ſupport either the one or the other.

A LODGING being prepared, Sophia accompanied her couſin for that evening; but reſolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whoſe protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had

determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her father's houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing, from ſome obſervations ſhe had made during her journey in the coach.

Now, as we would by no means fix the odious character of ſuſpicion on Sophia, we are almoſt afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs Fitzpatrick; of whom ſhe certainly at preſent entertained ſome doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the boſoms of the worſt of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a word or two to our reader touching ſuſpicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward impulſe; and the rather, as this ſuperlative degree often forms its own objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts. This is that quick-ſighted penetration, whoſe hawk's eyes no ſymptom of evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the obſerver, ſo it dives into the heart of the obſerved, and there eſpies evil, as it were in the firſt embryo, nay ſometimes before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible: but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being, ſo from the fallibility of ſuch acute diſcernment have ariſen many ſad miſchiefs and moſt grievous heart-akes to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vaſt quick-ſightedneſs into evil as a vicious exceſs, and as a very pernicious evil itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reaſons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of ſuſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit Sophia.

A SECOND degree of this quality ſeems to ariſe

from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of ſeeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a conſequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence; nor can I ſee it in an unamiable light, even tho', through human fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For inſtance, if a huſband ſhould accidentally ſurpriſe his wife in the lap, or in the embraces, of ſome of thoſe pretty young gentlemen who profeſs the art of cuckold-making, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great plenty of inſtances to himſelf: I ſhall add but one more, which, however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable, and this is a ſuſpicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the ſame part again. And, to confeſs the truth, of this degree of ſuſpicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of ſuſpicion ſhe had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her couſin was really no better than ſhe ſhould be.

THE caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs Fitzpatrick wiſely conſidered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the ſame ſituation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt opportunity of quitting the protection of her huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the protection of ſome other man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her guardian as a perſon of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, beſides a gallant diſpoſition, which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in diſtreſs, had often declared a violent attach-

ment to herſelf, and had already given her all the inſtances of it in his power?

But as the law hath fooliſhly omitted this office of vice-huſband, or guardian to an eloped lady, and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable appellation, it was concluded that his lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind offices to the lady in ſecret, and without publicly aſſuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other perſon from ſeeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady ſhould proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordſhip ſhould firſt go to London, and thence ſhould go down to that place, by the advice of his phyſicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly underſtood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a ſecret than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact ſecrecy which Mrs Fitzpatrick had obſerved on this head in her narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe ſuſpicions which were now riſen in the mind of her couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the lady ſhe ſought, for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in return of her firſt meſſage, a moſt preſſing invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs Fitzpatrick indeed did not deſire her couſin to ſtay with her with more earneſtneſs than civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the ſuſpicion above mentioned, or from what other motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay; but certain it is, ſhe was full as deſirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herſelf could be of going.

The young lady, when ſhe came to take leave of her couſin, could not avoid giving her a ſhort hint of advice. She begged her, for Heaven's ſake, to take care of herſelf, and to conſider in how dangerous a ſituation ſhe ſtood; adding, ſhe hoped ſome method would be found of reconciling her to her huſband. 'You muſt remember, my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'the maxim which my aunt Weſtern hath ſo often 'repeated to us both: That whenever the matrimo-

'nial alliance is broke, and war declared between 'husband and wife, ſhe can hardly make a diſad- 'vantageous peace for herſelf on any conditions. 'Theſe are my aunt's very words, and ſhe hath had 'a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs Fitz-patrick anſwered with a contemptuous ſmile, 'Ne- 'ver fear me, child, take care of yourſelf; for you 'are younger than I. I will come and viſit you in 'a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one 'piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs 'in the country; for, believe me, it will ſit very 'awkwardly upon you in this town.'

THUS the two couſins parted, and Sophia repair-ed directly to lady Bellaſton, where ſhe found a moſt hearty, as well as polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when ſhe had ſeen her formerly with her aunt Weſtern. She was indeed extremely glad to ſee her; and was no ſooner ac-quainted with the reaſons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to London, than ſhe highly applauded her ſenſe and reſolution; and after ex-preſſing the higheſt ſatisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared ſhe entertained of her ladyſhip, by chuſing her houſe for an aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into ſafe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other perſonages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his paſt offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought ſufficient puniſhment upon him themſelves.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as a lawful prize.

THE learned reader must have observed, that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

THIS conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Banier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. "It will be easy," says he, "for the reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my "own reputation: for an author certainly pays "him a considerable compliment, when for his sake "he suppresses learned quotations that come in his "way, and which would have cost him but the "bare trouble of transcribing."

To fill up a work with these scraps may indeed be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time in fragments and by retail what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation at the expence of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am indeed in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that, by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The Ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we Moderns are to the Ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here, I mean that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by

this maxim, that in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the Squire, whose property is considered as a free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal and preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the Ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves which the mob shew to one another. To steal from one another is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly styled defrauding the poor, (sometimes, perhaps, those who are poorer than ourselves); or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spital.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforward to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be allowed me only on condition that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all time ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr Moore, who having formerly borrowed some lines

of Pope and company, took the liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr Pope however very luckily found them in the ſaid play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid Moore in the loathſome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the Squire doth not find his daughter, ſomething is found which puts an end to his purſuit.

THE hiſtory now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we ſhall firſt trace the footſteps of Squire Weſtern; for as he will ſoon arrive at an end of his journey, we ſhall have then full leiſure to attend our hero.

THE reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid Squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he purſued his daughter. The hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the Severn, he likewiſe paſſed that river with his equipage, and rode full ſpeed, vowing the utmoſt vengeance againſt poor Sophia if he ſhould but overtake her.

HE had not gone far before he arrived at a croſs way. Here he called a ſhort council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at laſt gave the direction of his purſuit to fortune, and ſtruck directly into the Worceſter road.

IN this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was ſo 'unlucky a dog as myſelf!' and then burſt forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

THE parſon attempted to adminiſter comfort to him on this occaſion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' ſays he, 'like thoſe without hope. Howbeit we have not yet 'been able to overtake young madam, we may ac-'count it ſome good fortune that we have hitherto 'traced her courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe will

'soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry 'in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal 'functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, 'you will very briefly be *compos voti*.'

'POGH! D—n the slut,' answered the Squire, 'I 'am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunt-'ing. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best 'scenting days, in all appearance, which hath been 'this season, and especially after so long a frost.'

WHETHER Fortune, who now and then shews some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the Squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the Squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the Squire crying, 'She's gone, she's gone! Damn 'me if she is not gone!' instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and hooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

THUS fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leapt from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

WHAT are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude, yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we shut Nature out at the door, she will come 'in at the window; and that puss, though a ma-

'dam, will be a mouſer ſtill.' In the ſame manner we are not to arraign the Squire of any want of love for his daughter, for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to conſider that he was a ſquire and a ſportſman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewiſe.

THE hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire purſued over hedge and ditch, with all his uſual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his uſual pleaſure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themſelves to allay the ſatisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, which he ſaid was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the Squire forgot his daughter, the ſervants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their miſtreſs; and the parſon, after having expreſſed much aſtoniſhment in Latin to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jogging on at a diſtance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the enſuing Sunday.

THE ſquire who owned the hounds was highly pleaſed with the arrival of his brother ſquire and ſportſman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr Weſtern, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

SPORTSMEN, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two ſquires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle word. The maſter of the hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great judgment of the ſtranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his underſtanding, as the number of his attendants inſpired no ſmall reverence to his quality. As ſoon, therefore, as the ſport was ended by the death of the little animal which

had occaſioned it, the two ſquires met, and in all ſquire-like greeting ſaluted each other.

THE converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in the appendix, or on ſome other occaſion; but as it no ways concerns this hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a place here. It concluded with a ſecond chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Weſtern.

OUR Squire was by no means a match either for his hoſt, or for Parſon Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phraſe, whiſtled-drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parſon conſidered him as abſent; and having acquainted the other ſquire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promiſe of ſeconding theſe arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr Weſtern's return.

No ſooner, therefore, had the good Squire ſhaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to ſummon his horſes, in order to renew his purſuit, than Mr Supple began his diſſuaſives, which the hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr Weſtern agreed to return home, being principally moved by one argument, *viz.* that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter inſtead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother-ſportſman, and expreſſing great joy that the froſt was broken, (which might perhaps be no ſmall motive to his haſtening home), ſet forwards, or rather backwards, for Somerſetſhire; but not before he had firſt diſpatched part of his retinue in queſt of his daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a volley of the moſt bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones *from* Upton, *with what paſſed between him and* Partridge *on the road.*

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and, to ſay the truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that conſidering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that ſituation in which prudent people uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their friends, leſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch friends had hanged themſelves.

BUT, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not eaſy to conceive circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor Jones at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame diligence as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt beams of fortune.

MR Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of Squire Weſtern, and purſued the ſame road on foot; for the hoſtler told them, that no horſes were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their diſquiet proceeded from very different reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and if Jones ſighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

WHEN they came to the croſs-roads where the Squire had ſtopt to take counſel, Jones ſtopt likewiſe, and turning to Partridge, aſked his opinion which track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I wiſh your Honour would follow 'my advice.' 'Why ſhould I not?' replied Jones, 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or 'what becomes of me.' 'My advice then,' ſaid Partridge, 'is, that you immediately face about and 'return home; for who that hath ſuch a home to

'return to as your Honour, would travel thus about 'the country like a vagabond? I aſk pardon, *ſed 'vox ea ſola reperta eſt.*'

'ALAS!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return 'to;—but if my friend, my father, would receive 'me, could I bear the country from which Sophia 'is flown?——Cruel Sophia! Cruel? No. Let me 'blame myſelf—No, let me blame thee. D—nation 'ſeize thee, fool, blockhead! thou haſt undone me, 'and I will tear thy ſoul from thy body.' At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and ſhook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

PARTRIDGE fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm—when Jones, after ſtaring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and diſcharged a rage on himſelf, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

WE would beſtow ſome pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the reader would take the ſame pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that, after all the labour which we ſhould employ in painting this ſcene, the ſaid reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelves that trouble. To ſay the truth, we have, from this reaſon alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent deſcriptions out of our work, which would otherwiſe have been in it: and this ſuſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the caſe, from our own wicked heart; for we have ourſelves been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous hiſtorians.

SUFFICE it then ſimply to ſay, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than turning to Partridge, he very earneſtly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his paſſion; but

concluded by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave him, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him: and then Jones very briskly cried out, 'Since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any further 'the steps of my angel—I will pursue those of glory. 'Come on, my brave lad, now for the army:—it is 'a glorious cause, and I would willingly sacrifice 'my life in it, even though it was worth my preserving.' And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge, he was profoundly silent; for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length, Jones being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue, which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty than a young colt, when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would at first have suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' says he, 'that could never be a man, who dresses himself, 'and lives after such a strange manner, and so un'like other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old wo-

'man told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter 'food for a horſe than a Chriſtian: nay, landlord at 'Upton ſays, that the neighbours thereabouts have 'very fearful notions about him. It runs ſtrangely 'in my head, that it muſt have been ſome ſpirit, 'who, perhaps, might be ſent to forewarn us: and 'who knows, but all that matter which he told us, 'of his going to fight, and of his being taken a pri-'ſoner, and of the great danger he was in of being 'hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, 'conſidering what we are going about: beſides, I 'dreamt of nothing all laſt night but of fighting; 'and methought the blood ran out of my noſe, as 'liquor out of a tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum, regina, 'jubes renovare dolorem.*'

'THY ſtory, Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'is almoſt 'as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more 'likely to happen than death to men who go into 'battle. Perhaps we ſhall both fall in it,—and what 'then?' 'What then,' replied Partridge; 'why, 'then there is an end of us, is there not? when I 'am gone, all is over with me. What matters the 'cauſe to me, or who gets the victory, if I am 'killed? I ſhall never enjoy any advantage from it. 'What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to 'one that is ſix foot under ground? there will be 'an end of poor Partridge.' 'And an end of poor 'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there muſt be one time 'or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you ſome 'fine lines out of Horace, which would inſpire cou-'rage into a coward.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Mors et fugacem perſequitur virum:
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

'I WISH you would conſtrue them,' cries Par-tridge; 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot 'underſtand as you repeat them.'

'I WILL repeat you a bad imitation, or rather 'paraphraſe of my own,' ſaid Jones; 'for I am but 'an indifferent poet.

'*Who would not die in his dear country's cauſe?*
'*Since, if baſe fear his daſtard ſtep withdraws,*
'*From death he cannot fly:—One common grave*
'*Receives, at laſt, the coward and the brave.*

'THAT's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, 'ſure, *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great 'difference between dying in one's bed a great ma- 'ny years hence, like a good Chriſtian, with all our 'friends crying about us, and being ſhot to-day or 'to-morrow, like a mad-dog; or, perhaps, hacked 'in twenty pieces with a ſword, and that too before 'we have repented of all our ſins. O Lord, have 'mercy upon us! to be ſure, the ſoldiers are a wic- 'ked kind of people. I never loved to have any 'thing to do with them. I could hardly bring my- 'ſelf ever to look upon them as Chriſtians. There 'is nothing but curſing and ſwearing among them. 'I wiſh your Honour would repent; I heartily wiſh 'you would repent, before it is too late; and not 'think of going among them:—Evil communica- 'tion corrupts good manners. That is my princi- 'pal reaſon. For as for that matter, I am no more 'afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of 'that. I know all human fleſh muſt die; but yet a 'man may live many years for all that. Why, I 'am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a 'great number of years. I have read of ſeveral 'who have lived to be above an hundred, and ſome 'a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, 'I mean that I promiſe myſelf, to live to any ſuch 'age as that neither.—But if it be only to eighty 'or ninety; Heaven be praiſed, that is a great way 'off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then no more 'than another man: but ſurely, to tempt death be- 'fore a man's time is come, ſeems to me downright 'wickedneſs and preſumption. Beſides, if it was 'to do any good indeed; but let the cauſe be what 'it will, what mighty matter of good can two peo- 'ple do? and, for my part, I underſtand nothing 'of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in 'my life; and then it was not charged with bul- 'lets. And for the ſword, I never learned to fence,

'and know nothing of the matter. And then there 'are thoſe cannons, which certainly it muſt be 'thought the higheſt preſumption to go in the way 'of: and no body but a madman—I aſk pardon; 'upon my ſoul, I meant no harm; I beg I may not 'throw your Honour into another paſſion.'

'BE under no apprehenſion, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now ſo well convinced of thy cowar-'dice, that thou couldſt not provoke me on any ac-'count.' 'Your Honour,' anſwered he, 'may call me 'a coward, or any thing elſe you pleaſe. If loving 'to ſleep in a whole ſkin makes a man a coward, '*non immunes ab illis malis ſumus*. I never read in my 'grammar, that a man can't be a good man with-'out fighting. *Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta pa-'trum, qui leges juraque ſervat*. Not a word of fight-'ing; and I am ſure the ſcripture is ſo much againſt 'it, that a man ſhall never perſuade me he is a 'good Chriſtian, while he ſheds Chriſtian blood.'

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine with which the laſt chapter con-cluded, they arrived at another croſs way, when a lame fellow in rags aſked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a ſevere rebuke, ſaying, 'Every pariſh ought to keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a laughing, and aſked Partridge, If he was not aſhamed, with ſo much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. 'Your religion,' ſays he, 'ſerves you only for an excuſe for your faults, 'but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man 'who is really a Chriſtian abſtain from relieving 'one of his brethren in ſuch a miſerable condition?' And, at the ſame time, putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a ſhilling.

'MASTER,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which 'I found about two miles off, if your Worſhip will 'pleaſe to buy it. I ſhould not venture to pull it 'out to every one; but as you are ſo good a gentle-

'man, and ſo kind to the poor, you won't ſuſpect 'a man of being a thief only becauſe he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hand of Jones.

Jones preſently opened it, and (gueſs, reader, what he felt), ſaw, in the firſt page, the words Sophia Weſtern, written by her own fair hand. He no ſooner read the name, than he preſſed it cloſe to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into ſome very frantic raptures, notwithſtanding his company: but, perhaps, theſe very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kiſſing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered cruſt in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who preſently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Weſtern had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchaſe it at five ſhillings leſs than 100 l.

The eyes of Partridge ſparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and ſo did (though with ſomewhat a different aſpect) thoſe of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honeſty) had never opened it. But we ſhould not deal honeſtly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumſtance which may be here a little material, *viz.* that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and tranſport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new diſcovery: for his imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the owner of the bill might poſſibly want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it to her.

The pocket-book was a late preſent from Mrs Weſtern to her niece: it had coſt five and twenty

ſhillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the ſilver, which it contained in its claſp, was about 18 d.; and that price the ſaid toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his ſhop, would now have given for it. A prudent perſon would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a ſhilling, or perhaps ſixpence for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which ſome learned ſerjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe circumſtances, have maintained.

JONES, on the contrary, whoſe character was on the outſide of generoſity, and may, perhaps, not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of extravagance, without any heſitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not, for a long time before, been poſſeſſed of ſo much treaſure, gave Mr Jones a thouſand thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of tranſport in his muſcles, than Jones had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the name of Sophia Weſtern.

THE fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr Jones deſired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles diſtance, though the fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

JONES opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expreſſed ſome ſigns of aſtoniſhment to Partridge, who, more than once, ſhook his head, and cried, 'Poor gentleman! *orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*

AT length they arrived at the very ſpot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones of-

fered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent ſurpriſe and joy which the firſt receipt of the guinea had occaſioned, was now conſiderably abated, and who had now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, put on a diſcontented look, and, ſcratching his head, ſaid, He hoped his Worſhip would give him ſomething more. 'Your Worſhip,' ſaid he, 'will, I 'hope, take it into your conſideration, that if I had 'not been honeſt, I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the reader muſt confeſs to have been true. 'If the paper there,' ſaid he, 'be worth '100 l. I am ſure the finding it deſerves more than 'a guinea. Beſides, ſuppoſe your Worſhip ſhould 'never ſee the lady, nor give it her,—and though 'your Worſhip looks and talks very much like a 'gentleman, yet I have only your Worſhip's bare 'word: and, certainly, if the right owner ben't to 'be found, it all belongs to the firſt finder. I hope 'your Worſhip will conſider all theſe matters: I am 'but a poor man, and therefore don't deſire to 'have all; but it is but reaſonable I ſhould have 'my ſhare. Your Worſhip looks like a good man, 'and, I hope, will conſider my honeſty; for I might 'have kept every farthing, and nobody ever the 'wiſer.' 'I promiſe thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right owner, and will re-'ſtore it to her.' 'Nay, your Worſhip,' anſwered the fellow, 'may do as you pleaſe as to that: if you 'will but give me my ſhare, that is one half of the 'money, your Honour may keep the reſt yourſelf if 'you pleaſe;' and concluded with ſwearing by a very vehement oath, That he would never mention a ſyllable of it to any man living.

'Lookee, friend,' cries Jones, 'the right owner 'ſhall certainly have again all that ſhe loſt; and as 'for any further gratuity, I really cannot give it 'you at preſent; but let me know your name, and 'where you live, and it is more than poſſible you 'may hereafter have further reaſon to rejoice at 'this morning's adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by venture,' cries the fellow; 'it ſeems, I muſt venture whether you

'will return the lady her money or no: but I hope 'your Worſhip will conſider'—'Come, come,' ſaid Partridge, 'tell his Honour your name, and where 'you may be found; I warrant you will never re-'pent having put the money into his hands.' The fellow ſeeing no hopes of recovering the poſſeſſion of the pocket-book, at laſt complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then, placing the paper in the ſame page where ſhe had writ her name, he cried out, 'There, friend, 'you are the happieſt man alive; I have joined 'your name to that of an angel.' 'I don't know 'any thing about angels,' anſwered the fellow; 'but I wiſh you would give me a little more money, 'or elſe return me the pocket-book.' Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious names, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not ſuffer any ſuch thing: and now, telling the fellow he would certainly find ſome opportunity of ſerving him, Mr Jones departed as faſt as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infuſed new ſpirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to ſtay behind, fell to curſing them both, as well as his parents; 'For had they,' ſays he, 'ſent me to 'charity-ſchool to learn to write and read, and caſt 'account, I ſhould have known the value of theſe 'matters as well as other people.'

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr Jones *and his companion met on the road.*

OUR travellers now walked ſo faſt, that they had very little time or breath for converſation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him ſome pleaſure, cauſed him, at the ſame time, to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing his honeſty. They had proceeded above three miles, when

Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to ſlacken his pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for ſome time loſt the footſteps of the horſes, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for ſeveral miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were ſeveral roads.

He here, therefore, ſtopt to conſider which of theſe roads he ſhould purſue, when on a ſudden they heard the noiſe of a drum that ſeemed at no great diſtance. This ſound preſently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy 'upon us all; they are certainly a coming!' 'Who 'is coming?' cries Jones; for fear had long ſince given place to ſofter ideas in his mind; and ſince his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on purſuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. 'Who!' cries Partridge, 'why, the rebels: but why ſhould I call them re-'bels? they may be very honeſt gentlemen, for any 'thing I know to the contrary. The devil take 'him that affronts them, I ſay; I am ſure if they 'have nothing to ſay to me, I will have nothing to 'ſay to them, but in a civil way. For Heaven's 'ſake, Sir, don't affront them if they ſhould come, 'and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would 'it not be the wiſer way to creep into ſome of yon-'der buſhes till they are gone by? What can two 'unarmed men do perhaps againſt fifty thouſand? 'Certainly nobody but a madman—I hope your Ho-'nour is not offended; but certainly no man who 'hath *mens ſana in corpore ſano*'——Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inſpired, ſaying, That by the drum he perceived they were near ſome town. He then made directly towards the place whence the noiſe proceeded, bidding Partridge take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger; and adding, it was impoſſible the rebels ſhould be ſo near.

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt aſſurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of

heroes, to the muſic of the drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O Lord, Sir, here they are! there is the crown and 'coffin. O Lord! I never ſaw any thing ſo terrible; 'and we are within gunſhot of them already!'

Jones no ſooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus miſtaken. 'Partridge,' ſays he, 'I fancy you will be 'able to engage this whole army yourſelf; for by 'the colours I gueſs what the drum was which we 'heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a 'puppet-ſhow.'

'A puppet-ſhow!' anſwered Partridge, with moſt eager tranſport. 'And is it really no more than 'that? I love a puppet-ſhow of all the paſtimes up-'on the earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and ſee 'it. Beſides, I am quite famiſhed to death; for it 'is now almoſt dark, and I have not ate a morſel 'ſince three o'clock in the morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an ale-houſe, where Jones was prevailed upon to ſtop, the rather as he had no longer any aſſurance of being in the road he deſired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had paſſed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examining into the ſtate of their proviſions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better ſucceſs; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great ſatisfaction, found good reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreeable ſight of an excellent ſmoaking diſh of eggs and bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy conſtitutions love hath a very different effect from what it cauſes in the puny part of the ſpecies. In the latter it generally deſtroys all that appetite which tends towards the conſervation of the individual; but in the former, tho' it often induces forgetfulneſs, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing elſe, yet place a good

piece of a well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he ſeldom fails very handſomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the preſent caſe; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty ſtomach; yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciouſly as Partridge himſelf.

BEFORE our travellers had finiſhed their dinner night came on; and as the moon was now paſt the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge, therefore, prevailed on Jones to ſtay and ſee the puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the maſter of the ſaid ſhow, who declared that his figures were the fineſt which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great ſatisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

THE puppet-ſhow was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and ſerious part of the Provoked Huſband; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn entertainment, without any low wit, or humour, or jeſts; or, to do it no more than juſtice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave matron told the maſter ſhe would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not ſhew any ſtuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciſeman both declared, that the characters of Lord and Lady Townley were well preſerved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewiſe concurred with this opinion.

THE maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, the preſent age was not improved in any thing ſo much as in their puppet-ſhows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and ſuch idle trumpery, were at laſt brought to be a rational entertainment. 'I remember,' ſaid he, 'when I firſt took to the buſineſs, 'there was a great deal of low ſtuff, that did very 'well to make folks laugh, but was never calcula-'ted to improve the morals of young people, which

'certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every 'puppet-ſhow; for why may not good and inſtruc- 'tive leſſons be conveyed in this way as well as any 'other? My figures are as big as the life, and they 'repreſent the life in every particular; and I que- 'ſtion not but people riſe from my little drama as 'much improved as they do from the great.' 'I 'would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your 'profeſſion,' anſwered Jones, 'but I ſhould have 'been glad to have ſeen my old acquaintance Maſter 'Punch, for all that; and ſo far from improving, 'I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife 'Joan, you have ſpoiled your puppet-ſhow.'

THE dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones from theſe words. And with much diſdain in his countenance, he replied, 'Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion; but 'I have the ſatisfaction to know the beſt judges diſ- 'fer from you, and it is impoſſible to pleaſe every 'taſte. I confeſs, indeed, ſome of the quality at 'Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to 'bring Punch again upon the ſtage. I believe I 'loſt ſome money for not agreeing to it; but let 'others do as they will, a little matter ſhall never 'bribe me to degrade my own profeſſion, nor will I 'ever willingly conſent to the ſpoiling the decency 'and regularity of my ſtage, by introducing any 'ſuch low ſtuff upon it.'

'RIGHT, friend,' cries the clerk; 'you are very 'right: always avoid what is low. There are ſeve- 'ral of my acquaintance in London, who are reſol- 'ved to drive every thing which is low from the 'ſtage.' 'Nothing can be more proper,' cries the exciſeman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. 'I re- 'member,' added he, '(for then I lived with my 'lord), I was in the footman's gallery, the night 'when this play of the Provoked Huſband was acted 'firſt. There was a great deal of low ſtuff in it 'about a country gentleman come up to town to 'ſtand for a parliament-man; and there they 'brought a parcel of his ſervants upon the ſtage, 'his coachman I remember particularly; but the 'gentlemen in our gallery could not bear any thing

'ſo low, and they damn'd it. I obſerve, friend, 'you have left all that matter out, and you are to 'be commended for it.'

'NAY, gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I can never 'maintain my opinion againſt ſo many; indeed if 'the generality of his audience diſlike him, the 'learned gentleman who conducts the ſhow may 'have done very right in diſmiſſing Punch from his 'ſervice.'

THE maſter of the ſhow then began a ſecond harangue, and ſaid much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by obſerving how odious it was in their ſuperiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at preſent, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the beſt things are liable to be miſunderſtood and miſinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now aroſe in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fiſt and tongue. She had indeed miſſed the wench from her employment, and, after a little ſearch, had found her on the puppet-ſhow ſtage, in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a ſituation not very proper to be deſcribed.

THOUGH Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modeſty, yet ſhe had not impudence enough to deny a fact in which ſhe was actually ſurpriſed; ſhe therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you 'beat me in this manner, miſtreſs?' cries the wench, 'If you don't like my doings, you may turn me 'away. If I am a wh—e, (for the other had liberally beſtowed that appellation on her), my betters 'are ſo as well as I. What was the fine lady in the 'puppet-ſhow juſt now? I ſuppoſe ſhe did not ly all 'night out from her huſband for nothing.'

THE landlady now burſt into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her huſband and the poor puppet-mo-

ver. 'Here, huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'you ſee the conſe-
'quence of harbouring theſe people in your houſe.
'If one doth draw a little drink the more for them,
'one is hardly made amends for the litter they
'make; and then to have one's houſe made a bawdy-
'houſe of by ſuch louſy vermin. In ſhort, I deſire
'you would be gone to-morrow morning, for I will
'tolerate no more ſuch doings. It is only the way
'to teach our ſervants idleneſs and nonſenſe; for
'to be ſure nothing better can be learned by ſuch
'idle ſhows as theſe. I remember when puppet-
'ſhows were made of good ſcripture ſtories, as Jep-
'thah's Raſh Vow, and ſuch good things, and when
'wicked people were carried away by the devil.
'There was ſome ſenſe in thoſe matters; but, as the
'parſon told us laſt Sunday, no body believes in the
'devil now-a-days: and here you bring about a
'parcel of puppets dreſs'd up like lords and ladies,
'only to turn the heads of poor country wenches,
'and when their heads are once turned topſyturvy,
'no wonder every thing elſe is ſo.'

VIRGIL, I think, tells us, that when the mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultous manner, and all ſorts of miſſile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongſt them, the tumult is preſently appeaſed, and the mob, which when collected into one body, may be well compared to an aſs, erect their long ears at the grave man's diſcourſe.

ON the contrary, when a ſet of grave men and philoſophers are diſputing; when Wiſdom herſelf may in a manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtering arguments to the diſputants; ſhould a tumult ariſe among the mob, or ſhould one ſcold, who is herſelf equal in noiſe to a mighty mob, appear among the ſaid philoſophers, their diſputes ceaſe in a moment, Wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the ſcold alone.

THUS the uproar aforeſaid, and the arrival of the landlady, ſilenced the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final end to that grave and ſolemn harangue, of which we have given the rea-

der a ſufficient taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this accident; the moſt wanton malice of Fortune could not have contrived ſuch another ſtratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually ſtopt as that of a quack muſt be, if in the midſt of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpſe of one of his martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the ſtage, as a teſtimony of his ſkill.

INSTEAD, therefore, of anſwering my landlady, the puppet-ſhow man ran out to puniſh his Merry-Andrew: and now the moon beginning to put forth her ſilver light, as the poets call it, (though ſhe looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had juſt awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge having lately carried two points, as my reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was, to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the houſe where he then was. He introduced this with an effectual ſurpriſe at the intention which Mr Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no manner of purpoſe whatever; for that unleſs Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every ſtep he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her: 'for you find, Sir,' ſaid he, 'by all the people 'in the houſe, that ſhe is not gone this way. How 'much better, therefore, would it be to ſtay till the 'morning, when we may expect to meet with ſome 'body to enquire of?'

THIS laſt argument had indeed ſome effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was maſter into the ſame ſcale. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your ſervant 'gives you moſt excellent advice; for who would 'travel by night at this time of the year?' He then began, in the uſual ſtyle, to trumpet forth the excel-

lent accommodation which his houſe afforded, and my landlady likewiſe opened on the occaſion.——But not to detain the reader with what is common to every hoſt and hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, Jones was at laſt prevailed on to ſtay and refreſh himſelf with a few hours reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his eyes ſince he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened

As ſoon as Jones had taken a reſolution to proceed no farther that night, he preſently retired to reſt with his two bedfellows, the pocket-book and muff; but Partridge, who at ſeveral times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral naps, was more inclined to eating than to ſleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the ſtorm which Grace had raiſed being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his ſide forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman, in her paſſion, had caſt on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where ſat aſſembled round the fire the landlord and landlady of the houſe, the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, the attorney's clerk, the exciſeman, and the ingenuous Mr Partridge; in which company paſt the agreeable converſation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company aſſembled in the kitchen.

Though the pride of Partridge did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a ſervant, yet he condeſcended, in moſt particulars, to imitate the manners of that rank. One inſtance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: ſuch is a general cuſtom with all ſervants among ſtrangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar; for the higher the ſituation of the maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the man in his own opinion:

the truth of which obſervation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a ſplendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of eſtate think themſelves entitled to a part of that reſpect which is paid to the quality and eſtates of their maſters, it is clearly otherwiſe with regard to virtue and underſtanding: theſe advantages are ſtrictly perſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe, therefore, reflect no honour on the domeſtic, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable want of both in his maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the want of what is called virtue in a miſtreſs, the conſequence of which we have before ſeen: for in this diſhonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now for theſe reaſons we are not to wonder that ſervants (I mean among the men only) ſhould have ſo great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their maſters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be aſhamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a rogue or a blockhead; and do conſequently make no ſcruple to ſpread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their ſaid maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whoſe livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt fortune to which Mr Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehenſion which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his maſter was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

WITH this ſentiment the puppet-ſhow man immediately coincided: 'I own,' ſaid he, 'the gentleman ſurpriſed me very much, when he talked ſo abſurdly about puppet-ſhows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his ſenſes ſhould be ſo much miſtaken; what you ſay now, accounts very well for all his monſtrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he hath a ſtrange wildneſs about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.'

THE landlord agreed with this laſt aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the ſagacity of having obſerved it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it muſt be ſo; for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving ſo good a houſe, to ramble about the country at that time of night.'

THE exciſeman pulling his pipe from his mouth, ſaid, 'He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly;' and then turning to Partridge, 'If he be a madman,' ſays he, 'he ſhould not be ſuffered to travel thus about the country; for poſſibly he may do ſome miſchief. It is pity he was not ſecured and ſent home to his relations.'

Now ſome conceits of this kind were likewiſe lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now perſuaded that Jones had run away from Mr Allworthy, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt rewards, if he could by any means convey him back; but fear of Jones, of whoſe fierceneſs and ſtrength he had ſeen, and indeed felt ſome inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch ſcheme as impoſſible to be executed, and had diſcouraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular plan for the purpoſe: but no ſooner did he hear the ſentiments of the exciſeman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty wiſh that ſuch a matter could be brought about.

'COULD be brought about,' ſays the exciſeman; 'why, there is nothing eaſier.'

'AH! Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'you don't know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at a window; and he would too, if he did but imagine——

'POGH!' says the exciseman, 'I believe I am as 'good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.'

'I DON'T know what five,' cries the landlady, 'my husband shall have nothing to do in it; nor 'shall any violent hands be laid upon any body in 'my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a 'young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I 'believe he is no more mad than any of us. What 'do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? 'they are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath 'the prettiest look with them; and a very modest 'civil young man he is. I am sure I have bepitied 'him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the 'corner told us he was crossed in love. Certainly 'that is enough to make any man, especially such a 'sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little 'otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what 'the devil would the lady have better than such a 'handsome man with a great estate? I suppose she 'is one of your quality folks, one of your Townly 'ladies that we saw last night in the puppet-show, 'who don't know what they would be at.'

THE attorney's clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of council. 'Suppose,' says he, 'an action of false 'imprisonment should be brought against us, what 'defence could we make? Who knows what may 'be sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But 'I only speak upon my own account; for it don't 'look well for a lawyer to be concerned in these 'matters, unless it be as a lawyer. Juries are al-'ways less favourable to us than to other people. I 'don't, therefore, dissuade you, Mr Thompson, (to 'the exciseman), nor the gentleman, nor any body 'else.'

THE exciseman shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, 'Madness was sometimes 'a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I re-'member,' says he, 'I was once present at a trial 'of madness, where twenty witnesses swore that 'the person was as mad as a March hare; and 'twenty others, that he was as much in his senses 'as any man in England.——And indeed it was

'the opinion of moſt people, that it was only a 'trick of his relations to rob the poor man of his 'right.'

'VERY likely!' cries the landlady; 'I myſelf 'knew a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad-'houſe all his life by his family, and they enjoyed 'his eſtate, but it did them no good: for though 'the law gave it them, it was the right of another.'

'POGH!' cries the clerk, with great contempt, 'who hath any right but what the law gives them? 'If the law gave me the beſt eſtate in the country, 'I ſhould never trouble myſelf much who had the 'right.'

'IF it be ſo,' ſays Partridge, '*Felix quem faciunt 'aliena pericula cautum.*'

MY landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horſeman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and, with an affrighted countenance, cried out, 'What do you think, gentlemen? The 'rebels have given the Duke the ſlip, and are got 'almoſt to London.—It is certainly true, for a man 'on horſeback juſt now told me ſo.'

'I AM glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge; 'then there will be no fighting in theſe 'parts.'

'I AM glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reaſon, 'for I would always have right take place.'

'AY, but,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have heard 'ſome people ſay this man hath no right.'

'I WILL prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk: 'If my father dies ſeized of a right; do 'you mind me, ſeized of a right, I ſay; doth not 'that right deſcend to his ſon? and doth not one 'right deſcend as well as another?'

'BUT how can he have any right to make us Pa-'piſhes?' ſays the landlord.

'NEVER fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the 'matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved 'it as clear as the ſun; and as to the matter of re-'ligion, it is quite out of the caſe. The Papiſts 'themſelves don't expect any ſuch thing. A Popiſh 'prieſt, whom I know very well, and who is a very 'honeſt man, told me, upon his word and honour, 'they had no ſuch deſign.'

'And another prieſt of my acquaintance,' ſaid the landlady, 'hath told me the ſame thing—but 'my huſband is always ſo afraid of Papiſhes. I 'know a great many Papiſhes that are very honeſt 'ſort of people, and ſpend their money very freely; 'and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's 'money is as good as another's.'

'Very true, miſtreſs,' ſaid the puppet-ſhow man; 'I don't care what religion comes, provided the 'Preſbyterians are not uppermoſt; for they are 'enemies to puppet-ſhows.'

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your religion to 'your intereſt,' cries the exciſeman; 'and are de-'ſirous to ſee Popery brought in, are you?'

'Not I, truly,' anſwered the other; 'I hate Po-'pery as much as any man; but yet it is a comfort 'to one, that one ſhould be able to live under it, 'which I could not do among Preſbyterians. To 'be ſure every man values his livelihood firſt, that 'muſt be granted; and I warrant, if you would 'confeſs the truth, you are more afraid of loſing 'your place than any thing elſe; but never fear, 'friend, there will be an exciſe under another go-'vernment as well as under this.'

'Why, certainly,' replied the exciſeman; 'I 'ſhould be a very ill man if I did not honour the 'king whoſe bread I eat; that is no more than 'natural, as a man may ſay: for what ſignifies it 'to me that there would be an exciſe-office under 'another government, ſince my friends would be 'out, and I could expect no better than to follow 'them? No, no, friend, I ſhall never be bubbled out 'of my religion, in hopes only of keeping my place 'under another government; for I ſhould cer-'tainly be no better, and very probably might be 'worſe.'

'Why, that is what I ſay,' cries the landlord, 'whenever folks ſay, who knows what may happen? 'Odſooks, ſhould not I be a blockhead to lend my 'money to I know not who, becauſe mayhap he may 'return it again? I am ſure it is ſafe in my own 'bureau, and there I will keep it.'

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to

the ſagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great diſcernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it aroſe from the ſympathy between their minds, for they were both truly Jacobites in principle, they now ſhook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of ſtrong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

THESE healths were afterwards pledged by all preſent, and even by my landlord himſelf, though reluctantly; but he could not withſtand the menaces of the clerk, who ſwore he would never ſet his foot within his houſe again if he refuſed. The bumpers which were ſwallowed on this occaſion ſoon put an end to the converſation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which Fortune ſeems to have been in a better humour with Jones *than we have hitherto ſeen her.*

AS there is no wholeſomer, ſo perhaps there are few ſtronger ſleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be ſaid to have taken a very large doſe, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already ſlept nine hours, and might perhaps have ſlept longer, had he not been awakened by a moſt violent noiſe at his chamber-door, where the ſound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones preſently leapt from his bed, where he found the maſter of the puppet-ſhow belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry-Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

JONES inſtantly interpoſed on behalf of the ſuffering party, and pinned the inſulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-ſhow man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jeſter had been to contend with this puppet-man.

BUT though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very ſtrong, he had nevertheleſs ſome choler about him. He therefore no ſooner found him-

ſelf delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he firſt diſcharged a volley of general abuſive words, and thence proceeded to ſome particular accuſations—'D—n your bl—d, you raſcal,' ſays he, 'I have not only ſupported you, (for 'to me you owe all the money you get), but I have 'ſaved you from the gallows. Did you not want to 'rob the lady of her fine riding-habit no longer ago 'than yeſterday, in the back lane here? Can you 'deny that you wiſhed to have her alone in a wood 'to ſtrip her, to ſtrip one of the prettieſt ladies that 'ever was ſeen in the world? and here you have 'fallen upon me, and have almoſt murdered me for 'doing no harm to a girl as willing as myſelf, only 'becauſe ſhe likes me better than you.'

Jones no ſooner heard this than he quitted the maſter, laying on him, at the ſame time, the moſt violent injunctions of forbearance from any further inſult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he ſoon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his maſter with his drum the day before, had ſeen paſs by. He eaſily prevailed with the lad to ſhew him the exact place, and then having ſummoned Partridge, he departed with the utmoſt expedition.

It was almoſt eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure; for Partridge was not in any haſte, nor could the reckoning be preſently adjuſted; and when both theſe were ſettled and over, Jones would not quit the place before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the maſter and the man.

When this was happily accompliſhed, he ſet forwards, and was, by the truſty Merry-Andrew, conducted to the ſpot by which Sophia had paſt; and then having handſomely rewarded his conductor, he again puſhed on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no ſooner acquainted, than he, with great earneſtneſs, began to propheſy, and aſſured Jones, that

he would certainly have good ſucceſs in the end: for, he ſaid, two ſuch accidents could never have happened to direct him after his miſtreſs, if Providence had not deſigned to bring them together at laſt. And this was the firſt time that Jones lent any attention to the ſuperſtitious doctrines of his companion.

THEY had not gone above two miles, when a violent ſtorm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the ſame time in ſight of an alehouſe, Partridge, with much earneſt entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter and weather the ſtorm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the Engliſh than of the French diſpoſition; for though you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in time; and ſo it did with Partridge, who was no ſooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame queſtions which he had aſked the night before. The conſequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himſelf, made a very hearty breakfaſt, though the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the people of the houſe could give him no freſh information concerning Sophia.

THEIR meal being over, Jones was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the violence of the ſtorm ſtill continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at laſt caſting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Maſter, give me your hand, a ſingle mug ſhan't ſerve the turn this bout. Why, here's more news of Madam Sophia come to town. The boy there ſtanding by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can ſwear to my own plaiſter on his face.' 'Heavens bleſs you, Sir,' cries the boy, 'it is your own plaiſter ſure enough; I ſhall have always reaſon to remember your goodneſs, for it hath almoſt cured me.'

AT theſe words Jones ſtarted from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him, immediately departed

from the kitchen into a private apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the preſence of many people: and though he had as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toaſt among the officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her ſirname.

HARD, therefore, was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many ſagacious readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent misfortune to the ſuppoſed want of that delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which ſhe thought (and not without good reaſon) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms in which, under his preſent circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the perſon of another woman; and to ſay truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her ſeeing Jones, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong inſtances of a levity in his behaviour, ſo void of reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any degree of love and tenderneſs in great and delicate minds.

BUT ſo matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and if any reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch perſons, that I am not writing a ſyſtem, but a hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at firſt ſight offend ſome readers, yet upon more mature conſideration it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good men may conſider what happened to Jones at Upton as a juſt puniſhment for his wickedneſs with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate conſequence; and ſilly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their vices, by flattering their own

hearts, that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now, perhaps the reflections which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpoſe of this whole work to inculcate, and which we muſt not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parſon fills his ſermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, ſhe had ſufficient reaſon for her opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young lady would, in her ſituation, have erred in the ſame manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouſe the moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and perſon as the wench at Upton had appeared to be: for while Jones was examining his boy in whiſpers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no ſuch delicacy in his diſpoſition, was in the kitchen, very openly catechiſing the other guide who had attended Mrs Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whoſe ears were open on all ſuch occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horſe, *&c.* with the miſtake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many conſequences of the punch, and, in ſhort, with almoſt every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we diſpatched our ladies in a coach and ſix, when we laſt took our leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd obſervations.

Jones had been abſent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, deſiring the landlord to let him know that inſtant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was ſomewhat com-

penſated by hearing, that he was to proceed no farther on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend them back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this, however, the lad conſented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouſe; becauſe, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Glouceſter, it might ſome time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horſes had been let to more than one perſon, and ſo the boy might be brought to account for money which he wiſely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumſtance, triſling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr Jones a conſiderable time in his ſetting out; for the honeſty of this latter boy was ſomewhat high—that is, ſomewhat high priced, and would indeed have coſt Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half-a-crown to be ſpent at that very alehouſe, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half crown the landlord no ſooner got ſcent of, than he opened after it with ſuch vehement and perſuaſive outcry, that the boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take half-a-crown more for his ſtay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that as there is ſo much of policy in the loweſt life, great men often overvalue themſelves on thoſe refinements in impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human ſpecies.

The horſes being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the ſide-ſaddle on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad, indeed, very civilly offered him the uſe of his; but he choſe the ſide-ſaddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer: and now Jones, being mounted on the ſide-ſaddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs Honour, and Partridge beſtriding the third horſe, they ſet forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the

reader hath already ſpent ſo much time. Partridge was in very high ſpirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future ſucceſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent purſuit of his companion than he had been with his purſuit of glory; and from theſe very omens, which aſſured the pedagogue of ſucceſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia, to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong ſcent concerning the reaſons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other concluſions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wiſdneſs, of which he thought his behaviour, on their quitting Glouceſter, ſo well juſtified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now, however, pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier ſentiments of his friend's underſtanding.

THE clock had juſt ſtruck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately beſpoke poſt-horſes; but unluckily there was not a horſe to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the hurry in which the whole nation, and eſpecially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every hour of the day and night.

JONES endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to eſcorte him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a perſon came up to him, and, ſaluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somerſetſhire: and now Jones, caſting his eyes upon this perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Glouceſter, and with much courteſy returned his ſalutation.

DOWLING very earneſtly preſſed Mr Jones to go no further that night; and backed his ſolicitations with many unanſwerable arguments, ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by daylight, with many others equally good, ſome of which Jones had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill, and he continued reſolute in his deſign, even though he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on foot.

WHEN the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this ſhort journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying, 'Do you think the gentleman won't very 'well reward you for your trouble?'

TWO to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in perſuaſion or entreaty muſt have been viſible to a curious obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a father, a maſter, a wife, or any other perſon in authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a denial againſt all the reaſons which a ſingle man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the ſame ſentiments by a ſecond or third perſon, who hath undertaken the cauſe, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence, perhaps, proceeds the phraſe of ſeconding an argument or a motion, and the great conſequence this is of in all aſſemblies of public debate. Hence, likewiſe, probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a ſerjeant) repeating, for an hour together, what another learned gentleman, who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

INSTEAD of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed, in our uſual manner, to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above mentioned, who ſubmitted to the perſuaſions of Mr Dowling, and promiſed once more to admit Jones into his ſide-ſaddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor creatures a good bait, ſaying they had travelled a great way, and been rid very

hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needleſs; for Jones, notwithſtanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of thoſe who conſider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their ſpurs in the belly of their horſe, imagine the ſpur and the horſe to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beaſts were eating their corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it, (for as the boy was taking care of himſelf in the kitchen, the hoſtler took great care that his corn ſhould not be conſumed in the ſtable), Mr Jones, at the earneſt deſire of Mr Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they ſat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr Jones *and Mr* Dowling *drink a bottle together.*

Mr Dowling, pouring out a glaſs of wine, named the health of the good Squire Allworthy; adding, 'If you pleaſe, Sir, we will likewiſe remember his nephew and heir, the young Squire: come, Sir, here's Mr Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare ſwear, will hereafter make a very conſiderable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myſelf in my eye.'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent it; but, I promiſe you, you have joined two perſons very improperly together; for one is the glory of the human ſpecies, and the other is a raſcal, who diſhonours the name of man.'

Dowling ſtared at this. He ſaid, he thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. 'As for Squire Allworthy himſelf,' ſays he, 'I never had the happineſs to ſee him; but all the world talks of his goodneſs. And, indeed, as to the young gentleman, I never ſaw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loſs of his mo-

'ther; and then I was ſo hurried, and drove and 'tore with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I had 'hardly time to converſe with him; but he looked 'ſo like a very honeſt gentleman, and behaved him-'ſelf ſo prettily, that I proteſt I never was more 'delighted with any gentleman ſince I was born.'

'I DON'T wonder,' anſwered Jones, 'that he 'ſhould impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an acquaint-'ance; for he hath the cunning of the devil him-'ſelf, and you may live with him many years with-'out diſcovering him. I was bred up with him from 'my infancy, and we were hardly ever aſunder; 'but it is very lately only that I have diſcovered 'half the villainy which is in him. I own I never 'greatly liked him. I thought he wanted that ge-'neroſity of ſpirit which is the ſure foundation of 'all that is great and noble in human nature. I 'ſaw a ſelfiſhneſs in him long ago, which I deſpiſed; 'but it is lately, very lately, that I have found him 'capable of the baſeſt and blackeſt deſigns; for, in-'deed, I have at laſt found out, that he hath taken 'an advantage of the openneſs of my own temper, 'and hath concerted the deepeſt project, by a long 'train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin, which 'at laſt he hath effected.'

'AY, ay!' cries Dowling; 'I proteſt, then, it is 'a pity ſuch a perſon ſhould inherit the great eſtate 'of your uncle Allworthy.'

'ALAS, Sir,' cries Jones, 'you do me an honour 'to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his 'goodneſs once allowed me the liberty of calling 'him by a much nearer name; but as this was only 'a voluntary act of goodneſs, I can complain of no 'injuſtice, when he thinks proper to deprive me of 'this honour, ſince the loſs cannot be more unme-'rited than the gift originally was. I aſſure you, 'Sir, I am no relation of Mr Allworthy; and if the 'world, who are incapable of ſetting a true value 'on his virtue, ſhould think, in his behaviour by me, 'he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an in-'juſtice to the beſt of men: for I—but I aſk your 'pardon, I ſhall trouble you with no particulars re-'lating to myſelf; only, as you ſeemed to think me

'a relation of Mr Allworthy, I thought proper to ſet 'you right in a matter that might draw ſome cen-'ſures upon him, which I promiſe you I would ra-'rather loſe my life, than give occaſion to.'

'I PROTEST, Sir,' cries Dowling, 'you talk very 'much like a man of honour; but inſtead of giving 'me any trouble, I proteſt it would give me great 'pleaſure to know how you came to be thought a 'relation of Mr Allworthy's, if you are not. Your 'horſes won't be ready this half hour, and as you 'have ſufficient opportunity, I wiſh you would tell 'me how all that happened; for, I proteſt, it ſeems 'very ſurpriſing that you ſhould paſs for a relation 'of a gentleman, without being ſo.'

JONES who, in compliance of his diſpoſition (tho' not in his prudence) a little reſembled his lovely Sophia, was eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy Mr Dowling's curioſity, by relating the hiſtory of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

——*Ev'n from his boyiſh years,*
To th' very moment he was bade to tell.

the which to hear, Dowling, like Deſdemona, did ſeriouſly incline:

He ſwore 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

MR Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not diveſted himſelf of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjuſt than to carry our prejudices againſt a profeſſion into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the horror of thoſe actions which the profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other inſtances Nature works in men of all profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a holiday when they are following their ordinary buſineſs. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the ſlaughter of a fine horſe; and though a ſurgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compaſſionate a man in a fit of the

gout. The common hangman, who hath ſtretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt operation on a head; and the very profeſſors of human blood-ſhedding, who in their trade of war butcher thouſands, not only of their fellow profeſſors, but often of women and children without remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil ſociety. In the ſame manner an attorney may feel all the miſeries and diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

JONES, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr Allworthy; and as to other matters, he did not ſhew them in the moſt diſadvantageous light: for though he was unwilling to caſt any blame on his former friend and patron, yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. Dowling therefore obſerved, and not without reaſon, that very ill offices muſt have been done him by ſome body; 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the 'Squire would never have diſinherited you only for 'a few faults, which any young gentlemen might 'have committed. Indeed I cannot ſay, properly, 'diſinherited; for, to be ſure, by law you cannot 'claim as heir. That's certain; that no body need 'go to counſel for. Yet when a gentleman had in 'a manner adopted you thus as his own ſon, you 'might reaſonably have expected ſome very conſiderable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had 'expected the whole, I ſhould not have blamed you; 'for certainly all men are for getting as much as 'they can, and they are not to be blamed on that 'account.'

'INDEED you wrong me,' ſaid Jones; 'I ſhould 'have been contented with very little: I never had 'any view upon Mr Allworthy's fortune; nay, I believe, I may truly ſay, I never once conſidered what 'he could or might give me. This I ſolemnly declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew in 'my favour, I would have undone it again. I had

'rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of 'another man. What is the poor pride ariſing from 'a magnificent houſe, a numerous equipage, a 'ſplendid table, and from all the other advantages 'or appearances of fortune, compared to the warm, 'ſolid content, the ſwelling ſatisfaction, the thrilling tranſports, and the exulting triumphs, which 'a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy 'not Blifil in the proſpect of his wealth, nor ſhall 'I envy him in the poſſeſſion of it. I would not 'think myſelf a raſcal half an hour to exchange 'ſituations. I believe, indeed, Mr Blifil ſuſpected 'me of the views you mention; and I ſuppoſe theſe 'ſuſpicions, as they aroſe from the baſeneſs of his 'own heart, ſo they occaſioned his baſeneſs to me. 'But I thank Heaven, I know, I feel——I feel my 'innocence, my friend; and I would not part with 'that feeling for the world.——For as long as I 'know I have never done, nor even deſigned an injury to any being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glaſs likewiſe up to the brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. 'Why, then, here's Miſs Lalage's

* Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.

Mr FRANCIS.

'health with all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have 'heard her toaſted often, I proteſt, though I never 'ſaw her; but they ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.'

THOUGH the Latin was not the only part of this ſpeech which Dowling did not perfectly underſtand, yet there was ſomewhat in it that made a very ſtrong impreſſion on him. And though he endeavoured, by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the impreſſion from Jones, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his ſentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong impulſe of compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially if we ſhould happen to meet Mr Dowling any more in the courſe of our hiſtory. At preſent we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr Jones; who was no ſooner informed by Partridge, that his horſes were ready, than he depoſited his reckoning, wiſhed his companion a good night, mounted, and ſet forwards towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which befel Jones *on his departure for* Coventry; *with the ſage remarks of* Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their way, had it not been for the two reaſons mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter.

THESE two circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented track; and after riding full ſix miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately ſpires of Coventry, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty lane, where they ſaw no ſymptoms of approaching the ſuburbs of a large city.

JONES now declared that they muſt certainly

have loſt their way; but this the guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a word which, in common converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence, like that which is ſo frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a diſtance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the caſe at preſent: for notwithſtanding all the confident aſſertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miſer is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a reader, who hath never been in thoſe circumſtances, to imagine the horror with which darkneſs, rain, and wind, fill perſons who have loſt their way in the night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant proſpect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreſhments, to ſupport their minds in ſtruggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their road; and the boy himſelf, at laſt, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the ſame time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſſed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He ſaid, when they firſt ſet out, he imagined ſome miſchief or other would happen.——'Did you not 'obſerve, Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'that old woman 'who ſtood at the door juſt as you was taking 'horſe? I wiſh you had given her a ſmall matter, 'with all my heart; for ſhe ſaid then you might 'repent it; and at that very inſtant it began to 'rain, and the wind hath continued riſing ever 'ſince. Whatever ſome people may think, I am ve-

'ry certain it is in the power of witches to raiſe the 'wind whenever they pleaſe. I have ſeen it hap-'pen very often in my time; and if I ever ſaw a 'witch in all my life, that old woman was certain-'ly one. I thought ſo to myſelf at that very time; 'and if I had any halfpence in my pocket, I would 'have given her ſome; for to be ſure it is always 'good to be charitable to thoſe ſort of people, for 'fear what may happen; and many a perſon hath 'loſt his cattle by ſaving a halfpenny.'

JONES, though he was horridly vexed at the de-lay which this miſtake was likely to occaſion in his journey, could not help ſmiling at the ſuperſtition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly con-firmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horſe; by which, however, he received no other in-jury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

PARTRIDGE had no ſooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as concluſive evidence of all he had aſſerted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, anſwered with a ſmile, 'This witch of yours, Part-'ridge, is a moſt ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, 'diſtinguiſh her friends from others in her reſent-'ment. If the old lady had been angry with me for 'neglecting her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould tumble 'you from your horſe, after all the reſpect you have 'expreſſed for her.'

'IT is ill jeſting,' cries Partridge, 'with people 'who have power to do theſe things; for they are 'often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who 'provoked one of them, by aſking her when the 'time ſhe had bargained with the devil for would 'be out; and within three months from that very 'day one of his beſt cows was drowned. Nor was 'ſhe ſatisfied with that; for a little time afterwards 'he loſt a barrel of beſt-drink: for the old witch 'pulled out the ſpigot, and let it run all over the 'cellar the very firſt evening he had tapped it, to 'make merry with ſome of his neighbours. In ſhort, 'nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for ſhe 'worried the poor man ſo, that he took to drinking; 'and in a year or two his ſtock was ſeized, and he 'and his family are now come to the pariſh.'

THE guide, and perhaps his horſe too, were both ſo attentive to this diſcourſe, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both ſprawling in the dirt.

PARTRIDGE entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame cauſe. He told Mr Jones, 'it would certainly be his turn next;' and earneſtly entreated him, 'to return back, and find out the 'old woman, and pacify her. We ſhall very ſoon,' added he, 'reach the inn; for though we have ſeem-'ed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the 'identical place in which we were an hour ago; 'and I dare ſwear if it was day light, we might 'now ſee the inn we ſet out from.'

INSTEAD of returning any anſwer to this ſage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very eaſily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his ſide-ſaddle, and by the hearty curſes and blows which he beſtowed on his horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr Jones *continued his journey contrary to the advice of* Partridge, *with what happened on that occaſion.*

THEY now diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance, to the great pleaſure of Jones, and to the no ſmall terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himſelf to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack-with-a-Lantern, or ſomewhat more miſchievous.

BUT how were theſe fears increaſed, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights, as they now appeared), they heard a confuſed ſound of human voices; of ſinging, laughing, and hallooing, together with a ſtrange noiſe that ſeemed to proceed from ſome inſtruments, but could hardly be allowed the name of muſic! indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called muſic bewitched.

It is impoſſible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now ſeized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the poſtboy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now, therefore, joined in petitioning Jones to return; ſaying, he firmly believed what Partridge had juſt before ſaid, that though the horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a ſtep forwards during at leaſt the laſt half hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the midſt of his vexation, at the fears of theſe poor fellows. 'Either 'we advance,' ſays he, 'towards the lights, or the 'lights have advanced towards us; for we are now 'at a very little diſtance from them; but how can 'either of you be afraid of a ſet of people who ap-'pear only to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who 'could be merry-making at this time of night, and 'in ſuch a place, and ſuch weather? They can be 'nothing but ghoſts or witches, or ſome evil ſpirits 'or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am 'reſolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to 'Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not ſuch ill-'natured hags as that we had the misfortune to 'meet with laſt.'

'O Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no know-'ing what humour they will be in; to be ſure it is 'always beſt to be civil to them; but what if we 'ſhould meet with ſomething worſe than witches, 'with evil ſpirits themſelves?—Pray, Sir, be advi-'ſed; pray, Sir, do. If you had read ſo many ter-'rible accounts as I have of theſe matters, you would 'not be ſo fool-hardy.—The Lord knows whither we 'have got already, or whither we are going: for ſure 'ſuch darkneſs was never ſeen upon earth, and I 'queſtion whether it can be darker in the other 'world.'

Jones put forwards as faſt as he could, notwithſtanding all theſe hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared ſtill leſs to ſtay behind by himſelf.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noiſes had iſſued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were aſſembled, and diverting themſelves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough voice from within, demanded who was there?—To which Jones gently anſwered, 'A friend;' and immediately aſked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had better alight till the ſtorm is 'over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever); 'you are very welcome to put up your horſe; 'for there is ſufficient room for him at one end of 'the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and 'I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilſt 'the rain continues; and here are two more who 'will be glad of the ſame favour.' This was accorded with more good will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt inclemency of the weather than have truſted to the clemency of thoſe whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor poſtboy was now infected with the ſame apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one becauſe he durſt not leave his horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this hiſtory been writ in the days of ſuperſtition, I ſhould have had too much compaſſion for the reader to have left him ſo long in ſuſpence, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in perſon, with all his helliſh retinue; but as theſe doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch terrors. To ſay truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any

great terror on this occaſion, we have reaſon to fear ſome other apprehenſions may here ariſe in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into Fairyland, and to introduce a ſet of beings into our hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent, therefore, any ſuch ſuſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the credit of an hiſtorian who profeſſes to draw his materials from Nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader who theſe people were, whoſe ſudden appearance had ſtruck ſuch terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the poſtboy, and had a little ſurpriſed even Mr Jones himſelf.

THE people, then, aſſembled in this barn, were no other than a company of Egyptians, or as they are vulgarly called, Gypſies; and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their ſociety.

IT is impoſſible to conceive a happier ſet of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: for theſe people are ſubject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magiſtrate, whom they call their King.

GREATER plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen than what flouriſhed in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the gueſts require any. Here was good ſtore of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one preſent provided better ſauce himſelf than the beſt and deareſt French cook can prepare.

ÆNEAS is not deſcribed under more conſternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum ſtupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he ſaw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with

aſtoniſhment, a venerable perſon approached him with many friendly ſalutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypſies himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in dreſs from his ſubjects, nor had he any regalia of majeſty to ſupport his dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr Jones ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inſpired the beholders with an idea of awe and reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones, and the truth may be, that ſuch ideas are incident to power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

THERE was ſomewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comelineſs of perſon, greatly recommended him, at firſt ſight, to every beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent inſtance, by that profound reſpect which he paid to the king of the Gypſies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his Gypſeian Majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch homage from any but his own ſubjects.

THE King ordered a table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their proviſions for his accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his right hand, his Majeſty began to diſcourſe our hero in the following manner:

'ME doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen ſome 'of my people, who are what you call de parties 'detache: for dey go about every where; but me 'fancy you imagine not we be ſo conſidrable body 'as we be; and may be you will ſurpriſe more, 'when you hear de Gypſy be as orderly and well 'govern people as any upon face of de earth.

'ME have honour, as me ſay, to be deir king, 'and no monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful ſub'ject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deſerve 'deir good-will me no ſay; but dis me can ſay, 'dat me never deſign any ting but to do dem good. 'Me ſall no do boaſt of dat neider: for what can 'me do oderwiſe dan conſider of de good of doſe 'poor people who go about all day to give me al'ways de beſt of what dey get. Dey love and ho-

'nour me darefore, becauſe me do love and take 'care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder reaſon.

'ABOUT a touſand or two touſand year ago, me 'cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write 'nor read, there was a great what you call,—a vo- 'lution among de Gypſy; for dere was de Lord 'Gypſy in doſe days; and deſe lord did quarrel vid 'one anoder about de place; but de King of de Gyp- 'ſy did demoliſh dem all, and made all his ſubject 'equal vid each oder; and ſince that time dey have 'agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, 'and may be it be better for dem as dey be; for me 'aſſure you it be ver troubleſome ting to be king, 'and always to do juſtice; me have often wiſh to 'be de private Gypſy when me have been forced 'to puniſh my dear friend and relation; for dough 'we never put to death, our puniſhments be ver ſe- 'vere. Dey make de Gypſy aſhamed of demſelves, 'and dat be ver terrible puniſhment; me ave ſcarce 'ever known de Gypſy ſo puniſh do harm any 'more.'

THE King then proceeded to expreſs ſome wonder that there was no ſuch puniſhment as ſhame in other governments. Upon which Jones aſſured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for which ſhame was inflicted by the Engliſh laws, and that it was indeed one conſequence of all puniſh- ment. 'Dat be ver ſtrange,' ſaid the King: 'for 'me know and hears good deal of your people, 'dough me no live among dem; and me ave often 'hear dat ſham is de conſequence and de cauſe too 'of many of your rewards. Are your rewards and 'puniſhments den de ſame ting?'

WHILE his Majeſty was thus diſcourſing with Jones, a ſudden uproar aroſe in the barn, and as it ſeems upon this occaſion: The courteſy of theſe peo- ple had by degrees removed all the apprehenſions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their food, but to taſte ſome of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his compoſition, and in its ſtead intro- duced much more agreeable ſenſations.

A YOUNG female Gypſy, more remarkable for her

wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honeſt fellow aſide, pretending to tell his fortune. Now, when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate deſire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypſy herſelf threw aſide the delicacy and decency of her ſex, and tempted the youth Partridge with expreſs ſolicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper manner by the huſband of the Gypſy, who, from jealouſy, it ſeems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confuſion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king, who heard the accuſation, and likewiſe the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared againſt him, and had very little to ſay for himſelf. His Majeſty then turning towards Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, 'you have hear what dey ſey: what puniſhment 'do you tink your man deſerve?'

Jones anſwered, He was ſorry for what had happened; and that Partridge ſhould make the huſband all the amends in his power: he ſaid, he had very little money about him at that time: and, putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately anſwered, He hoped his Honour would not think of giving him leſs than five.

This ſum, after ſome altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his Majeſty, reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, At what time he had diſcovered the criminals? To which he anſwered, That he had been deſired by the huſband to watch the motions of his wife from her firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never loſt ſight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed. The King then aſked, If the huſband was with him all that time in his lurking place? To which he anſwered in the affirmative.

His Egyptian Majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows: 'Me be ſorry to ſee any Gypſy 'dat have no more honour dan to ſell de honour of 'his wife for money. If you had de love for your 'wife, you would have prevented dis matter, and 'not endeavour to make her de whore, dat you 'might diſcover her. Me do order dat you have 'no money given you, for you deſerve puniſhment, 'not reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de 'infamous Gypſy, and do wear pair of horns on 'your forehead for one month, and dat your wife 'be called the whore, and pointed at all dat time: 'for you be de infamous Gypſy, but ſhe be no leſs 'de infamous whore.'

THE Gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his Majeſty.

JONES greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the King turning to him ſaid, 'Me believe you be ſurpriſe: for me ſuppoſe you 'have ver bad opinion of my people; me ſuppoſe 'you tink us all de tieves.'

'I MUST confeſs, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I have not 'heard ſo favourable an account of them as they 'ſeem to deſerve.'

'ME vill tell you,' ſaid the King, 'how the difference is between you and us. My people rob 'your people, and your people rob one anoder.'

JONES afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

INDEED their happineſs appears to have been ſo complete, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

AND here we will make a conceſſion which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a

ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reigns of five ſucceſſive princes *. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent conſtitution ſeems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch: for this indiſpenſably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have; 2dly, Enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs; And, 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now, if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe, which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is, indeed, the only abſolute power which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If, therefore, the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

conſequently come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſſly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe, it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniences ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe honours among them, and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones *and* Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſt-craft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a Gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at

ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reigns of five ſucceſſive princes *. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent conſtitution ſeems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch: for this indiſpenſably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have; 2dly, Enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs; And, 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now, if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe, which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is, indeed, the only abſolute power which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If, therefore, the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

conſequently come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe, it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniences ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe honours among them, and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones *and* Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſt-craft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a Gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at

Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge; who being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply its place with every other kind of nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St Alban's. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt-horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will gueſs, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg ſince he had left the alehouſe where he had firſt met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the Gypſies he had feaſted only his underſtanding.

THE landlord ſo entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr Partridge, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promiſe before given of furniſhing the horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr Jones he would loſe no time in beſpeaking a dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the horſes up from graſs, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

JONES was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the ſame apartment with his friend or maſter, began to harangue in the following manner.

'CERTAINLY, Sir, if ever man deſerved a young 'lady, you deſerve young Madam Weſtern; for what 'a vaſt quantity of love muſt a man have, to be 'able to live upon it without any other food, as you 'do! I am poſitive I have eat thirty times as much 'within theſe laſt twenty-four hours as your Honour, 'and yet I am almoſt famiſhed; for nothing makes 'a man ſo hungry as travelling, eſpecially in this 'cold raw weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, 'but your Honour is ſeemingly in perfect good 'health, and you never looked better nor freſher 'in your life. It muſt be certainly love that you 'live upon.'

'AND a very rich diet too, Partridge,' anſwered Jones. 'But did not fortune ſend me an excellent 'dainty yeſterday? Doſt thou imagine I cannot 'live more than twenty-four hours on this dear 'pocket-book?'

'UNDOUBTEDLY,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough 'in that pocket-book to purchaſe many a good 'meal. Fortune ſent it to your Honour very opportunely for preſent uſe, as your Honour's money 'muſt be almoſt out by this time.'

'WHAT do you mean?' anſwered Jones; 'I hope 'you don't imagine that I ſhould be diſhoneſt 'enough, even if it belonged to any other perſon 'beſides Miſs Weſtern'——

'DISHONEST!' replied Partridge, 'Heaven forbid 'I should wrong your Honour ſo much; but where's 'the diſhoneſty in borrowing a little for preſent 'ſpending, ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the 'lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your 'Honour pay it again, as ſoon as it is convenient, 'by all means; but where can be the harm in ma-'king uſe of it, now you want it? Indeed if it be-'longed to a poor body, it would be another thing; 'but ſo great a lady to be ſure can never want it, 'eſpecially now as ſhe is along with a lord, who, it 'can't be doubted, will let her have whatever ſhe 'hath need of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want a little, 'ſhe cannot want the whole, therefore I would give 'her a little; but I would be hanged before I men-'tioned the having found it at firſt, and before I 'got ſome money of my own; for London, I have 'heard, is the very worſt of places to be in without 'money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it 'belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's 'money, and have been afraid to uſe it; but as 'you know otherwiſe, and came honeſtly by it, it 'would be an affront to Fortune to part with it all 'again, at the very time when you want it moſt; 'you can hardly expect ſhe ſhould ever do you 'ſuch another good turn; for *Fortuna nunquam 'perpetuo eſt bona.* You will do as you pleaſe, not-'withſtanding all I ſay; but for my part, I would 'be hanged before I mentioned a word of the 'matter.'

'BY what I can ſee, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hanging is a matter *non longe alienum à ſcævolæ 'ſtudiis.*' 'You ſhould ſay *alienus,*' ſays Partridge— 'I remember the paſſage; it is an example under '*communis, alienus, immunis, variis caſibus ſerviunt.*' 'If you do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you 'don't underſtand it; but I tell thee, friend, in 'plain Engliſh, that he who finds another's proper-'ty, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, 'deſerves, *in foro conſcientiæ,* to be hanged no leſs 'than if he had ſtolen it. And as for this very iden-'tical bill, which is the property of my angel, and 'was once in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver

'it into any hands but her own, upon any conſidera-
'tion whatever; no, tho' I was as hungry as thou
'art, and had no other means to ſatisfy my craving
'appetite. This I hope to do before I ſleep; but if
'it ſhould happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou
'wouldſt not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to
'ſhock me any more by the bare mention of ſuch
'deteſtable baſeneſs.'

'I SHOULD not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm 'ſure I ſcorn any wickedneſs as much as another; 'but perhaps you know better; and yet I might 'have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo ma-'ny years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without 'being able to diſtinguiſh between *fas & nefas*; but 'it ſeems we are all to live and learn. I remember 'my old ſchoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great 'ſcholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is 'my daſkalon*; the Engliſh of which he told us was, 'that a child may ſometimes teach his grandmother 'to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe truly, 'if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of 'day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change 'your opinion if you live to my years: for I re-'member I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a 'ſtripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. 'I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter 'read it ſo before me.'

THERE were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful air, (a thing not uſual with him), he cried, 'Par-'tridge, I ſee thou art a conceited old fool, and I 'wiſh thou art not likewiſe an old rogue. Indeed, 'if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of 'the former, thou ſhouldſt travel no farther in my 'company.'

THE ſage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation, and, as the vulgar phraſe is, immediately drew in his horns. He ſaid he was ſorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *nemo omnibus horis ſapit*.

AS Jones had the vices of a warm diſpoſition, he was intirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and if his friends muſt have confeſs'd his temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his enemies muſt at the ſame time have confeſſed, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the ſea, whoſe ſwelling is more violent and dangerous after a ſtorm is over than while the ſtorm itſelf ſubſiſts. He inſtantly accepted the ſubmiſſion of Partridge, ſhook him by the hand, and, with the moſt benign aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind things, and, at the ſame time, very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will moſt probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

PARTRIDGE was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his pride completely ſatisfied by Jones having owned himſelf in the wrong, which ſubmiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, 'To be ſure, Sir, 'your knowledge may be ſuperior to mine in ſome 'things; but as to the grammar, I think I may 'challenge any man living. I think, at leaſt, I have 'that at my fingers' end.'

IF any thing could add to the ſatisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent ſhoulder of mutton, that at this inſtant came ſmoaking to the table: on which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their horſes, and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr Jones *in his journey from* St Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the duſk of the evening, when

a genteel looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obli-'ged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; 'for it is very late, and I am a ſtranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the requeſt, and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your 'Honour,' ſaid he, 'may think it a little, but I am 'ſure if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my 'pocket, as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe 'it; but, for my part, I was never leſs afraid in my 'life; for we are four of us, and if we all ſtand 'by one another, the beſt man in England can't rob 'us. Suppoſe he ſhould have a piſtol, he can kill 'but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's 'my comfort, a man can die but once.'

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the Moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reaſon for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered, for he had at preſent as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and, pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his ſervice; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, That would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, he was very ſorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

THE highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol at the ſame time very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

THE poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have no intention to ſhoot 'you; for you will find the piſtol was not loaded. 'This is the firſt robbery I ever attempted, and I 'have been driven by diſtreſs to this.'

AT this inſtant, about an hundred and fifty yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf, who endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot.

IN this poſture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him, and told him, his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

PARTRIDGE leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the 'villain, Sir, run him through the body, kill him 'this inſtant.'

LUCKILY, however, for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it

by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery. The truth of all which the highwayman moſt violently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr Jones of it, if he would take the the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off; ſaying, That he deſired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alledged.

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and his family; adding, He wiſhed he had more for his ſake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned, was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe of a more ſaturnine temper will conſider it as a want of regard to that juſtice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly ſaw it in that light; for he teſtified much diſſatisfaction on the occaſion, quoted an old proverb, and ſaid, He ſhould not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended ſo to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horſes, arrived in town without encountering any new miſhap. On the road much pleaſant diſcourſe paſſed between Jones and Partridge on the ſubject of their laſt adventure; in which Jones expreſs'd a great

compaſſion for thoſe highwaymen who are, by unavoidable diſtreſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal courſes as bring them to a ſhameful death. 'I 'mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only whoſe higheſt guilt 'extends no farther than to robbery, and who are 'never guilty of cruelty nor inſult to any perſon; 'which is a circumſtance that, I muſt ſay, to the 'honour of our country, diſtinguiſhes the robbers of 'England from thoſe of all other nations; for mur-'der is amongſt thoſe almoſt inſeparably incident 'to robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered Partridge, 'it is better to 'take away one's money than one's life; and yet 'it is very hard upon honeſt men, that they can't 'travel about their buſineſs, without being in dan-'ger of theſe villains. And to be ſure it would be 'better that all rogues were hanged out of the 'way, than that one honeſt man ſhould ſuffer. For 'my own part indeed, I ſhould not care to have the 'blood of any of them on my hands; but it is very 'proper for the law to hang them all. What right 'hath any man to take ſixpence from me, unleſs I 'give it him? Is there any honeſty in ſuch a man?

'No ſurely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is 'in him who takes the horſes out of another man's 'ſtable, or who applies to his own uſe the money 'which he finds, when he knows the right owner.'

THESE hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire arms, ſaying, 'A thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; 'for though it is true it will kill but one at a ſingle 'diſcharge, yet who can tell but that one may be 'himſelf?'

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

